

The Illustrated
**LONDON
NEWS**
**SPORTING DRAMAS
OF 1980**

December 1980 75p

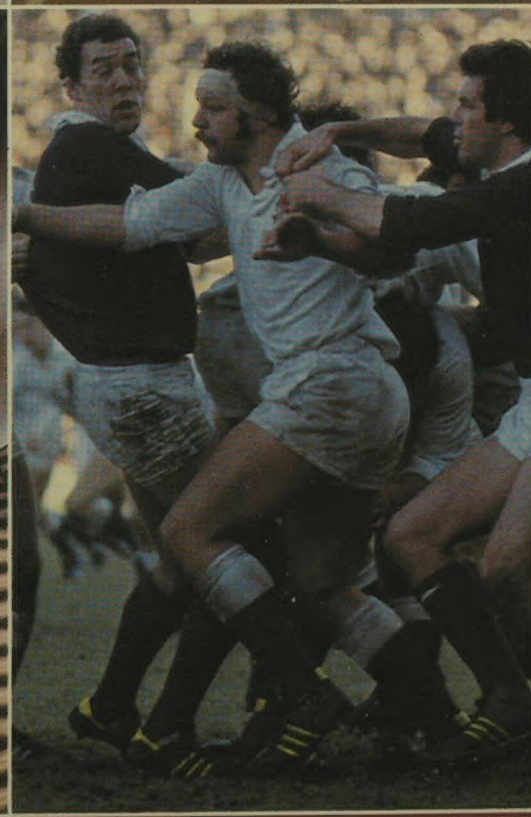
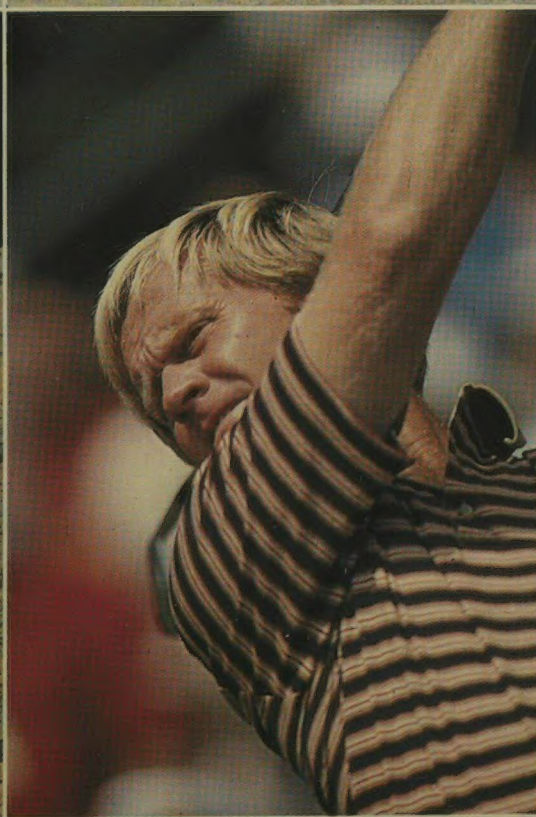
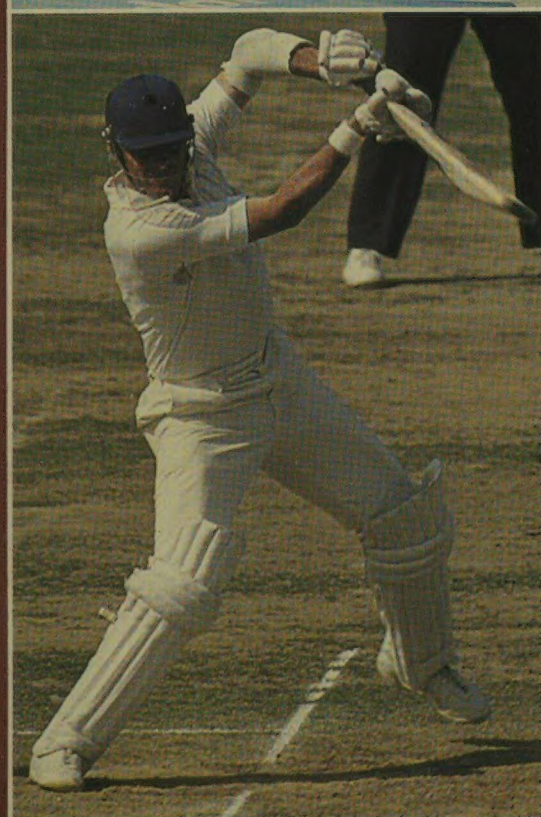
The counties
J.C. TREWIN'S CORNWALL

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A PLACE FOR PISSARRO

E.R. Chamberlin
THE THAMES AND MR TOAD

Patrick Moore
METEOR CRATER

Sir Arthur Bryant
DOGMA AND PRINCIPLE





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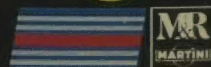


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The Illustrated LONDON NEWS

Number 6989 Volume 268 December 1980

Cover: Sporting Dramas of 1980.

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Subscription rates: 12 issues plus Christmas number.
UK and Eire, second class mail £12.50.
Overseas, air-speeded delivery £16.
ISSN number: 0019-2422

Frequency: monthly plus Christmas number. You can make sure of receiving your copy of *The Illustrated London News* each month by placing a firm order with your newsagent or by taking out a personal subscription. Please send orders for subscriptions to: Subscription Department, 23-29 Emerald Street, London WC1N 3QJ. Telephone 01-404 5531.

USA agents: British Publications Inc, 11-03 46th Avenue, Long Island City, NY 11101, USA; and Expeditors of the Printed Word Ltd, 527 Madison Avenue, New York, NY 10022, USA. Second class postage paid in New York, NY.

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Bern: Silver gilt medal commemorating the suppression of a peasant revolt. By Friedrich Fechter. 1653. £400

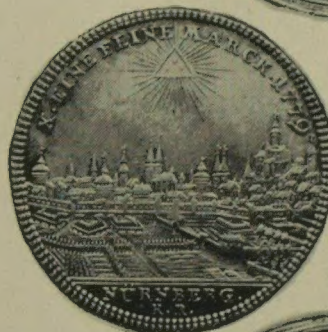


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ILN'S GUIDE TO EVENTS

★ THEATRE ★

Accidental Death of an Anarchist. The Belt & Braces Company, from the "fringe", has its fun with a play by an Italian dramatist, Dario Fo. *Wyndham's, Charing Cross Rd, WC2.*

All Together Now, by Peter Buckman, traces the effects on a small-town brass band of a new member. Directed by Peter Dews, with Patsy Rowlands. *Greenwich, Croom's Hill, SE10.* Until Dec 6 or 13.

Amadeus. Paul Scofield, as Mozart's enemy Salieri, in a richly theatrical play by Peter Shaffer, gives the performance of the year. Peter Hall directs. *Olivier, National Theatre, South Bank, SE1.*

Annie. The most enjoyable American musical for years, about the orphan of the famous comic strip. *Victoria Palace, SW1.*

As You Like It. Susan Fleetwood's radiant Rosalind is at the heart of an imaginative revival by Terry Hands. *Royal Shakespeare Theatre, Stratford-upon-Avon, Warwick.*

The Browning Version. Terence Rattigan's story of a tragic schoolmaster is probably the best short play since the war; it is now strongly revived, with Alec McCowen and—as the dreadful wife—Geraldine McEwan. Followed by the romp of *Harlequinade.* *Lyttelton, National Theatre, South Bank, SE1.*

The Caretaker. Pinter's play directed by Kenneth Ives, with Kenneth Cranham, Warren Mitchell & Jonathan Pryce. *Lyttelton.*

The Crucible. Arthur Miller's play, directed by Bill Bryden. *Cottesloe, National Theatre, South Bank, SE1.* Until Dec 10.

Deathtrap. A tightly filled box of tricks by the American dramatist, Ira Levin, with William Franklyn as an author who can use a cross-bow. *Garrick, Charing Cross Rd, WC2.*

The Dresser. This affecting and amusing double portrait of an aging Shakespearean actor and his loyal dresser has settled into an applauded success. Tom Courtenay, the dresser, has never given a better performance. *Queen's, Shaftesbury Ave, W1.*

Duet for One. Tom Kempinski's study of two people—a woman violinist disabled by multiple sclerosis & her patient psychiatrist—is both emotionally satisfying & urgently acted by Frances de la Tour & David de Keyser. *Duke of York's, St Martin's Lane, WC2.*

Educating Rita. Willy Russell's play transferred from The Warehouse. Directed by Mike Ockrent, with Julie Walters & Mark Kingston. *Piccadilly, Denman St, W1.*

The Elephant Man. Bernard Pomerance's play, an affecting & ironical study of two men, physician & patient, is the tale of the grotesquely deformed "freak" whom Frederick Treves saved from a side-show in the 1880s & who spent his last years in the London Hospital. Redoubtably acted by David Schofield & Peter McEnery. *Lyttelton.*

Enjoy. A fantastic & uneven black comedy written by Alan Bennett, set in the last "back-to-back" in Leeds & enriched by the glowing performance of Joan Plowright. *Vaudeville, Strand, WC2.*

Evita. Andrew Lloyd Webber & Tim Rice's emotional music drama, directed by Harold Prince. *Prince Edward, Old Compton St, W1.*

The Fool by Edward Bond. Directed by Howard Davies, with James Hazeldine as the poet John Clare. *The Other Place, Stratford-upon-Avon, Warwick.*

Hamlet. A lucid, forthright production by John Barton, with Michael Pennington's comparable performance of the Prince. *Royal Shakespeare Theatre, Stratford-upon-Avon.*

Hansel & Gretel. New play for adults by David Rudkin, directed by Ron Daniels. With Brenda Bruce as the Witch. *The Other Place, Stratford-upon-Avon.*

Hinge & Bracket at the Globe. Dr Evadne Hinge & Dame Hilda Bracket present a new programme of songs. *Globe, Shaftesbury Ave, W1.*

The Ice Chimney. Specially commissioned play from Barry Collins about Maurice Wilson who died in his attempt to climb Everest in 1934. Directed by John Chapman, with Christopher Enderidge as Wilson. *Lyric Studio, King St, W6.* Until Dec 6.

Illuminations. First play by Peter Jenkins about

the struggle for the soul of the Labour Party. With Paul Eddington as the Home Secretary. *Lyric, King St, W6.* Until Dec 6.

An Inspector Calls. J. B. Priestley's drama. *Thorndike, Leatherhead, Surrey.* Until Dec 6.

The Irish Play, by Ron Hutchinson. Barry Kyle directs this play about an Irish club in the Midlands who decide to stage a play about Irish history. *Warehouse, Donmar Theatre, Earlham St, WC2.*

Jeeves Takes Charge by P. G. Wodehouse, adapted & performed by Edward Duke. Directed by Gillian Lynne. *Fortune, Russell St, WC2.*

The Last of Mrs Cheyney. New revival of Frederick Lonsdale's comedy. Directed by Nigel Patrick, with Joan Collins in the title role. *Cambridge, Earlham St, WC2.*

The Life of Galileo. Brecht's long & determined biographical play owes a great deal now to a progressively complete performance by Michael Gambon & to a full production by John Dexter. *Olivier.*

Loot. Kenneth Williams directs Joe Orton's comedy, transferred from the Lyric Studio. With Neil McCarthy, Joan Blackham & Roy Edwards. *Arts, Gt Newport St, WC2.*

Macbeth. Peter O'Toole thoroughly miscast in an oddly conceived & gory revival. *Old Vic, Waterloo Rd, SE1.* Until Dec 10.

Macbeth. Sound & forthright Elizabethan-stage revival; no tricks. *St George's, Tufnell Park, N7.* Until Dec 17.

The Maid's Tragedy. Jacobean revenge tragedy by Beaumont & Fletcher. Directed by Barry Kyle, with Sinead Cusack & Raymond Westwell. *The Other Place, Stratford-upon-Avon.*

Make & Break. A mild comedy, by Michael Frayn, about businessmen at a Frankfurt trade fair. Leonard Rossiter gives an idiosyncratic performance. *Haymarket, Haymarket, SW1.*

The Merchant of Venice. Directed by George Murcell, with Brian Oulton as Shylock & Jenny Oulton as Portia. *St George's, W1.* Until Dec 18.

The Merchant of Venice. Timothy West's Shylock, restrained & concentrated, develops menacingly with the night; the precise production, by Michael Meacham, is in 18th-century costumes. *Old Vic, W1.* Until Dec 13.

Middle-Age Spread. Extremely efficient modern comedy by Roger Hall, with Rodney Bewes & Francis Matthews. *Apollo, Shaftesbury Ave, W1.*

The Mousetrap. Agatha Christie's long-runner, now in its 29th year, kept alive with cast changes. *St Martin's West St, WC2.*

My Fair Lady. Shaw's Eliza in her Lerner-Loewe musical development is back again. Caroline Villiers as the transformed flower-girl & Tony Britton triumphantly in command as her professor. *Adelphi, Strand, WC2.*

The Nativity. Part I of The Passion, directed by Bill Bryden, concerns the period from the Creation to the Nativity. *Cottesloe, W1.* From Dec 16.

Nicholas Nickleby. A remarkable feat during which, in two nights & 8½ hours, the RSC presents the entire Dickens novel. Script by David Edgar; production by Trevor Nunn & John Caird; & a splendid sequence of performances. *Aldwych, Aldwych, WC2.*

No Sex Please—We're British. London's longest-running comedy, directed by Allen Davis, has passed 3,500 performances & shows no sign of flagging. *Strand, Aldwych, WC2.*

Oklahama! Though nothing can eclipse the memory of that Drury Lane opening night in 1947, time has not dulled the Richard Rodgers score—or, for that matter, the Hammerstein lyrics—and the company acts with likeable zest. *Palace, Shaftesbury Ave, W1.*

Othello. Paul Scofield's magnificent performance dominates the revival by Peter Hall. *Olivier.*

Pal Joey. Siân Phillips, superb as the wealthy Chicago woman, in an entirely new world for her—the revival of a musical, score by Richard Rodgers, that has become something of a classic. *Albery, St Martin's Lane, WC2.*

The Price, by Arthur Miller. Directed by Anthony Cornish, with Malcolm Rennie, Frances Cuka, Martin Friend & John Bennett. *Shaw, Euston Rd, NW1.* Until Dec 6.

Private Lives. The "two violent acids bubbling together" in Noël Coward's comedy are amusingly expressed by Maria Aitken & Michael Jayston. *Duchess, Catherine St, WC2.*

The Provok'd Wife. Restoration comedy by Vanbrugh, directed by Peter Wood. With Geraldine McEwan & Dorothy Tutin. *Lyttelton.*

Rattle of a Simple Man. By now Charles Dyer's comedy, a duet in loneliness, has frayed a little; but Pauline Collins & John Alderton are always in control. *Savoy, Strand, WC2.*

Richard II. New production by Terry Hands, with Alan Howard in the title role, David Suchet, Domini Blythe & Tony Church. *Royal Shakespeare Theatre, Stratford-upon-Avon.*

Richard III. New production by Terry Hands, with Alan Howard, Sinead Cusack, Barbara Leigh-Hunt & Richard Pasco. *Shakespeare Theatre, Stratford-upon-Avon.*

The Romans in Britain. Cheap, raw & egregious, this historical speculation, written by Howard Brenton & directed by Michael Bogdanov, does no credit to the National Theatre. *Olivier.*

Romeo & Juliet. A strenuous production, with little of the lyric quality, is memorable only for Brenda Bruce's Nurse, the woman herself, unexaggerated. *Royal Shakespeare Theatre, Stratford-upon-Avon.*

Sisterly Feelings. In this comedy, with a plot that can be varied according to the toss of a coin—there are four possibilities—Alan Ayckbourn continues to be an extraordinary craftsman. It should not be forgotten that he is also an acute observer of his chosen social scene. The National company, led by Anna Carteret and Penelope Wilton, does him honour. *Olivier.*

The Streets of London. "For colour & stir give me Boucicault" said Sean O'Casey; & here is a gleefully heightened version, with music, of a famous Victorian melodrama. *Her Majesty's Haymarket, SW1.*

Swann with Topping. Songs from Donald Swann & Frank Topping. *Ambassador's, West St, WC2.*

Taking Steps. New comedy by Alan Ayckbourn, directed by Michael Rudman, with Dinsdale Landon & Nicola Pagett. *Lyric, Shaftesbury Ave, W1.*

They're Playing Our Song. Tom Conti & Gemma Craven govern what is virtually a two-part musical with a swift book by Neil Simon & some pleasant tunes by Marvin Hamlisch. *Shaftesbury, Shaftesbury Ave, WC2.*

Timon of Athens. Directed by Ron Daniels with Richard Pasco in the title role. *The Other Place, Stratford-upon-Avon.*

Tomfoolery. A group of Tom Lehrer's blisteringly amusing songs in a rich performance, revue-fashion, by Tricia George, Robin Ray, Martin Connor and Jonathan Adams; directed by Gillian Lynne. *Criterion, Piccadilly Circus, W1.*

Watch on the Rhine. Lillian Hellman's play, from 1941, has dated less than one would have imagined. With Peggy Ashcroft, Susan Engel & David Burke to lead the cast, its tale of European refugees in an America not yet at war remains cumulatively affecting. *Lyttelton.*

The Winter's Tale. New production with Moira Redmond, Alex Scott & Eric Lander. *St George's, W1.* Until Dec 20.

First nights

The People Show No 86, performance art group. *Hampstead Theatre Club, Swiss Cottage Centre, NW3.* Dec 1-27.

Not Quite Jerusalem. New play by Paul Kember about life on a kibbutz, directed by Les Waters. *Royal Court, Sloane Sq, SW1.* Dec 2.

Television Times. Comedy by Peter Prince about people working on a television drama series. Directed by Stephen Frears. *Warehouse, Donmar Theatre, Earlham St, WC2.* Dec 9.

Trelawny of the Wells. Pinero's comedy of theatre companies, directed by Timothy West. With Lyn Miller, Robert Lindsey, David Shaughnessy & Bill Fraser. *Old Vic, Waterloo Rd, SE1.* Dec 16.

The Rivals. Sheridan's comedy, directed by Patrick Mason. *Greenwich, Croom's Hill, SE10.* Dec 18.

Christmas & children's shows

Christmas Crackers. Puppets & actors combine in four-pantos-in-one. *Polka Children's Theatre, The Broadway, SW19.* Until Jan 17.

The Gingerbread Man. David Wood's musical play with Ronnie Stevens & Tony Jackson. *Westminster, Palace St, SW1.* Nov 18-Jan 10.

Robin Hood, with songs by Alan Klein & Ken Hill. With Toni Palmer, Bill Wallis & Sylveste McCoy. *Theatre Royal, Gerry Raffles Sq, E15.* Dec 1-Jan 24.

Hiawatha, based on Longfellow's poem & directed by Michael Bogdanov. *Olivier, National Theatre, South Bank, SE1.* Dec 3-30.

It's Magic, with Paul Daniels. *Prince of Wales, Coventry St, W1.* From Dec 10.

Babes in the Wood, with Terry Scott, Anita Harris, Bernard Bresslaw & Christopher Timothy. *Richmond Theatre, The Green, Richmond, Surrey.* Dec 12-Jan 31.

Tintin & the Black Island. Adventure story for 7- to 12-year-olds. *Unicorn, Gt Newport St, WC2.* Dec 13-Feb 1.

A Christmas Box. Michael & Doreen Musckett present medieval & traditional songs, carols & instrumental pieces from many countries. *Purcell Room, South Bank, SE1.* Dec 14, 20, 21.

Toad of Toad Hall. David Conville's production with Ian Talbot as Toad, David King as Badger, Barrie Jamieson as Mole & Terry Wale as Rat. *Old Vic, Waterloo Rd, SE1.* Dec 15-Jan 17.

Pollicino or New Adventures of Tom Thumb. British première of a tale in music by Hans Werner Henze. Presented by the Royal Opera House. *Jeanetta Cochrane, Theobalds Rd, WC1.* Dec 16-20.

Aladdin. Directed by Kim Grant, with Maureen Scott, Anthony Collin & Edward Brayshaw. *Shaw, Euston Rd, NW1.* Dec 16-Jan 3.

Le Cirque Imaginaire. Jean-Baptiste Thierree & Victoria Chaplin present a new version of their circus with rabbits, ducks & doves. *Riverside Studios, Crisp Rd, W6.* Dec 16-Jan 11.

Canterbury Tales, presented by the New Vic Theatre Company, directed by Michael Bogdanov. *Round House, Chalk Farm Rd, NW1.* Dec 16-Jan 24.

Aladdin & His Wonderful Lamp. With Brian Cant, Derek Griffiths, Anne Sydney & Richard Murdoch. *Yvonne Arnaud, Guildford, Surrey.* Dec 17-Jan 17.

The Amusing Spectacle of Cinderella & Her Naughty Naughty Sisters, with words & music by Martin Duncan. *Lyric, King St, W6.* Dec 17-Jan 24.

Cinderella, by John Moffatt & Tudor Davies, with Roy North as Buttons. *Thorndike, Leatherhead, Surrey.* Dec 18-Jan 17.

Mother Goose, with Ian Lavender, Norman Vaughan, Bill Pertwee & Tommy Boyd. *Churchill, Bromley, Kent.* Dec 18-Jan 24.

Aladdin, with Leslie Crowther, Harry H. Corbett & George Lacy. *Ashcroft, Croydon, Surrey.* Dec 19-Jan 31.

Holiday on Ice, with Robin Cousins. *Wembley Arena, Wembley, Middx.* Dec 19-Feb 22.

Atarah's Band. Children's fun concert with musical story, quiz, games. *Queen Elizabeth Hall, South Bank, SE1.* Dec 22, 23.

Sooty's Christmas Show, with Matthew Corbett. *May Fair, Stratton St, W1.* Dec 22-Jan 10.

The Incredible Vanishing by Denise Coffey, performed by the Half Moon Young People's Theatre. *Half Moon, 27 Alie St, E1.* Dec 22-Jan 12.

Dick Whittington, with Jim Davidson, Mollie Sugden, Windsor Davies, Melvyn Hayes & Clive Dunn. *London Palladium, Argyll St, W1.* Dec 22-Feb 28.

Little & Large, comedy show. *Apollo Victoria, Wilton Rd, SW1.* Dec 26-Jan 10.

The Roman Invasion of Ramsbottom. Musical comedy written & directed by Jeremy James Taylor. *Young Vic, The Cut, SE1.* Dec 29-Jan 3.

Cinderella by Peter Maxwell Davies. London première of this new version of the traditional story, presented by the Royal Opera House. *Jeanetta Cochrane.* Dec 30-Jan 2.

Christmas Revue, written & performed by Roger McGough. *Lyric Studio, King St, W6.* Dec 30-Jan 17.

Captain Sürriick. Ballad opera for older children & adults, written & directed by Jeremy James Taylor. *Young Vic.* Jan 1-10.

★ CINEMA ★

The following is a selection of films currently showing in London or on general release.

All That Jazz. Ritzy, splashy, semi-autobiographical film by Bob Fosse about a hard-driving American stage & film director. It's like a stick of rock that says "Showbiz" all through.

Being There. Or how an illiterate gardener became a Washington pundit. The late Peter Sellers in fine form but the fable looks stretched & implausible when set against a realistic background.

The Big Brawl. A humorous Kung Fu film directed by Robert Clouse. With Jackie Chan.

The Big Red One. A chronicle of the Second World War directed by Samuel Fuller. With Lee Marvin, Mark Hamill & Robert Carradine.

Blue Lagoon. Brooke Shields & Christopher Atkins play two children stranded on a desert island who eventually fall in love. Directed by Randal Kleiser.

Blues Brothers. John Landis directs this film about an ex-convict's attempts to save the Chicago orphanage where he was brought up. With John Belushi, Dan Aykroyd & Kathleen Freeman.

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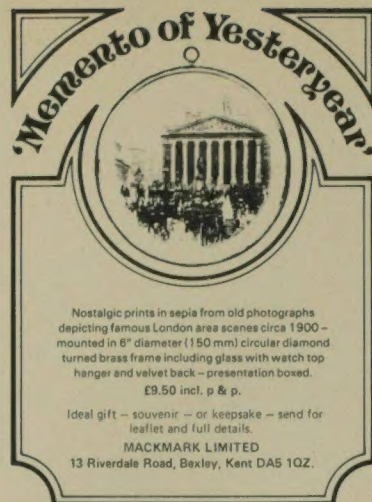
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Breaker Morant. Australian film based on a true incident during the Boer War about three Australian soldiers court-martialled by the British. Directed by Bruce Beresford, with Edward Woodward & Jack Thompson.

Breaking Glass. Standard rock movie about the rise and fall of an exploited female star. Hazel O'Connor gives a glittering début and Brian Gibson directs efficiently but we have heard (and seen) it all before.

Bronco Billy. A simple-minded film about a tat circus that attracts a motley crew of fantasists. Clint Eastwood as the headman plays against the grain of his own naturally heroic presence.

Brubaker. Robert Redford stars as an idealistic prison warden who wants to clean up the system. A fine ideal; but the invisible gold aureole around Redford's head is beginning to be disquieting.

Caligula. Robert Guccione's controversial film version of life in ancient Rome. With Malcolm McDowell, Peter O'Toole, John Gielgud & Helen Mirren.

La Dérivade. Based on a book by Jeanne Cordelier about her life as a prostitute, & directed by Daniel Duval. With Miou-Miou, Maria Schneider & Daniel Duval.

Diabolo Menthe. Award-winning French film directed by Diane Kurys about a year in the life of two teenage schoolgirls.

Don Giovanni. Losey's splendid film version of Mozart's opera. It may appal the purists but it will delight those who want a genuine visual interpretation of the opera.

Dressed to Kill. A teasing, hugely enjoyable horror-suspense movie from Brian De Palma with Angie Dickinson as a mature beauty & Michael Caine as her questionable analyst.

The Elephant Man. The now familiar story of Victorian freak John Merrick, re-told by David Lynch with a mixture of horror & pity: the trouble is the emotions seem souped-up & the departures from fact needless.

The Fiendish Plot of Dr Fu Manchu. In his last film the late Peter Sellers plays two roles—the 168-year-old doctor in search of the elixir of youth & the detective pursuing him. Directed by Piers Haggard.

The Fog. Thriller directed by John Carpenter, with Jamie Lee Curtis & Janet Leigh.

The Hunter. Steve McQueen plays a modern-day bounty hunter in pursuit of people who have jumped bail. Directed by Buzz Kulik, with Eli Wallach & LeVar Burton.

Last Feelings. A 14-year-old boy's attempts to achieve success in one field after learning he has an incurable illness. Directed by Ruggiero Deodato, with Carlo Lupo & Vittoria Gaeazzi.

The Long Riders. The story of Jesse James & his gang of outlaws. Directed by Walter Hill, with Stacy & James Keach, David, Keith & Robert Carradine & Dennis & Randy Quaid.

The Marriage of Maria Braun. Interesting Fassbinder film about Germany in the last days of the war & during the economic miracle, with a good performance from Hanna Schygulla.

McVicar. Based on the events surrounding John McVicar & his escape from Durham prison. Directed by Tom Clegg, with Roger Daltrey, Adam Faith & Cheryl Campbell.

My American Uncle. A great, rich Alain Resnais film about the intertwined lives of an industrialist, an actress & a politician. It combines the density of a novel with an absolute command of film & is finely acted by Gérard Depardieu, Nicole Garcia & Roger-Pierre.

Nela—the story of a painter. Documentary record by Hans Conrad Fischer of the last three years in the life of his 22-year-old daughter, dying of leukaemia.

The Outsiders. Directed by Mrinal Sen, this Indian film is a bitter comedy about the changing relationship between father & son following the son's marriage.

Raise the Titanic. Jerry Jameson directs this film about attempts to raise the "Titanic" from the seabed. With Jason Robards, Richard Jordan, Anne Archer & Alec Guinness.

Rough Cut. Comedy thriller directed by Don Siegel, with Burt Reynolds, Lesley-Anne Down & David Niven.

Une Semaine de Vacances. A French school teacher takes a holiday to re-assess her life. Directed by Bertrand Tavernier, with Nathalie Baye, Michel Galabru & Philippe Noiret.

The Shining. A laborious piece of Gothic from the once spontaneous Stanley Kubrick whose films have latterly become heavyweight artifacts. Jack Nicholson does his crazy-man number.

Simon. Knowing, smart, capricious American movie made by Marshall Brickman (Woody Al-

len's partner) & assailing the petty annoyances in modern life.

Sir Henry at Rawlinson End. Trevor Howard plays an eccentric British aristocrat in this comedy set in the 1950s. Directed by Steve Roberts, with Patrick Magee, Denise Coffey & Suzanne Danielle.

Slow Motion. Jean-Luc Godard's latest film is in episodes following the lives of three different characters who eventually meet in the fourth episode. With Isabelle Huppert, Jacques Dutronc & Nathalie Baye.

Special Treatment. Yugoslavian comedy directed by Goran Paskaljevic about a clinic for alcoholics.

The Tin Drum. Masterly translation to the screen by Volker Schlöndorff of Gunter Grass's famous novel about a dwarfish boy's vision of Nazi Germany. David Bennent is utterly astonishing as the all-seeing hero.

Urban Cowboy. John Travolta stars as a rootless young hero taking on an ex-convict villain in a Houston honky-tonk. Gross & sentimental.

When a Stranger Calls. Thriller about a babysitter terrorized by strange telephone calls. Directed by Fred Walton.

Wholly Moses! Comedy based on the life of Moses, directed by Gary Weis with Dudley Moore & Laraine Newman.

Willie & Phil. Paul Mazursky directs this film about two friends who fall in love with the same woman. With Michael Ontkean, Margot Kidder & Ray Sharkey.

A Woman of Paris. Long-lost 1923 Chaplin movie that may not be a masterpiece but still shows wonderful touches of invention. With Adolphe Menjou & Edna Purviance.

Premières

Flash Gordon. Mike Hodges directs this film based on the strip cartoon character. With Sam Jones, Max von Sydow, Topol, Timothy Dalton & Brian Blessed. Royal Charity Première in the presence of Prince & Princess Michael of Kent in aid of The Army Benevolent Fund, The Charities Aid Foundation & The International Social Service of Great Britain. ABC, Shaftesbury Ave, W1. Dec 10.

The Dogs of War. Based on the book by Frederick Forsyth about mercenaries trying to overthrow the government of an African country. Directed by John Irvin, with Christopher Walken & Tom Berenger. Gala première. Odeon, Leicester Sq, WC2. Dec 17.

★ BALLET ★

ROYAL BALLET, Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, WC2:

Manon, choreography MacMillan, music Massenet, with Collier, Wall, Jefferies, Whitten, Rencher, Eyre, Dec 2, 13; with Park, Eagling, Wall, Whitten, Rencher, Larsen, Dec 3; with Penney, Eagling, Wall, Mason, Rencher, Larsen, Dec 12.

Triple bill, Dec 5, 9, 11: **The Firebird,** choreography Fokine, music Stravinsky, with Porter, Jefferies, Rencher, Dec 5, 9; with Collier, Coleman, Drew, Dec 11; **new ballet,** choreography Tetley, music Britten, casting to be announced; **Dark Elegies,** choreography Tudor, music Mahler, casting to be announced.

Swan Lake, choreography Petipa & Ivanov, music Tchaikovsky, with Mason, Wall, Dec 6, 17; with Samsova, Wall, Dec 8; with Collier, Eagling, Dec 18.

Cinderella, choreography Ashton, music Prokofiev, with Porter, Silver, Rencher, Coleman, Dec 20 2pm, 27; with Penney, Wall, Rencher, Coleman, Dec 20; with Park, Eagling, Rencher, Shaw, Dec 22, 31.

LONDON FESTIVAL BALLET, Festival Hall, South Bank, SE1:

The Nutcracker, choreography Hynd, music Tchaikovsky. Dec 26-Jan 14.

NORTHERN BALLET THEATRE, Royal Northern College of Music, Manchester:

The Nutcracker, new production; choreography Andre Prokoffsky, designs Peter Farmer. Dec 17-Jan 3.

SADLER'S WELLS ROYAL BALLET, Sadler's Wells Theatre, Rosebery Ave, EC1:

1st London performance Michael Corder's **Day into Night** (Dec 9), 1st performance David Bintley's **Polonia**, music Panufnik (Dec 9), 1st performance by SWRB Cranko's **The Taming of the Shrew** (Dec 16); **Homage to Chopin, Elite Syncopations, Coppélia, Papillon.** Dec 9-20.

BALLET RAMBERT on tour:
Preludes & Song/Rainbow Ripples/Judgment of

Paris/Dark Elegies, Cruel Garden.
Repertory Theatre, Birmingham. Dec 1-6.
LONDON CONTEMPORARY DANCE
THEATRE on tour:
The Annunciation/Place of Change/Troy Game,
new work by Davies/Death & the Maiden, Class.
Theatre Royal, Nottingham. Dec 9-13.

★ OPERA ★

ROYAL OPERA, Covent Garden, WC2:
Tosca, conductor Stapleton, with Shirley Verrett as Tosca, Gianfranco Cecchele as Cavaradossi, Kari Nurmela as Scarpia. Dec 4.
Les Contes d'Hoffmann, conductor Pretre, new production by John Schlesinger, designed by William Dudley & Maria Björnson, with Plácido Domingo as Hoffmann, Luciana Serra as Olympia, Ileana Cotrubas as Antonia, Agnes Baltsa as Giulietta, Geraint Evans as Coppélius, Gwynne Howell as Crespel, Nicolai Ghiuselev as Miracle, Siegmund Nimsgern as Dappertutto. Dec 15, 19, 23, 26, 30.
ENGLISH NATIONAL OPERA, London Coliseum, St Martin's Lane, WC2:
La Bohème, conductor Lockhart/N. Davies, with Sally Burgess as Mimì, Angela Bostock as Musetta, John Treleaven as Rudolph, Christian du Plessis as Marcel, John Tomlinson as Schauvard. Dec 2, 5, 12.
Boris Godunov, conductor Lloyd-Jones, new production by Colin Graham, with Richard Van Allan as Boris, Elizabeth Connell as Marina Mnishchik, John Tomlinson as Pimen, Henry Howell as Dmitri. Dec 3, 10, 13, 18, 27.
The Barber of Seville, conductor Judd, with Della Jones as Rosina, John Brecknock/Anthony Roden as Count Almaviva, Alan Opie as Figaro, John Gibbs as Dr Bartolo. Dec 4, 6, 11, 16, 19, 23, 31.
The Merry Widow, conductor Vivienne, with Catherine Wilson as Hanna Glawari, Emile Belcourt as Count Danilo, Eric Shilling as Baron Mirko, Marilyn Hill Smith as Valencienne. Dec 24, 30 (gala performance to celebrate 75th anniversary of première).
KENT OPERA:
Il ballo delle ingrate & Venus & Adonis, The Magic Flute.
Marlowe Theatre, Canterbury. Dec 4-6.
D'O'LYLY CARTE:
The Mikado, HMS Pinafore, The Pirates of Penzance, The Sorcerer, The Yeomen of the Guard, Iolanthe.
Grand Theatre, Leeds. Dec 1-13.
Also Ruddigore.
Sadler's Wells Theatre, Rosebery Ave, EC1.
 Dec 22-Feb 21.
SCOTTISH OPERA:
La Bohème.
Theatre Royal, Glasgow. Dec 9, 11.
The Barber of Seville.
Carnegie Hall, Dundee. Dec 12, 13.
WELSH NATIONAL OPERA:
Il trovatore, The Cunning Little Vixen, Tosca, Eugene O'Neill.
Gaumont Theatre, Southampton. Dec 2-6.
Tosca, Eugene O'Neill, The Cunning Little Vixen, Il trovatore, Tristan und Isolde.
New Theatre, Oxford. Dec 9-13.

★ MUSIC ★

ALBERT HALL, Kensington Gore, SW7:
London Philharmonic Orchestra, conductor Handley; Jeremy Menuhin, piano; Nicholas Busch, horn. Delius, Air & Dance for Strings; Schumann, Piano Concerto; Mozart, Horn Concerto No 3; Arnold, English Dances (Set 1); Carols for audience & orchestra. Dec 9, 12, 7.45pm.
ST JOHN'S, Smith Sq, SW1:
Benjamin Luxon, baritone; **David Willison**, piano. Beethoven, An die ferne Geliebte; Schumann, Dichterliebe. Dec 1, 1pm.
George Caird, oboe; **John Blakeley**, piano. Telemann, Sonata in A minor; Saint-Saëns, Sonata Op 16; Patterson, Monologue for solo oboe. Dec 4, 1.15pm.
Raphael Sommer, cello; **Daniel Adni**, piano. Beethoven, Variations on a Theme from Judas Maccabeus; Schumann, Three Fantasy Pieces Op 73; Shostakovich, Sonata Op 40. Dec 8, 1pm.
Margaret Bruce, Peter Gellhorn, piano duet. Mozart, Dvorak, Tuczapsky, Bizet, Schubert. Dec 11, 7.30pm.
Majumi Fujikawa, violin; **Michael Roll**, piano. Schubert, Sonatina in D K384; Fauré, Sonata in A Op 13; Brahms, Scherzo in C minor. Dec 15, 1pm.
BBC Symphony Orchestra, conductor Schwarz;

Jennifer Smith, soprano; Cynthia Buchan, mezzo-soprano; Maldwyn Davies, tenor; Christopher Keyte, bass. Haydn, Symphony No 76, Mass in D minor (Nelson). Dec 17, 7.30pm.
Holst Orchestra & Singers, conductor Wetton; Diana Cummings, violin; Malcolm Messiter, oboe. Handel, Let God Arise, O Praise the Lord; Bach, Concerto in D minor for oboe & violin, Motet: Loben den Herrn. Dec 18, 7.30pm.
Shura Cherkassky, piano. Mendelssohn, Chopin, Stravinsky, Strauss. Dec 22, 1pm.
SOUTH BANK, SE1:
(FH=Festival Hall, EH=Queen Elizabeth Hall, PR=Purcell Room)
Radu Lupu, piano. Schubert, Six Moments Musicaux D780, Sonata in C minor D958; Brahms, Sonata in F minor Op 5. Dec 1, 8pm.
FH.
London Symphony Orchestra, conductor Copland; Jack Brymer, clarinet. Aaron Copland 80th birthday concert. Copland, Fanfare for the Common Man, Short Symphony, Quiet City, El Salón México, Clarinet Concerto, Billy the Kid. Dec 2, 8pm.
FH.
BBC Symphony Orchestra, conductor Rozhdstvensky; Walter Klien, piano. Strauss, München; Tippett, Symphony No 1; Hindemith, Piano Concerto; Waldeufel, Les Patineurs. Dec 3, 8pm.
FH.
Wren Orchestra, conductor Snell; Jean-Philippe Collard, piano. Haydn, Symphony No 102; Mozart, Piano Concerto in E flat K271; Beethoven, Twelve Contredanses, Symphony No 4. Dec 3, 7.45pm.
EH.
Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, Brighton Festival Chorus Ladies, Southend Boys' Choir, conductor Dorati; Yvonne Minton, mezzo-soprano. Mahler, Symphony No 3. Dec 4, 8pm; Dec 7, 3.15pm.
FH.
Michel Beroff, piano. Schumann, Gesänge der Frühe Op 13, Fantasy in C Op 17; Prokofiev, Visions Fugitives Op 22; Stravinsky, Three movements from Petrushka. Dec 4, 7.45pm.
EH.
English Chamber Orchestra, conductor Leppard; Ann Murray, mezzo-soprano. Handel, Water Music Suites Nos 1-3, Cantata: Clori mi bella Clori, Two arias from Ariodante. Dec 5, 7.45pm.
EH.
London Philharmonic Orchestra, conductor Solti; Vladimir Ashkenazy, piano. Haydn, Symphony No 96 (Miracle); Bartók, Piano Concerto No 1; Beethoven, Symphony No 7. Dec 7, 7.30pm.
FH.
London Symphony Orchestra, conductor Mata; Emanuel Ax, piano. Beethoven, Symphony No 6 (Pastoral); Brahms, Piano Concerto No 1. Dec 9, 8pm.
FH.
Juilliard Quartet. Mozart, Quartet in E flat K428; Verdi, Quartet in E minor; Brahms, Quartet in C minor Op 51 No 1. Dec 9, 7.45pm.
EH.
BBC Symphony Orchestra & Chorus, BBC Singers, conductor Rozhdstvensky; Ida Haendel, violin. Delius, Song of the High Hills, Violin Concerto; Shostakovich, Symphony No 6. Dec 10, 8pm.
FH.
London Sinfonietta & Voices, London Choral Society, conductor Rattle; Peter Donohoe, piano. Stravinsky, Symphonies of Wind Instruments; Messiaen, Couleurs de la Cité Céleste; Bussotti, Rara Requiem. Dec 10, 7.45pm.
EH.
Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, conductor Dorati; Clifford Curzon, piano. Beethoven, Symphony No 2, Piano Concerto No 5 (Emperor). Dec 11, 8pm.
FH.
Philharmonia Orchestra, conductor A. Davis; Simon Preston, organ; Margaret Marshall, soprano. Saint-Saëns, Symphony No 3; Mahler, Symphony No 4. Dec 12, 8pm.
FH.
London Symphony Orchestra & Chorus, conductor Mata; Barbara Hendricks, soprano; Hakan Hagegard, baritone. Chávez, Excerpts from Horse Power Suite; Kodály, Suite, Háry Janos; Orff, Carmina Burana. Dec 14, 7.30pm.
FH.
London Philharmonic Orchestra, conductor Solti. Bruckner, Symphony No 5. Dec 16, 8pm.
FH.
London Mozart Players, conductor Blech; James Galway, Christopher Hyde-Smith, flutes. Wagner, Siegfried Idyll; Mozart, Symphony No 39; Cimarosa, Concerto in G for two flutes; Stamitz; Flute Concerto in D. Dec 17, 8pm.
FH.
London Sinfonietta, conductor Rattle; Elise Ross, soprano; John Williams, guitar. Knussen, Coursing; Gerhard, Libra; Schönberg, Pierrot Lunaire. Dec 17, 7.45pm.
EH.
London Chanticleer Orchestra, Children from Gypsy Hill Centre & Pirton Primary School, conductor Gips; Alison Mary Sutton, Hansel; Marilyn Troth, Gretel; Carol Leatherby, Witch; Antony Ransome, Father; Christine Page, Mother; Fiona Henderson, Sandman/Dew Fairy.

Humperdinck, Hansel & Gretel. Dec 26, 3pm.
EH.
London Concert Orchestra, Johann Strauss Dancers, Jack Rothstein, director & violin; Marilyn Hill Smith, soprano. The magic of the Strauss family. Dec 28, 7.30pm.
FH.
Offenbach Orchestra & Dancers, conductor Murray; Patricia Cope, soprano; Janice Hooper-Roe, contralto; Terry Jenkins, tenor; Gareth Jones, baritone. Offenbach centenary concert. Dec 31, 7.45pm.
EH.
WIGMORE HALL, Wigmore St, W1:
Florian Kitt, cello; **John O'Connor**, piano. Weill, Sonata 1920; Urbanner, Arioso Furioso; Zimmermann, Solo Sonata; Osborne, Remembering Esenin; Debussy, Sonata. Dec 1, 7.30pm.
Einar Steen-Nökleberg, piano. Grieg, Holberg Suite, Seven Lyric Pieces, 17 Norwegian Peasant Dances, Slåtter. Dec 3, 7.30pm.
Beethoven's contemporaries: Nash Ensemble; Richard Jackson, baritone. Beethoven, Piano Trio in C minor Op 1 No 3, Song cycle: An die ferne Geliebte; Weber, Song cycle: The Four Temperaments; Hummel, Military Septet in C Op 114. Dec 4, 7.30pm.
Bartók String Quartet; Peter Frankl, piano. Mozart, Piano Quartets No 1 in G minor K478, No 2 in E flat K493; Bartók, Quartets Nos 1 & 3. Dec 6, 7.30pm.
Howard Bass, lute; **James Bowman**, counter-tenor. Weiss, Byrd, Dowland, Bach, Cavalli, Monteverdi, Caccini, Purcell. Dec 7, 3.30pm.
Nigel Kennedy, violin; **Yitkin Seow**, piano. Beethoven, Sonata in F (Spring); Berkeley, Sonatina; Ravel, Tzigane; Schubert, Duo in A; Grieg, Sonata No 3. Dec 8, 7.30pm.
Bartók String Quartet. Bartók, Quartets Nos 2 & 4; Mozart, Quartet in C K465. Dec 10, 7.30pm.

Christmas music and carol services

All Souls' Church, Langham Pl, W1; Family toy & carol service, Dec 14, 11am; Carols with candlelight, Dec 14, 5.30pm & 8pm; Holy Communion, Dec 24, 11.30pm; Morning service, Dec 25, 11am; Watchnight service, Dec 31, 11.15pm.
Church of St Bride, Fleet St, EC4: Handel, Messiah Part 1, Dec 14, 6.30pm; Bach, Christmas Oratorio, Dec 28, 6.30pm.
St Clement Danes, Strand, WC2: Nine lessons & carols, Dec 14, 3pm; Carols in the forecourt, Dec 17, 18, 22, 23, 1pm; Midnight mass, Dec 24, 11.30pm; Holy Communion, Dec 25, 8.30am; Sung Eucharist, Dec 25, 11am.
St Columba's Church of Scotland, Pont St, SW1: Candlelight service, Dec 24, 11.30pm; Holy Communion, Dec 25, 10am; Family service, Dec 25, 11am.
St Lawrence Jewry, Next Guildhall, EC2: Christmas service attended by the Lord Mayor & Sheriffs, Dec 22, 5.30pm; Christmas carols, Dec 23, 1pm.
St Martin-in-the-Fields, Trafalgar Sq, WC2: St Martin's Chamber Choir, Handel, Messiah, Dec 13, 7pm; Blessing of the crib in Trafalgar Square, Dec 14, 5pm; St Martin-in-the-Fields High School for Girls carol service, Dec 18, 2.30pm; Actors' anthology: music & recitations for Christmas, Dec 19, 1.15pm; Salvation Army carol service, Dec 21, 3pm; Nine lessons & carols, Dec 22, 7pm; Carol service, Dec 24, 6.30pm; Midnight Holy Communion (ticket-holders only), Dec 24, 11.30pm; Family Communion, Dec 25, 9.45am; Morning service, Dec 25, 11.15am.
St Paul's Cathedral, EC4: Handel, Messiah, Dec 2, 6pm; Carol service & blessing of the crib by the Bishop of London, Dec 24, 4pm; Midnight Eucharist, Dec 24, 11.30pm; Holy Communion, Dec 25, 8am; Matins & sermon, Dec 25, 10.30am; Sung Eucharist, Dec 25, 11.30am; Evensong, Dec 25, 3.15pm; Carols round the crib, Dec 26, 27, 6pm.
Westminster Abbey, SW1: Blessing of the crib & children's service, Dec 24, 2pm; Festal evensong, Dec 24, 3pm; Midnight Eucharist, Dec 24, 11.30pm; Holy Communion, Dec 25, 8am; Matins & sermon, Dec 25, 10.30am; Procession & sung Eucharist, Dec 25, 11.40am; Evensong, Dec 25, 3pm; Festal Evensong, carols & procession, Dec 26, 3pm; Watchnight service, Dec 31, 11.30pm.
Albert Hall, Kensington Gore, SW7:
English Brass Ensemble, English Baroque Choir, Haberdashers' Aske's School Boys' Choir, conductor Lovett; Osian Ellis, harp; Tristan Fry, percussion; Malcolm Hicks, organ. Carols for Christmas. Dec 6, 7.30pm.
Chalk Farm Salvation Army Band, Llanelli Male Choir, Richard Williams Junior Singers; David Bell, organ. Christmas concert with carols. Dec

10, 7.30pm.
Messiah from scratch—performance for singers & players, conductor Wilcocks. Dec 11, 7.30pm.
English Brass Ensemble, London Choral Society, The King's Singers, Haberdashers' Aske's School Boys' Choir, conductor Cleobury; Richard Stilgoe, compère; Tristan Fry, percussion; Margaret Phillips, organ. Children's carol concert, 3pm; Carols & Christmas music, 7.30pm; Dec 13.
Philip Jones Brass Ensemble, Kneller Hall Trumpeters, Bach Choir, conductor Wilcocks; David Corkhill, percussion; John Scott, organ. Family carol concert. Dec 14, 21, 2.30pm.
London Philharmonic Orchestra & Choir, conductor Aldis; Helen Walker, soprano; Alfreda Hodgson, contralto; Philip Langridge, tenor; David Thomas, bass. Handel, Messiah. Dec 14, 7.30pm; Dec 19, 7.45pm.
English Chamber Soloists, St Bartholomew's Hospital Choral Society, conductor Anderson; Eiddwen Harrihy, soprano; Anne Collins, mezzo-soprano; Kenneth Bowen, tenor; Raimund Herinx, bass. Handel, Messiah. Dec 16, 7.30pm.
Goldsmiths' Choral Union, conductor Wright; Antony Saunders, Roger Vignoles, pianos; Christopher Bowers-Broadbent, organ; Robert Howes, percussion; Patrick Moore, guest. Royal carol concert on behalf of The Save the Children Fund. Dec 18, 7pm.
Royal Choral Society, conductor M. Davies; Don Lusher, trombone; Ian Wallace, baritone; Jonathan Cohen, matinee guest. Traditional family carol concert. Dec 20, 2.30pm & 7.30pm; Dec 22, 7.30pm.
Jupiter Orchestra, Alexandra Choir, Handbell Ringers of St Botolph's Church, Northfleet, conductor Hill; Geoffrey Morgan, organ; Gareth Roberts, tenor. Carol concert. Dec 21, 7.30pm.
Berkshire Youth Orchestra, Berkshire Choir of 750 Voices, conductor Durston; Kathleen Livingstone, soprano; Penelope Walker, contralto; Neil Mackie, tenor; Stuart Fordyce, bass. Handel, Messiah. Dec 23, 7.30pm.
Lytelton foyer, National Theatre, South Bank, SE1:
Europa Singers. Seasonal programme of baroque music. Dec 13, 1.30pm & 6.15pm.
Boys of the John Paul Foundation. Sacred & secular music for Christmas. Dec 15, 16, 6.15pm.
NT Brass Ensemble, director Muldani. 16th-century music. Dec 17-19, 23, 6.15pm.
The City Waites. Carols. Dec 26, 6.15pm.
Opera Italiana. Salieri, Arlecchinata. Dec 29, 6.15pm.
London All-Stars Band. Carols & traditional Caribbean music. Dec 30, 6.15pm.
Caledonian Highlanders. Traditional Scottish Hogmanay music & dancing. Dec 31, 6.15pm.
Royal Naval College Chapel, Greenwich, SE10:
Royal Naval College Chapel Choir, conductor St John Clarke; Bernard Miles, reader. Carols, music & readings for Christmas. Dec 15, 8pm.
St John's, Smith Sq, SW1:
London Student Choral, conductor Meakins; Meryl Drower, Eiddwen Harrihy, sopranos; John York Skinner, counter-tenor; Neil Mackie, tenor; David Wilson-Johnson, baritone. Charpentier, Te Deum in D major, Messe de Minuit sur des airs de Noël; Corelli, Concerto Grosso in G minor (Christmas Concerto); Bach, Magnificat in D major. Dec 10, 7.30pm.
London Bach Society, Steinitz Bach Players, conductor Steinitz; Judith Rees, soprano; Marilyn Bennett, contralto; Michael Goldthorpe, tenor; John Noble, bass-baritone. Schütz, Christmas Story, Magnificat for five groups, Psalm 100, Cantate Domino, Motets: O bone Jesu, Sicut Moses; Bach, Christmas Interludes from Magnificat in E flat, Cantata 152. Dec 13, 7.30pm.
The Scholars; Shelagh Molyneux, soprano; Nigel Dixon, counter-tenor; Robin Doveton, tenor; Michael Leighton-Jones, baritone; David van Asch, bass. Christmas songs from England, Spain & Germany. Dec 14, 6.30pm.
City of London Sinfonia, St Margaret's Westminster Singers, conductor Hickox. Handel, Messiah Part I; Bach, Magnificat in D major. Dec 16, 7.30pm.
South Bank, SE1:
Ernest Read Symphony Orchestra, Schools Choir, conductor Raiton. ERMA children's concert: Christmas songs & carols. Dec 6, 11am & 2pm.
FH.
English Baroque Orchestra, London Oriana Choir, conductor Lovett; Janet Price, soprano; Margaret Cable, contralto; Brian Burrows, tenor; Brian Rayner Cook, bass. Bach, Christmas Oratorio. Dec 8, 7.30pm.
FH.
Tilford Bach Orchestra & Choir, conductor



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Darlow; Gillian Fisher, soprano; Malcolm Smith, counter-tenor; Rogers Covey-Crump, Philip Salmon, tenors; Michael Rippon, bass. Bach, Cantatas I & II Christmas Oratorio, Suite No 3, Magnificat. Dec 13, 7.45pm. *EH*.

Musicians of London, Goldsmiths' Choral Union, conductor Wright; Eiddwen HARRY, soprano; Malcolm Smith, counter-tenor; Adrian Thompson, tenor; David Wilson-Johnson, bass. Handel, Messiah. Dec 15, 7.30pm. *FH*.

Massed Choirs of the London Hospitals, Fanfare Trumpeters of the Royal Corps of Signals, conductor Farncombe; John Wilbraham, trumpet; John Birch, organ; James Blades, Charles Fullbrook, Richard Fullbrook, timpani/percussion, Carols & Christmas music. Dec 18, 8pm. *FH*.

National Children's Orchestra, Wimbledon Girl Singers, Wimbledon Junior Girl Singers, conductors Price, Parker; Andrew Allpass, piano; Andy Draycott, guitar. Christmas music & carols for choir & audience. Dec 18, 7.45pm. *EH*.

Ernest Read Symphony Orchestra & Choir, conductor Lovett; Vivienne Elizabeth, Glenys Walters, sopranos; Helen Willis, contralto; David Devan, baritone. Vivaldi, Gloria; Holst, Christmas Day; Vaughan Williams, Fantasia on Christmas Carols; Handel, Two choruses from Messiah; Carols for massed singing. Dec 19, 8pm. *FH*.

Goldsmiths' Choral Union, conductor Wright; Antony Saunders, Roger Vignoles, pianos; Christopher Bowers Broadbent, organ; Robert Howes, percussion. Carols for choir & audience. Dec 20, 3.15pm & 7.30pm. *FH*.

Philip Jones Brass Ensemble, City of London Choir, conductor Cashmore; Geoffrey Morgan, organ. Carols for choir & audience. Dec 20, 3pm (children's programme), 7.45pm. *EH*.

Wigmore Hall, Wigmore St, W1: Tallis Scholars, director Phillips. Medieval & Renaissance Christmas music. Dec 11, 7.30pm. **Songmakers' Almanac**; Jill Gomez, soprano; Sarah Walker, mezzo-soprano; Richard Jackson, baritone; Graham Johnson, piano. Songs about Christmas. Dec 16, 7.30pm.

St George's Canzona, John Sothcott, director, vielles, citole, rebec, recorder; Derek Harrison, counter-tenor; Ray Attfield, baritone, dulcimer, nakers, percussion; Mike Oxenham, recorders, crumhorns, rackets, pipe, tabor; John Grubb, lutes, citoles, harp. Medieval songs & dances, 15th- & 16th-century English carols. Dec 19, 7.30pm.

Rosalind Plowright, soprano; **Peter Knapp**, baritone; **Kathron Sturrock**, piano; **David de Keyser**, actor. Anthology of Christmas songs & readings. Dec 21, 7.30pm.

William Bennett, flute, **Osian Ellis**, harp. Bach, Telemann, Spohr, Fauré, Matthews, Ellis arr. Alwyn. Dec 27, 7.30pm.

English Concert, Trevor Pinnock, director & harpsichord, Torelli, Christmas Concerto; Handel, Organ Concerto; Vivaldi, Concerto for Four Violins & orchestra, The Four Seasons. Dec 28, 7.30pm.

Endymion Ensemble, Mozart, Divertimento in B flat K 270, Serenade in C minor K 388; Beethoven, Octet in E flat Op 103, Rondino op posth 146; Pöple, New work. Dec 30, 7.30pm.

Academy of Ancient Music, Christopher Hogwood, Emma Kirby, Anthony Rooley, Chuckerbutty Ocarina Quartet. Haydn, Symphony No 104 (London); Weber, Overture Der Freischütz; Dowland, Songs; Mozart, Eine kleine Nachtmusik; Wagner, Prelude to Act 3 of Lohengrin. Dec 31, 7.30pm.

★ EXHIBITIONS ★

Acquisitions 1977-80, prints & drawings. *Victoria & Albert Museum, Cromwell Rd, SW7*. Until Dec 31, Sat-Thurs 10am-5.50pm, Sun 2.30-5.50pm. Closed Dec 24-26, Jan 1.

Alternative Book of Common Prayer, a look at the new presentation of the modern text. *Design Centre, Haymarket, SW1*. Until Jan 4, Mon-Sat 9.30am-5.30pm, Weds, Thurs until 9pm. Closed Dec 24, 2.30pm, 25, 26, Jan 1.

Michael Andrews, 1980, paintings, drawings & watercolours. *Hayward Gallery, South Bank, SE1*. Until Jan 11, Mon-Thurs 10am-8pm, Fri, Sat until 6pm, Sun noon-6pm. £1.50. Closed Dec 24-26, Jan 1.

Arapoff's London in the 30s, photographs of working-class life in the East End. *Museum of London, London Wall, EC2*. Until Jan 11, Tues-Sat 10am-6pm, Sun 2-6pm. Closed Dec 24-26, Jan 1.

Art & Music, Pamela Majaro, sculpture; Pat Malinsson, Peter Freeth, etchings; Anita Woolf, paint-

ings & drawings. *Fitzroy Gallery, 4 Windmill St, W1*. Dec 4-23, Mon-Fri 10am-7pm, Sat until 4pm, 7th, with music, 12.30-2pm.

The Art of the Felt-Maker. Major travelling exhibition of over 100 examples of traditional felt-making from Iran, Afghanistan, Iraq, India, Africa, Russia & Scandinavia. *Horniman Museum, London Rd, SE23*. Until Feb 14, Mon-Sat 10.30am-6pm, Sun 2-6pm. Closed Dec 24-26.

The Art of Giving. Pictures for Christmas presents by various artists. *Holsworthy Gallery, 205 New Kings Rd, SW6*. Nov 24-Dec 24, Mon-Fri 10am-5.30pm, Sat 11am-4pm.

Asian Art: new acquisitions 1970-80. MSS, miniatures, scrolls & paintings from India, China & Japan. *British Museum, Gt Russell St, WC1*. Until Apr 20, Mon-Sat 10am-5pm, Sun 2.30-6pm. Closed Dec 24-26, Jan 1.

Max Beckmann, triptychs. *Whitechapel Art Gallery, Whitechapel High St, E1*. Until Jan 11, Sun-Fri 11am-6pm. Closed Dec 24-26, Jan 1.

Britain at Bay, the home front 1939-45. *Imperial War Museum, Lambeth Rd, SE1*. Until Apr 26, Mon-Sat 10am-5.30pm, Sun 2-5.30pm. 60p. Closed Dec 24-26, Jan 1.

British Art Now. British Council & Exxon Corporation exhibition recently touring the US shows works by eight promising British Artists. *Royal Academy of Arts, Piccadilly, W1*. Until Dec 14, daily 10am-6pm. £1 (half-price Sun) until 1.45pm).

British Figure Drawings. Works by artists living in Britain from early 17th century to the present. *British Museum*. Until Jan 18.

Canaletto, paintings, drawings & etchings from the royal collection. *Queen's Gallery, Buckingham Palace Rd, SW1*. Dec 5-mid-1981, Tues-Sat 11am-5pm, Sun 2-5pm. 75p. Closed Dec 22-26.

Challenge of the Chip: how will microelectronics affect your future? *Science Museum, Exhibition Rd, SW7*. Until Apr. Mon-Sat 10am-6pm, Sun 2.30-6pm. Closed Dec 24-26, Jan 1.

Chinese ceramics & works of art from the Dawson collection. *Eskenazi, 166 Piccadilly, W1*. Dec 12-20, Mon-Fri 10am-6pm, Sat until 1pm.

Christmas exhibition of new work by gallery artists. *Thumb Gallery, 20/21 D'Arbury St, W1*. Dec 2-23, Mon-Fri 10am-6pm, Sat 11am-4pm.

Christmas Show. Paintings & drawings by Arbuthnot, Bissill, Brodsky, Dunstan, G. Spencer, Seabrooke & contemporary artists. *Blond Fine Art, 33 Sackville St, W1*. Dec 11-23, Mon-Fri 10am-6pm, Sat until 1pm.

John Davies, recent sculpture & drawings. *Marlborough Fine Art, 6 Albemarle St, W1*. Until Dec 13, Mon-Fri 10am-5.30pm, Sat until 12.30pm.

Peter Docherty, theatre designs including those for the Christmas production of "The Nutcracker". *Royal Festival Hall foyer, South Bank, SE1*. Dec 26-Jan 14, during performance hours.

Early Armenian Printing, 1512-1800. Display to coincide with the publication of a catalogue of antiquarian Armenian printed material. *British Library, British Museum*. Until Dec 31, Mon-Sat 10am-5pm, Sun 2.30-6pm. Closed Dec 24-26.

An Edwardian Christmas, cards, toys & games. *Jeremy Cooper Ltd, 9 Galen Pl, WC1*. Dec 2-15, Tues-Fri 10am-6pm, Weds until 8pm, Sat until 2pm.

George Eliot. Exhibition of books & MSS in commemoration of the centenary of her death. *British Library, British Museum*. Dec 11-Mar 31.

The English country parson. MSS illustrating the lives & varied interests of country parsons from 17th to 19th centuries. *British Library, British Museum*. Until Jan 4.

English watercolours, including works by Girtin, Turner, Constable, Palmer & de Wint. *Leger Galleries, 13 Old Bond St, W1*. Until Dec 24, Mon-Fri 9am-5.30pm.

The Fabric of their Lives, hooked & poked mats of Newfoundland & Labrador. *Canada House Gallery, Trafalgar Sq, SW1*. Until Jan 13, Mon-Fri 9.30am-5pm. Closed Dec 25, 26, Jan 1.

Thomas Gainsborough. Major exhibition including 115 paintings & 55 drawings from collections all over the world. *Tate Gallery, Millbank, SW1*. Until Jan 4, Mon-Sat 10am-5.50pm, Sun 2-5.50pm. Gainsborough exhibition only, Dec 2, 4, 9, 11, 16, 18, until 7.50pm. Sun from 12.30pm. £1 (half-price Tues, Thurs 5.50-7.30pm). Closed Dec 24-26, Jan 1.

Ganymed, printing, publishing, design & graphic work from 1950 to the present. *Victoria & Albert Museum*. Until Feb 1.

The Gentle Eye, 30 years of press photographs by Jane Bown of "The Observer". *National Portrait Gallery, St Martin's Pl, WC2*. Until Mar 29, Mon-Fri 10am-5pm, Sat until 6pm, Sun 2-6pm.



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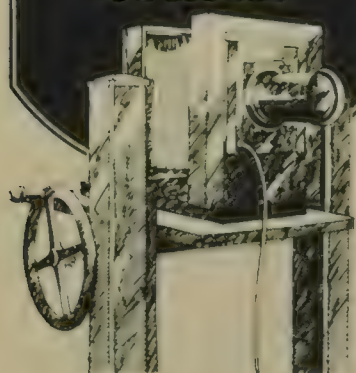
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Gold is for jewelry, modern jewelry by Geoffrey Turk, Hamish Aikman, Ernest Blyth & Frances Beck, Robert Smith, Jocelyn Burton, Tom Dobbie, Jacqueline Mina, Jacqueline Stieger & Nicholas Aikman. *H. Knowles-Brown*, 27 Hampstead High St, NW3. Until Dec 31, Tues-Fri 9am-5.30pm, Sat until 1pm. Closed Dec 25-29.

Great British cartoonists, including work by Beerbohm, Bateman, Heath Robinson, Low. *Langton Gallery*, 3 Langton St, SW10. Dec 2-20, Tues-Sat 10am-6pm.

Thomas Hennell, watercolours of the Second World War including some of Belgium, Holland, the Far East & D-Day in Normandy. *Imperial War Museum*. Until Jan 11.

Imperial Tobacco Portrait Award, selected entries by young artists. *National Portrait Gallery*. Dec 4-Mar 29.

Donald McCullin, photographs of the English scene & war pictures from Cyprus, Hue, Biafra, Bangladesh, Beirut & Northern Ireland. *Victoria & Albert Museum*. Until Jan 25. 50p (Sats 30p).

Edward Munch, paintings from the Munch Museum, Oslo, in Riverside Studios' newly opened gallery. *Riverside Studios*, Crisp Rd, W6. Nov 20-Dec 20, Mon 11am-6pm, Tues-Sat 11am-11pm, Sun noon-10.30pm.

National Cat Club Show. *Olympia, Hammersmith Rd, W14*. Dec 6, 10.30am-5.30pm. £1.

19th- & 20th-century paintings & drawings including works by Monet, Cézanne, Picasso, Manet, Renoir, van Gogh & Matisse. *Lefevre Gallery*, 30 Bruton St, W1. Until Dec 19, Mon-Fri 10am-5pm, Sat until 1pm.

Old Master paintings & drawings. *Agnew's*, 43 Old Bond St, W1. Until Dec 12, Mon-Fri 9.30am-5.30pm, Thurs until 7pm.

Persian painting in the 15th century, the classical period of Persian book-painting. *British Library*. Until Mar 2.

Camille Pissarro, paintings, drawings & prints. *Hayward Gallery*. Until Jan 11. £1.50.

Princely Magnificence. Court jewels of the Renaissance 1500-1630. from 13 countries. *Victoria & Albert Museum*. Until Feb 1. £1.50, Sats 50p.

Royal Smithfield Show & agricultural machinery exhibition. *Earl's Court, SW5*. Dec 1-5, daily 9am-6pm. 1st, £6, 2nd £5, 3rd £4, 4th £3, 5th £2.

Christopher Saxton & Tudor map-making. Major exhibition of the work of the Yorkshire surveyor who produced the first atlas of England & Wales in 1579, contrasted with work of earlier & contemporary surveyors. *British Library, British Museum*. Until Dec 1981.

Second sight, Titian's "Portrait of a Man" & Rembrandt's "Self Portrait" compared & contrasted. *National Gallery, Trafalgar Sq, WC2*. Until Dec 7, Mon-Sat 10am-6pm, Sun 2-6pm. Closed Dec 24-26, Jan 1.

The Silver Studio Collection. Major exhibition commemorating the opening of Arthur & Rex Silver's studio in 1880. Wallpaper, textile, furniture, carpet & book-jacket designs, & room-settings. *Museum of London*. Nov 21-Jan 31.

Stanley Spencer RA. Definitive retrospective exhibition of paintings & drawings, in co-operation with the Tate Gallery. *Royal Academy of Arts*. Until Dec 14. £1.50 (half-price Sun until 1.45pm). **Tapestries for the Nation**: acquisitions 1970-80, including one made for Charles I & works from designs by contemporary artists. *Victoria & Albert Museum*. Until end 1981.

Three hundred years of London's post, the development of the capital's mail system. *National Postal Museum, King Edward St, EC1*. Until end 1980, Mon-Fri 10am-4.30pm. Closed Dec 24 noon-Dec 29.

Treasures from Chatsworth. Oil paintings & drawings, furniture, gold & silver, firearms, gems & jewelry, porcelain, objets d'art, books, letters & MSS. *Royal Academy of Arts*. Until Jan 11. £1.80 (half-price Sun until 1.45pm). Closed Dec 24-26.

Turner, early watercolours of Britain's rivers & waterways. *Royal Society of Painters in Watercolours, Bankside Gallery*, 48 Hopton St, SE1. Until Dec 16, Mon-Sat 10am-6pm, Thurs until 8pm, Sun 2-6pm. £1.

Turner, perspective drawings. *Tate Gallery*. Until end Jan.

Watchers of the Skies, Mrs Margaret Morris's collection of stamps depicting astronomy. *Stanley Gibbons Romano House Gallery*, 399 Strand, WC2. Dec 1-24, Mon-Fri 9.30am-4.30pm (Dec 24 until 3pm).

Antoine Watteau, over 50 drawings by the 18th-century artist. *British Museum*. Until Jan 18.

Welsh Harps, touring exhibition organized by the Welsh Arts Council with the Crafts Council, showing a collection of instruments, photographs

& documents tracing the harp's evolution. *Crafts Council Gallery*, 12 Waterloo Pl, SW1. Until Jan 17, Mon-Sat 10am-5pm.

Youth & Adventure. Display of projects undertaken by the Operation Drake expedition. *Old Customs Hall, St Katharine Dock, E1*. Dec 13-19, Sat 1-5pm, Sun-Thurs 9am-5pm, Fri 1-5pm.

★ SALEROOMS ★

BONHAM'S, Montpelier St, SW7:

Watercolours. Dec 3, 11am.

Collection of Byzantine coins. Dec 3, 11am & 2.30pm.

Greek, Roman & medieval coins. Dec 4, 10am & 2.30pm.

Oil paintings. Dec 4, 11am.

Furniture. Dec 4, 18, 2.30pm.

General porcelain. Dec 5, 11am.

Silver. Dec 9, 23, 11am.

Old Masters. Dec 11, 11am.

English & Continental furniture & Oriental carpets. Dec 11, 2.30pm.

European porcelain & decorative arts. Dec 12, 11am.

Clocks & watches. Dec 12, 11am.

Furs. Dec 17, 10.30am.

Paintings. Dec 18, 11am.

Oriental porcelain. Dec 18, 10.30am.

Jewelry. Dec 19, 11am.

CHRISTIE'S, 8 King St, SW1:

Impressionist pictures. Dec 1.

Japanese porcelain, lacquer & works of art. Dec 2.

Impressionist drawings. Dec 2.

Contemporary art. Dec 2.

Modern sporting guns. Dec 3.

Old Master & modern prints. Dec 3, 4.

French furniture. Dec 4.

Japanese ivory carvings, netsuke & inro. Dec 5.

English porcelain, pottery & Wedgwood. Dec 8.

Old Master sculpture. Dec 9.

Coins. Dec 9.

Old Master drawings. Dec 9, 10.

Clocks & watches. Dec 10.

Continental furniture. Dec 11.

The Leonardo da Vinci Codex. Dec 12.

Chinese porcelain. Dec 15.

Art Nouveau & studio pottery. Dec 16.

Miniatures & objects of vertu. Dec 16.

CHRISTIE'S SOUTH KENSINGTON, 85 Old Brompton Rd, SW7:

Everyday wines. Dec 2, 11am.

Mechanical music. Dec 3, 2pm.

Dolls. Dec 5, 2pm.

Cameras & photographic equipment. Dec 11, 2pm.

Art Nouveau & Art Deco. Dec 12, 10.30am.

Cigarette cards, postcards & ephemera. Dec 12, 11am & 2pm.

Toys. Dec 18, 2pm.

At the Cunard International Hotel, W6:

Billiard tables & sporting equipment. Dec 2, 11am.

Motoring, aeronautical & railway art & literature. Dec 4, 2pm.

Collectors' cars & motorcycles. Dec 4, 8pm.

STANLEY GIBBONS, Drury House, Russell St, WC2:

Banknotes. Dec 3, 1.30pm.

Playing cards, maps & atlases. Dec 4, 1.30pm.

Bond & stock certificates. Dec 5, 1.30pm.

All-world stamps. Dec 10-12, 1.30pm.

PHILLIPS, 7 Blenheim St, W1:

Edward Ardizzone: collection of illustrated books & watercolours. Dec 1, 10am.

Furniture, carpets & objects. Dec 1, 8, 15, 22, 11am.

Modern prints. Dec 1, 2pm.

Impressionist & modern Continental pictures. Dec 2, 11am.

Furniture, carpets & works of art. Dec 2, 9, 16, 23, 11am.

Ethnographical items & antiquities. Dec 2, 2pm.

Chinese & Japanese ceramics & works of art. Dec 3, 17, 11am.

Pot lids, fairings, Goss & commemorative china. Dec 3, noon.

Furs. Dec 4, 10am.

Postage stamps: specialized Great Britain. Dec 4, 11am.

Silver & plate. Dec 5, 12, 19, 11am.

Old Master pictures. Dec 9, 11am.

Jewelry. Dec 9, 23, 1.30pm.

English & Continental ceramics & glass. Dec 10, 11am.

Baxter prints & Stevengraphs. Dec 10, noon.

Musical instruments. Dec 11, 11am.

Books, MSS & maps. Dec 11, 1.30pm.

Scripophily & paper money. Dec 11, 2pm.

Pewter & metalware. Dec 16, noon.

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Miniatures, fans & icons. Dec 17, 2pm.
Art Nouveau & decorative arts. Dec 18, 11am.
Watercolours. Dec 22, 11am.
Oil paintings. Dec 22, 2pm.
Pot lids: a private collection. Dec 23, noon.

★ LECTURES ★

BRITISH LIBRARY, British Museum, Gt Russell St, WC1:

Treasures of illumination, J. Lee. Dec 6, 13, 20, noon.

George Eliot, V. Lucas. From Dec 15, Mon-Fri, 1.15pm. Closed Dec 24-26, Jan 1.

MUSEUM OF LONDON, London Wall, EC2:
The attractions of the capital: Grand hotels, O. Green. Dec 3; *The big stores*, A. Saint, Dec 10; 1.10pm.

London's river: London & the coal trade, R. Finch. Dec 5; *A docker's tale*, J. Dash, Dec 12; 1.10pm.

NATIONAL GALLERY, Trafalgar Sq, WC2:
Masterpieces of 16th-century painting in the National Gallery: Gérard David "Virgin, Child, Saints & Donor", Dec 5; Gossaert "Adoration of the Kings", Dec 12; 1pm.

NATIONAL MARITIME MUSEUM, Planetarium, Old Royal Observatory, Greenwich, SE10:
The Christmas star, 2.30pm; *Voyages to the gas giant*, 3.30pm; Dec 22, 23, 29, 30, 30p.

NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY, St Martin's Pl, WC2:

Behind the scenes: the NPG archive collection, Dr M. Rogers. Dec 6, 3.30pm; Dec 9, 1pm.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF ARTS, John Adam St, WC2:

New uses for old buildings, Lord Montagu of Beaulieu. Dec 1, 6pm.

The preservation & occupation of historic houses, C. Buxton. Dec 8, 6pm.

Future for coal & the environment, Dr J. Gibson. Dec 10, 6pm.

Admission by ticket free in advance from the Secretary.

SCIENCE MUSEUM, Exhibition Rd, SW7:
Atomic physics, A. Wilson. Dec 4, 1pm.

Meet the microchip, J. Stevenson. Dec 6, 3pm.

This is glass, J. Frost. Dec 13, 3pm.

Firemaking, J. Stevenson. Dec 16, 1pm.

Optics, A. Wilson. Dec 18, 1pm.

Christmas lecture: Stage-coach to super-train—150 years of main line railways, D. Mosley. Dec 29, 30, 31, Jan 2, 3, 3pm. Admission by ticket free in advance from Education Department.

TATE GALLERY, Millbank, SW1:
Picasso's women, M. Ellis. Dec 1, 1pm.

Gainsborough as a letter writer, M. Woodall. Dec 2, 6.30pm.

British pop art, M. Compton. Dec 3, 1pm.

Thomas Gainsborough, L. Bradbury. Dec 4, 18, 6.30pm; Dec 11, 1pm.

Animals in art—domestic, sporting, wild, L. Bradbury. Dec 7, 3pm.

Gainsborough as an outsider in British art, Prof Sir E. Waterhouse. Dec 9, 6.30pm.

Pre-Raphaelite painting & the poetry of love—a reading, G. Cohen & C. Lowenthal. Dec 11, 1pm.

Rousseau & naïve painting today, L. Bradbury. Dec 14, 3pm.

The art of Paul Nash, M. Maidment. Dec 17, 1pm.

Young love—the vision of Arthur Hughes, G. Cohen. Dec 19, 1pm.

Paucity & plenty in paint, L. Bradbury. Dec 21, 3pm.

"Christ in the House of His Parents" by Millais, L. Bradbury. Dec 27, 3pm.

The meaning of abstract art, S. Wilson. Dec 31, 1pm.

VICTORIA & ALBERT MUSEUM, Cromwell Rd, SW7:

In connexion with the exhibition "Princely Magnificence: court jewels of the Renaissance": Music at the Tudor courts, C. Patey, Dec 2, 1.15pm; *The Renaissance taste in 19th-century jewelry*, S. Bury, Dec 4; *Reinhold Vasters of Aachen—goldsmith & faker*, C. Truman, Dec 11; 6.30pm.

King Arthur in medieval art, C. Oakes. Dec 14, 3.30pm.

The story of Christmas, C. Cash. Dec 21, 3.30pm.

★ SPORT ★

ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL
Oxford v Cambridge, Wembley Stadium, Middx. Dec 10.

UEFA Cup, 3rd round 2nd leg. Dec 10.

FA Cup, 2nd round proper. Dec 13.

London home matches:

Arsenal v Wolverhampton Wanderers, Dec 6; v Manchester United, Dec 20; v Ipswich Town, Dec 27.

Charlton Athletic v Carlisle United, Dec 20; v Fulham, Dec 27.

Chelsea v Swansea City, Dec 6; v Orient, Dec 20; v Bristol City, Dec 27.

Crystal Palace v Norwich City, Dec 13; v Arsenal, Dec 26.

Fulham v Huddersfield Town, Dec 6; v Sheffield United, Dec 26.

Millwall v Oxford United, Dec 20; v Portsmouth, Dec 27.

Orient v Shrewsbury Town, Dec 13; v Watford, Dec 26.

Queen's Park Rangers v Cardiff City, Dec 13; v West Ham United, Dec 26.

Tottenham Hotspur v Manchester City, Dec 13; v Southampton, Dec 26.

West Ham United v Sheffield Wednesday, Dec 6; v Derby County, Dec 20; v Orient, Dec 27.

Wimbledon v Darlington, Dec 6; v Wigan Athletic, Dec 20; v AFC Bournemouth, Dec 27.

ATHLETICS

Open indoor meeting, Cosford, Nr Wolverhampton, W Midlands. Dec 13.

BADMINTON

Veterans' American Tournament, Ebbisham Sports Club, Epsom, Surrey. Dec 7.

English National Championships, Coventry Sports Centre, W Midlands. Dec 12-14.

EQUESTRIANISM

Olympia International Showjumping Championships, Olympia, W14. Dec 17-21.

FENCING

At the de Beaumont Centre, 83 Perham Rd, W14:
Men's Foil Team Championship. Dec 6, 7.

Under-20 Men's Epee Championship. Dec 13, 14.

Granville Cup. Dec 20, 21.

GYMNASTICS

Coca-Cola International, Wembley Arena, Middx. Dec 12, 13.

HORSE RACING

Massey-Ferguson Gold Cup, Cheltenham. Dec 6.

SGB Handicap Steeplechase, Ascot. Dec 13.

Coral Welsh National, Chepstow. Dec 20.

King George VI Steeplechase, Kempton Park. Dec 26.

ICE SKATING

British Ice Figure Skating Championship, Richmond Ice Ring, Twickenham, Middx. Dec 3, 4.

RUGBY UNION

England B v Ireland B, Twickenham. Dec 6.

Oxford v Cambridge, Twickenham. Dec 9.

SQUASH

Thornton's British Closed Championships (men). Abbeydale SRC, Sheffield, S Yorks. Nov 28-Dec 4.

Just Juice British Closed Finals (women). Wembley Squash Centre, Middx. Dec 5-8.

SWIMMING

Cadbury Dairy Milk Club Championships of Great Britain, final, Coventry, W Midlands. Dec 6.

★ ROYAL EVENTS ★

The Duke of Edinburgh, as President of the Royal Society of Arts, presents the 1980 Albert Medal. Royal Society of Arts, John Adam St, WC2. Dec 3.

The Prince of Wales visits Nepal. Dec 6-13.

The Queen visits Over-Seas House to mark the 70th Anniversary of the Royal Over-Seas League. Park Pl, SW1. Dec 8.

The Queen opens the rebuilt John Power Hall. Chatham House, St James's Sq, SW1. Dec 10.

The Queen opens the new Headquarters of the St John Ambulance. York St, W1. Dec 11.

The Queen Mother attends a Service to mark the 25th Anniversary of St Columba's Church of Scotland, Pont St, SW1. Dec 11.

Princess Margaret attends "Night of 100 Stars" held by London Weekend in aid of the Benevolent Fund of Equity. National Theatre, South Bank, SE1. Dec 14.

The Queen & the Duke of Edinburgh visit Independent Television News to mark its Silver Jubilee. Wells St, W1. Dec 17.

The Duke of Edinburgh presents the Commonwealth Expedition 1980 Green Pennant Awards. Commonwealth Institute, Kensington High St, W8. Dec 18.

Princess Anne, President of the Save the Children Fund, attends a Carol Concert. Royal Albert Hall, Kensington Gore, SW7. Dec 18.

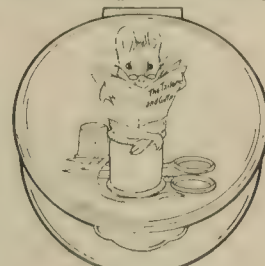
The Prince of Wales, Patron, visits "The Eye of the Wind" at the conclusion of Operation Drake. St Katharine Dock, E1. Dec 19.

ENGLISH PAINTED ENAMELS The World of Beatrix Potter

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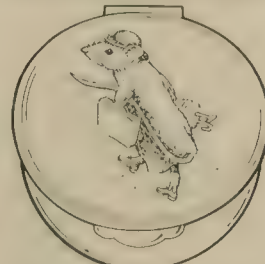
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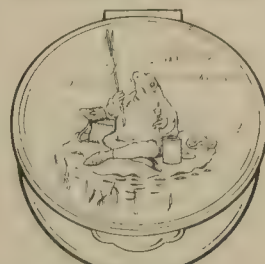
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Mr Reagan wins and waits



One immediate effect of Mr Ronald Reagan's decisive victory in the American presidential election is the prolongation of uncertainty, both within the United States and elsewhere in the world. The responsibility for this lies not with the President-elect but with the system, for after election day there follows a period of 11 weeks before the new man takes up his responsibilities, a period inevitably filled with speculation about future policies and the men who will be responsible for them, while the man who still retains responsibility during these weeks must continue to sit in the White House like a lame duck nursing its wounds and tidying the nest for the new incumbent. The 1980 election was of course unusual in that for the first time since 1932, when Hoover was ousted by Roosevelt, an elected President was denied a second term of office, but in the last 20 years for a variety of reasons no president has survived his possible full span of eight years, the last to do so being President Eisenhower. Even in times of political stability there seemed little point in prolonging the agony of indecision (already stretched to the limits by the inordinate length of the American primary election processes), and certainly in present conditions there is much to be said for moving the old furniture out of the White House and the new man's in on the day after the election.

When Mr Reagan does finally take over on January 20 he will do so in what should be surprisingly favourable political circumstances. His victory at the polls on November 4 was overwhelming. He won about 51 per cent of the votes cast compared with 41 per cent for President Carter and 7 per cent for Mr Anderson, taking 44 states and 489 electoral college votes, and leaving the President with only six states (Minnesota, West Virginia, Maryland, Georgia, Rhode Island, Delaware) and the District of Columbia and 49 electoral college votes. With this landslide of popular votes the Republicans also swept into

control of the Senate for the first time in 26 years, greatly reduced the Democratic majority in the House of Representatives, and won seven of the 13 governorships contested, having previously held only three. Though it is presumptuous to make predictions about the pattern of American politics, and particularly rash to suggest how any Congress might behave, it will be surprising if Mr Reagan does not find his first Congress (which will last exactly in its new form for only two years) rather more responsive than was President Carter's.

Mr Carter had deliberately distanced himself from political Washington during his campaign four years ago, making a virtue of his innocence as the capital wallowed in the mud of Watergate and its aftermath, but he paid a heavy price. Few senators or congressmen felt they had any particular obligations to him, and Congress was concerned to flex its constitutional muscles against what had been seen as overweening presidential power. Mr Carter failed to win congressional support for many of his policies, which led to an appearance of stagnation and confusion in the heart of American government. He also had the misfortune to preside over the nation's affairs at a time of economic recession and during a world oil crisis.

He worked hard, with some significant results, for peace in the Middle East, for better relations with South and Central America (which he might in time have secured following the Panama Canal Treaty), for continuing detente by means of a Salt 2 treaty (for which he failed to get domestic support), and for a coherent energy policy within his own country, which again was largely thwarted by congressional opposition.

Mr Reagan may hope for better results. He comes to the presidency on what seems to be a strong national swing to the right, and as the new Congress has been washed by the same wave, and as Mr Reagan is unlikely to make the same

political mistakes as his predecessor, it seems probable that there will be more cohesion in American government in the coming year or two. What that cohesion may produce is still difficult to assess. Campaign rhetoric is generally a poor guide for the interpretation of policies, and Mr Reagan took the opportunity of emphasizing that fact during his first Press conference after becoming President-elect. He did so with reference to what he thought might be continuing misconceptions about him among America's allies. It may well be that these exist. There is uncertainty abroad about the nature of his foreign policy. He has emphasized the importance of the Western alliance, but has also said he wants to do away with Salt 2, which most members of the alliance regard as of vital importance.

At home the main focus of his campaign, and no doubt the one that most accurately reflected the concerns of those who voted for him, was on America's economic difficulties. The combination of a high rate of inflation with high interest rates and high unemployment is becoming familiar in many countries of the world. Mr Reagan has promised to cut income tax and to get government "off the backs of the people", and his confidence in his economic policies clearly stood him in good stead with voters who dislike the discomforts they are currently being subjected to. There was a strong note of nostalgia for old glories in Mr Reagan's campaign—for days when the nation's power was virtually undisputed, when energy was cheap and the living much easier. Those days have gone, and possibly the greatest dangers that Mr Reagan will eventually face are those of public disappointment and disillusion. In a volatile political state, and all recent evidence (including perhaps the present violent swing to the Republicans) suggests that public opinion in the US today is in a volatile state, unfulfilled expectations are cruelly repaid. Ask President Carter.

Monday, October 13

Industrial output in Britain during August fell by 2.5 per cent.

Philips Industries announced the closure of its television plant at Lowestoft in Suffolk where 1,100 workers were to be made redundant.

The Ugandan Army supported by Tanzanian Army units moved into the West Nile district to repel invaders from neighbouring Sudan and Zaire who were thought to be supporters of the former President of Uganda, Idi Amin, who fled the country in 1979.

The 1980 Nobel Peace Prize was awarded to an Argentinian, Adolfo Pérez Esquivel, a sculptor and leader of a Christian peace movement in Latin America.

Greg Norman of Australia won the world matchplay golf tournament at Wentworth, beating Sandy Lyle of Great Britain by one hole.

Tuesday, October 14

ICI announced the closure of two of its plants, at Kilroot in Northern Ireland and Ardeer in Ayrshire, involving the loss of 1,800 jobs.

Ivor Richard, QC, former Labour MP and former British representative at the UN, was appointed Britain's second commissioner at the EEC.

The UN General Assembly voted in favour of continuing to allow the Pol Pot Khmer Rouge régime to represent Kampuchea.

The Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh arrived in Rome at the start of a state visit to Italy. During her stay the Queen had talks in the Vatican with Pope John Paul. Their tour continued on October 20 with visits to Sicily, Tunisia, Algeria and Morocco.

East Germany introduced new currency regulations which meant that western visitors to the country would have to exchange 25 marks a day—double the previous amount.

The Nobel Prize for Chemistry was awarded jointly to Professor Frederick Sanger of the Medical Research Council's laboratory of molecular biology at Cambridge and to two Americans—Professor Paul Berg and Professor Walter Gilbert. The prize was awarded for research into genetics.

Wednesday, October 15

James Callaghan, former Prime Minister and leader of the Labour Party, announced he would not stand for re-election as Party leader. Denis Healey, shadow chancellor, Peter Shore, shadow minister for foreign affairs, John Silkin, spokesman on industry, and Michael Foot, deputy leader, declared their candidacies.

Prince Peter of Greece and Denmark, a cousin to the Duke of Edinburgh, died in hospital in London aged 71.

Thursday, October 16

The state opening of Parliament was postponed for a week until November 20 to enable the House of Lords to complete their legislative programme.

Mrs Bandaranaike, former Prime Minister of Sri Lanka, was expelled from Parliament having been accused of abusing her powers while in office.

Friday, October 17

Inflation in the UK fell in September to 15.9 per cent.

The number of registered unemployed in the EEC increased to its highest figure of more than seven million.

A heart transplant patient, Paula Graham, aged 22, died at Harefield Hospital in Middlesex 28 hours after receiving a new heart.

Saturday, October 18

Australia's Liberal-National Country Party coalition government led by Malcolm Fraser was returned to office in the general election, but with a reduced majority.

Arnaldo Forlani, a Christian Demo-

crat, announced a four-party Cabinet to form Italy's 40th post-war government.

Sunday, October 19

President Karmal of Afghanistan during a meeting in Moscow was given a written undertaking by the Soviet Union that it would keep its troops in the country until all opposition to the government had been crushed.

Monday, October 20

Nato approved the readmission of Greece to its Defence Planning Committee after Greece and Turkey had agreed to a new formula bringing to an end six years of rift between the two countries.

300 boilermakers at the American-owned Hunterston oil platform construction yard on the Firth of Clyde decided to end their eight-week unofficial strike. The yard had been threatened with closure.

Lazar Mojsov, representative for Macedonia, was elected President of Yugoslavia's Communist Party Praesidium for one year. He succeeded Steven Doronjski in line with the rotation of collective leadership system set up by the late President Tito.

Tuesday, October 21

Unemployment in the UK rose in October by 23,390 to a total of 2,062,866.

The Home Office issued a circular to magistrates' courts recommending that people on remand be treated with greater leniency and suggesting a more liberal use of bail. This aimed at reducing the demand for secure accommodation because of the increasingly serious effects of the dispute with prison officers.

Lord Matthews, chairman of Cunard, announced that the company would sell the *Queen Elizabeth 2* and its other vessels if the Seamen's Union did not agree to the employment of foreign crews on the shipping line's two Caribbean cruiseships under flags of convenience. On November 3 a 24-hour strike by seamen halted ferries out of Liverpool, Holyhead and the southern cross-Channel ports. On November 6 the dispute was settled by a compromise agreement under which one of the two Cunard cruisers, the *Cunard Countess*, would remain under the British flag.

President Siad Barre declared a state of emergency in Somalia because of the threat to stability made by dissidents. He also reaffirmed his support for the guerrillas fighting Ethiopian forces in the Ogaden desert.

Menachem Begin, Prime Minister of Israel, held a meeting with leading Palestinians for the first time since taking office three years ago. In the meeting the mayors of Bethlehem and Gaza failed to persuade the Prime Minister to cancel the deportation orders recently reaffirmed on two other Arab mayors, of Hebron and Halhoul.

Sterling rose to its highest level against the dollar for seven years, reaching \$2.4515.

William Golding was awarded the Booker McConnell prize for fiction for his novel *Rites of Passage*.

Wednesday, October 22

Thomson British Holdings, owners of *The Times*, *The Sunday Times* and

their associated publications, announced that they would close the newspapers in March, 1981, unless a buyer for them could be found. The company said that they could not continue to sustain the financial losses of the past years, especially as many of the new agreements reached with the unions in November, 1979, had not been implemented.

Thursday, October 23

In an attempt to stop a threatened hunger strike, the Government conceded the demand from IRA prisoners in Northern Ireland that they should be allowed to wear civilian clothes and not prison uniforms. Despite the concession seven Republican prisoners at the Maze prison began their fast on October 27.



Alexei Kosygin, the Soviet Prime Minister, resigned from office because of failing health. Nikolai Tikhonov, the First Deputy Prime Minister, was appointed to succeed him.

All council house building in England was to be stopped, it was announced by Michael Heseltine, the Environment Secretary, while the Government reviewed local authority housing spending which was estimated to be some £180 million more than the guidelines set out for the first quarter of the year.

President Kaunda of Zambia imposed a curfew after an attempt was made to overthrow the government.

48 children and three adults were killed when an explosion wrecked a primary school near Bilbao in Spain. A large tank of propane gas used for the central heating system is believed to have blown up.

Friday, October 24

Poland's new independent union Solidarity was granted registration but the authorities inserted a clause in the statute acknowledging the supremacy of the Communist Party. Strike action was threatened and on October 31 the government agreed to the rewording of the clause and to allow the union to publish its own weekly newspaper.

Over 50 people were reported killed and many injured by an earthquake in southern Mexico which hit the Oaxaca area some 150 miles south-east of Mexico City.

Saturday, October 25

A government resolution to "patriate" Canada's constitution from Westminster was passed in its first stage by the Canadian House of Commons by 156 votes to 83 amid angry protests from the Conservatives who were opposed to the incorporation in the proposed constitution of an amending formula and Bill of Rights.

A policeman was stabbed to death outside a chemist's near Waterloo Station in London by a youth he had stopped to question about a forged prescription. The youth was arrested.

Sunday, October 26

An estimated 100,000 people marched through central London in support of unilateral nuclear disarmament.

President Yitzhak Navon of Israel began a five-day visit to Egypt—the first by an Israeli head of state to an Arab country.

Dr Marcelo Caetano, former Prime Minister of Portugal, died at his home

of exile in Rio de Janeiro, Brazil. He was 74.

Monday, October 27

Troops were ordered into the not-yet-completed high security prison at Frankland near Durham because of the continuing prison officer's pay dispute. The Home Secretary, William Whitelaw, also announced a series of measures to be introduced into Parliament as an emergency Bill, to reduce pressure on prison accommodation.

Lord Carrington, the Foreign Secretary, arrived in Hungary for talks with government officials. On October 29 he continued his tour with a visit to Poland.

Wednesday, October 29

A report by the Public Accounts Committee of the House of Commons revealed a high error rate of 27 per cent in PAYE assessments by the Inland Revenue. An estimated £3,500 million a year may have been lost in unpaid tax to the Government.

Thursday, October 30

Stanislaw Kania, the Polish Communist Party's First Secretary, and Jozef Pinkowski, the Prime Minister, arrived in Moscow for urgent talks on the country's political and economic crisis. They returned home on the same day and were reported to have received full support for their policies from the Soviet leadership.

Bulent Ecevit, former Prime Minister of Turkey, resigned as chairman of the Republican People's Party.

Friday, October 31

Jamaica's Labour Party, led by Edward Seaga, overwhelmingly defeated Prime Minister Michael Manley's People's National Party in the general election by winning 50 of the 60 contested seats and bringing to an end Mr Manley's eight-year term of office.

The London *Evening News* published its last edition.

President Julius Nyerere of Tanzania was elected for another five-year term of office when he received 93.1 per cent of the votes cast on October 26.

Saturday, November 1

The All-Blacks New Zealand rugby team beat Wales in the centenary test match at Cardiff Arms Park by 23 points to 3.

Sunday, November 2

The Iranian Parliament voted to release the 52 American hostages held for nearly a year in Teheran once the United States had met the four concessions demanded by Ayatollah Khomeini: no intervention politically or militarily in Iran, the unfreezing of Iranian assets in the US, dropping financial claims against Iran and moves to return to Iran the late Shah's wealth.

The United States won the ladies' tennis Wightman Cup when they beat Great Britain by five matches to two at the Albert Hall in London.

Monday, November 3

The Iranian students who had held 52 Americans captive in Teheran since November 4, 1979, surrendered the responsibility of the hostages to the Iranian government.

Tuesday, November 4

Ronald Reagan, the Republican and former Governor of California, was elected President of the United States, defeating President Jimmy Carter by an overwhelming majority. The Republicans won in 44 states compared to the Democrats' six plus the District of Columbia, gaining 489 votes in the electoral college compared to 49 by the Democrats. In the congressional election the Republicans took control of the Senate for the first time in 26 years and halved the Democratic majority in the House of Representatives.

In the first ballot for the leadership of the Labour Party, Denis Healey gained 112 votes, Michael Foot 83, John Silkin 38 and Peter Shore 32. Mr Silkin and Mr Shore were eliminated from the second ballot on November 10.

Johnny Owen, the Welsh bantamweight boxer and holder of the British Commonwealth and European championship titles, died in hospital in Los Angeles where he had been in a coma since being knocked out in a title fight on September 19 against Lupe Pintor of Mexico. He was 24.

Terence Duffy, the right-wing leader of the Amalgamated Union of Engineering workers, was re-elected as president by 19,257 votes.

Wednesday, November 5

Buckingham Palace announced that Princess Anne was expecting her second child in May, 1981.

Lord Kagan, the founder of the Gannex textile company, admitted at Leeds Crown Court four charges of theft and three of false accounting.

Thursday, November 6

The European Court of Human Rights ordered the British Government to reimburse *The Sunday Times* over £22,000 in costs and expenses incurred in bringing the case of the thalidomide victims before the Court.

A 6 per cent limit on pay increases to 2,500,000 local authority employees was announced by John Biffen, Chief Secretary of the Treasury.

Friday, November 7

British Leyland's shop stewards representing all of BL's 73,000 manual workers voted to reverse their decision to call a total strike from November 11 in protest at the company's 6.8 per cent pay offer and to continue to negotiate on bonus payments.

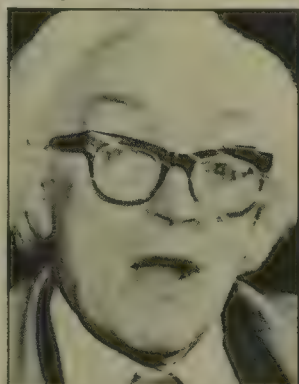
Firemen in many parts of the country began a work to rule and refused to answer all but emergency calls in protest at the Government's 6 per cent pay offer.

Saturday, November 8

Rosalind Nott broke the official women's world water speed record on Lake Windermere when she averaged a speed of 109.40 mph.

Sunday, November 9

The last Comet airliner was withdrawn from commercial passenger services in Britain. It was launched in May, 1952.

Monday, November 10

Michael Foot, Deputy Leader of the Labour Party, was elected Leader of the Party by 139 votes to 129 votes.



GAMMA FRANK SPOONER

Gulf war continues: The remote Jordanian desert port of Aqaba on the Red Sea, here seen from Elat in Israel less than a mile away, has played a crucial part in supporting the Iraqi war effort against Iran. Many ships, including a number from Russia, the Eastern bloc and Cuba, have been queuing to unload various cargoes for transport

overland to Baghdad. Heavy fighting has continued between Iraq and Iran, particularly for control of Iran's port of Khorramshahr and the oil refinery at Abadan, with repeated claims and counter-claims of victory and both sides apparently prepared for a long war of attrition.



GAMMA FRANK SPOONER

Spanish school disaster: 48 children and three adults were killed and 50 others injured in an explosion at a primary school at Ortuella, near Bilbao, above left. A pocket of propane gas in the central heating system ignited, causing the collapse of



SIPA REX ELAT 7/73



GAMMA FRANK SPOONER

the central part of the school; rescuers had to dig through rubble to reach one basement classroom, centre right. The funeral service was held in the workshop of an ironworks, the largest building in Ortuella, above right.



Anti-nuclear arms march: In the biggest demonstration against nuclear weapons in Britain since the early 1960s, more than 50,000 people representing a wide range of

political and protest groups marched from Hyde Park Corner to Trafalgar Square for a mass rally organized by the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament.



Road racers: Some 16,000 runners crossed the Verrazano Narrows Bridge at the start of this year's New York City Marathon, run 26 miles from Staten Island to Cen-

tral Park. The race was won by a 22-year-old student, Alberto Salazar, competing in his first marathon, in a record time of 2 hours 9 minutes and 41 seconds.



All Black magic: Wales, in their centenary year, were defeated 23 points to 3 by the All Blacks in the final match of their tour at Cardiff Arms Park. It was the New Zealanders' biggest recorded win in an international at Cardiff. Captain Graham Mourie, above, scored the first of the All Blacks' four tries.

Triumph for America: The Wightman Cup winners, pictured from left to right, were physiotherapist Ann McConnell, players Andrea Jaeger, Chris Evert Lloyd, Anne Smith, Rosie Casals, trainer Connie Spooner and fifth player Kathy Jordan. The deciding match was the singles between Virginia Wade and Chris Evert Lloyd. After being 5-1 down in the third set Mrs Lloyd won the match. The final result was 5 matches to 2.



Royal Mediterranean tour: The Queen, accompanied by the Duke of Edinburgh, made a 17-day visit to the Mediterranean, taking in Italy, Tunisia, Algeria and Morocco. Although Italy was in between governments, the tour was highly successful. Its highlight was the state visit to the Vatican—the first by a British monarch—during which the Queen had private talks with Pope John Paul II, who is coming to Britain in 1982. A state banquet was held in the Queen's honour at the Quirinale; she was welcomed at the Campidoglio in Rome by that city's Communist mayor, Signor Petroselli; and was given a short tour of the industrial north. Then the royal party visited Naples and Pompeii and, briefly, Sicily *en route* to Tunisia where their host was President Bourguiba. On the second day of the three-day visit the Queen and Prince Philip were taken to Bourj al Amri, the north African war cemetery which includes the graves of two British VCs. In Algeria, devastated less than a month earlier by the El Asnam earthquake, the Queen visited some of the victims, including children, in a hospital in Algiers. The tour ended with four days in Morocco where for the first time the split-second timing of the official programme slipped somewhat. But King Hassan II made the unprecedented gesture of coming to the airport to bid his royal guests farewell and perhaps explain why the timetable had occasionally been delayed.



During the first state visit of a British monarch to the Vatican, the Queen had private talks with Pope John Paul II.

KEYSTONE PRESS



Escorted by President Pertini, the Queen, accompanied by the Duke of Edinburgh, inspected the Guard of Honour at the Quirinale Palace, on her arrival in Rome.

IMMAGINE



The Queen, at her own request, spent a morning at Pompeii. Later the same day the royal yacht *Britannia* set sail for Palermo, Sicily.

From Sicily the royal party proceeded to Tunis where President Bourguiba extended a warm welcome to the Queen at the start of her state visit to Tunisia.



Crowds waving flags and posters cheered the Queen as she drove through the streets of Tunis to the Guest Palace at La Marsa where gifts were exchanged.



ASSOCIATED PRESS



THE NEW YORK TIMES

The Queen visited survivors of the El Asnam earthquake in an Algiers hospital.

King Hassan of Morocco delivering a speech of welcome at a banquet in Rabat.



THE NEW YORK TIMES

The programme of entertainments included several displays of tribal horsemanship. This one took place outside Marrakech.



THE NEW YORK TIMES



THE NEW YORK TIMES

Courtiers from King Hassan's palace greet their royal visitor in Marrakech.

Royal appreciation is apparent at a display of Moroccan equestrian expertise.

Labour of the Lords

by Roy Hattersley

No doubt the prospect of imminent death concentrates even the noble mind. So it is tempting to believe that it was Mr Anthony Wedgwood Benn's promise to abolish the House of Lords within minutes of a Labour election victory that kept the Upper House hard at work throughout the autumn. But the real reason for their Lordships' autumn assiduity was less dramatic than a calculated campaign for survival. The Government had got its legislative programme into a complete shambles and the peers' leisure had to be sacrificed in the hope of clearing up the mess.

Even serious students of Government are inclined to underestimate Mr Norman St John Stevas's talent for impeding House of Commons' business. His unfailing capacity to disrupt Parliament by an unthinking aside or casual comment must be the envy of every anarchist in Barcelona. The Local Government, Land and Planning Bill—on which the Lords laboured for all of October and much of last month—was first presented in January. It was still progressing well into November.

The Leader of the House had only to postpone Royal Assent for a further month to achieve a footnote in the *Guinness Book of Records* as "The Man Who Kept a Single Bill in front of Parliament for a Full Year". That would, of course, have obliged the State Opening to be put off again. Mr Stevas may be reluctant to do that, even to secure a tiny place in constitutional history. For, as it is, by delaying the Gracious Speech from the Throne until seven days after the original date, he had already beaten King Hassan of Morocco for the title of "The Man Who Kept the Queen Waiting Longest in 1980".

What is more, the longer the Lords deliberated, the greater the Government's embarrassment. These days the hereditary House inflicts far more damage on the Government than their democratically respectable counterparts at the other end of the corridor. Chief among the Government's tormentors are a quartet of redoubtable Ladies—the Baronesses Birk, David, Fisher and Stedman. Unlike *Charlie's Angels* they combat crime and fight injustice under the strategic direction of a "chief" who is both female and visible—Lady Llewelyn-Davies of Hastoe.

Baroness Llewelyn-Davies looks and sounds like the epitome of the tender feminine virtues. No doubt at home she is. In the Upper House she breaks hearts by frustrating the will of the Government. Once, when she sat on the other side of the Chamber and was substance rather than shadow, she wore the specially designed uniform of Captain of the General at Arms. On ceremonial occasions there was always a touch of *Daughter of the Regiment* about her.

For the rest of the time she is essentially Provost Marshal whose constabulary writ runs beyond the Second Chamber. To my certain knowledge she has at least once threatened physical violence to Members of the House of Commons who talk of their Lordships "rubber-stamping" legislation.

The autumn accolade for organization must go to her. The award for the best speech of the autumn belongs to Baroness Stedman. Runner-up was Michael Foot, who illuminated the last week in October with the sort of verbal pyrotechnics that are (wrongly) thought to have been commonplace in the Oxford Union when he trod those boards. Mr Foot's mockery produced the quality of audience reaction that the old Whitehall Theatre used to advertise—ribs tickled, sides split, aisles rolled in. Even the ranks of Tory Tuscany gave an occasional cheer and Mr Jim Prior described the Foot tirade as "brilliant".

Mr Prior had been chosen by fate to attempt the impossible. On a single October night he had to defend the Government's unemployment record, convince suspicious Tory backbenchers that he really did support the Prime Minister's economic policy, and follow Mr Foot. Wisely Mr Prior began with words of fulsome praise for the style of the speech that preceded his, adding a little waspishly (if a man of his substantial size and florid colour can be said to float and sting like that insect) that he had searched in vain for content.

It is unlikely that one of Baroness Stedman's speeches has ever been described in the superlatives that echoed round the Commons Chamber after Michael Foot sat down. It is absolutely inconceivable that she was ever accused of making a speech that lacked either evidence or understanding. Her attack on the financial clauses of the Local Government Bill was a model of sustained, reasoned argument. She made the complex proposals for distributing grant to local councils comprehensible to peers who had only dropped into the House for the afternoon.

And she managed the difficult task of both explaining the meaning of the arcane clauses and demonstrating that the Government's proposals were as controversial as they were complicated. Standing at the dispatch box, a sturdy champion of constitutional propriety, she denounced the bill as "arbitrary" and "capricious" and condemned it for containing powers which were both "covert" and "retrospective". For a brief moment the Lords were behaving in the way in which the textbooks say they behave—attempting to protect the people from the tyranny of Commons' Ministerial majorities. Baroness Stedman's amendments were all defeated.

Roy Hattersley is Labour MP for Birmingham, Sparkbrook.

Why Reagan won

by Patrick Brogan

Let it never be said that the United States, in the third century of its existence, lacks the spirit of adventure. Instead of sticking with the familiar inadequacies of Jimmy Carter, whose mediocrity is well known and clearly measured, it has plunged into the unknown and confided its destinies to a retired actor, whose only known qualification for the job is that he let other people do the work for him when he was Governor of California.

There is no record that Mr Reagan has ever read a book, apart from the Bible, and his mind is therefore free of the intellectual clutter that so often gets in the way of reaching simple, straightforward conclusions to all the multifarious problems of the 20th century. As he frequently asserted while campaigning for office, there are no complicated answers, only difficult ones. If America is running out of oil, find some more. If there is inflation, balance the budget. If American productivity is declining, get the government off the backs of American industry.

The President-elect, who is 69, is the oldest man ever elected president and will be the oldest ever to serve.

A few weeks ago a popular joke had an unfortunate citizen ambushed in a dark alley by a sinister figure who pressed a gun to his forehead and demanded "Reagan or Carter?" The terrified voter, after a moment of anguish, replied "Shoot".

The United States, by choosing Reagan by 51 per cent to Carter's 41 per cent, has turned its back on the unfortunate peanut farmer, but it is quite impossible to feel sorry for him. He was mean-minded, incompetent and quite lacking in any vision of where he wanted to take the country. It will be a huge relief to see the back of his Georgia family and cronies, just as it was a delight to see the back of Nixon's cronies (many of whom were heading for gaol). But Carter was not a fool: at least he admitted that he had no ideas of his own and was therefore ready to reverse himself when one of his policies met with conspicuous failure.

Mr Reagan has lots of ideas. He thinks that all economic policies followed by every administration and Congress since 1933 have been mistaken and he intends, if he can, to turn the clock back to the glorious 1920s and the days of Herbert Hoover. He was asked a week before the election whether the United States really had the right to tell a country of 35 million inhabitants—Iran—what form of government it should have. He did not appear to understand the point of the question: the Shah was our friend; we should have supported him.

Now he is going to repudiate the Salt 2 treaty. It has been rather funny to see

the sycophancy and hypocrisy with which Henry Kissinger has joined in the denunciation of the document that was the high point of his own achievement in East-West relations when he was Secretary of State. But it is not at all funny to contemplate the consequences of the abandonment of détente as a policy. European nations (not to mention all American presidents since Kennedy) have devoted years of effort to a cautious attempt to wind down the cold war in Europe. The score is unclear today, but at least we have avoided being blown up. Now the male lead in *Bed-Time for Bonzo* has seized the helm (or will, as soon as the ridiculous American constitution lets him) and will steer us straight onto the rocks.

Reagan won the election because he looked and sounded good on television. In his younger days he was an exceptionally handsome man, a genuine Hollywood film star, and still has a fine look about him. He reminds people of Warren Gamaliel Harding who, until now, has been rightly considered the stupidest president this century has produced. Of Harding's oratory it was said that it consisted of "an army of pompous phrases moving across the landscape searching for an idea". An excellent description of Ronald Reagan's speeches. Americans do not want clever men to lead them: the Republicans rejected a clever and nasty man, Senator Robert Dole, and a clever and nice man, Senator Howard Baker, when choosing their candidate for the nomination. The Democrats rejected Senator Kennedy, it is true, not because of his evident intellectual inadequacies but because he was thought a dangerous Red. They preferred a clever fool from Georgia.

Our only hope is that Mr Reagan is not what he seems, that he will bend his principles to the exigencies of the office as he did to those of the election campaign. The first divorced man to be elected president, whose children lead a notably liberated life, campaigned on a platform stressing the sanctity of the family. The man who signed a liberal abortion bill into law in California campaigned for a constitutional amendment banning all abortions. The man who wants to get government off the backs of industry supported government subsidies for Chrysler. The man who wants to strengthen American military capability is against restoring conscription.

Perhaps he is not the dangerous, simple-minded fanatic he so carefully pretends to be. Perhaps he is just an old-fashioned American politician, who finds a constituency to represent and then panders to its every whim until he is safely elected, when he can afford to ignore it. He is nice, old, rather slow-minded and, after all, will leave running the country to sensible people who know when it is necessary to bow the neck of principle to the yoke of reality.

The ethics of foreign policy

by Norman Moss

The scene is a small bar near Whitehall. An argument is going on between two old acquaintances who have known each other since university days and have always seen the world from different angles. One is Nicholas, who is connected with the Foreign and Commonwealth Office in a shadowy capacity; one of his colleagues once suggested that he was named after Niccolò Machiavelli and he took it as a great compliment.

The other is Ganders, the Chairman of the International League for Human Rights, a man much concerned with human rights and human wrongs; once long ago, in the course of a campus argument, Nicholas dubbed him derisively "Gandhi", and the nickname stuck, so much so that a few fellow-students thought that "Gandhi" was his name and "Ganders" a friendly corruption of it.

The argument is about international relations and morality, and whether these have anything to do with one another, or should have. It has already been going on for several drinks.

Ganders: What I'm saying is that your concept of foreign policy lacks an ethical content.

Nicholas: You're damned right it does. It's not my job to enact ethical principles, but to advance my country's interests. An aim which you no doubt find contemptible.

G: Not contemptible, Nick, no. But too narrow. Too limited.

N: I see. You think I should include in my aims the interests of the entire human race, do you? Watch to see which governments are treating people badly and issue black marks for bad behaviour, like your League does? Dictate morality to the whole world?

G: Not dictate morality, but we should certainly *apply* morality to the world. Where else can you apply it? In heaven? **N:** Go ahead and apply your morality. Give to the International Red Cross, and Oxfam. They're laudable organizations. But don't ask the Government to apply it in formulating foreign policy. Mind you, the Foreign Office people don't all go along with me on this. A lot of them are capable of idiotic moralizing also.

Our foreign policy has to be based on national interest and national interest alone. That's the name of the game, and that's the game other governments expect us to play.

G: With no moral input at all? For instance, you'll sell arms to anyone who will buy them, regardless of what they're used for?

N: So long as I don't think they're going to be used to harm this country, certainly I will.

G: And if there's a cruel régime in another country, that oppresses and tor-

tures people, you'd be quite happy about helping it stay in power?

N: If it suits this country's interests, yes. It's not up to me to say how other governments should behave. Of course, I wouldn't emphasize that government's negative aspects in talking about it.

G: And if there's a government in another country—in Africa, say, or the Caribbean—that is bettering the conditions of its people, perhaps raising a large section of them above the level of starvation, but is doing things this country doesn't like, you'd have no compunction about helping to undermine it?

N: Not if it was making it more difficult for us to get some raw materials we need, or helping our enemies in some way, no, no compunction whatever.

G: But that makes international relations no more than sophisticated gangsterism! What makes you different from some ordinary gangster? Perhaps I shouldn't have put it that way—I hope you won't walk out in a huff.

N: Not while you're buying the next round. The difference between me and a gangster is the same as the difference between a soldier and a murderer. The soldier, if he kills somebody, is not doing so for his own gain, but out of loyalty to his country. I'm serving my country, my fellow-citizens.

G: But surely, that only pushes the question back further. Instead of one gangster—please don't take this too seriously—

N: It's all right, I'm used to your moral fervour, Mahatma, old friend.

G: Instead of one gangster, you have a whole nation of them, according to you.

N: What do you think the people of this country want of their government, the government that employs me? They want a better material standard of life. They want the comforts they have to continue without drastic interruption, without any shortage of things they're used to, or threats to their safety. Those are the things that foreign policy is really concerned with.

It's a rough world in some ways, Gandhi old fellow, and it looks like it's going to be a rougher one in the next few years. If a lot of people in this world go short of things, it's my job to do the best I can to see that our people don't.

What the people of this country care about are the same things that the people of other countries care about. They're not the sort of things you're always going on about. Not racial discrimination in South Africa, or which thugs call themselves the government in some Central American republic.

G: The people of this country aren't as selfish as you make out. The last two times I appeared on television, once about El Salvador—there's your bunch of thugs in Central America—and once about Somalia, I got a considerable response. People wrote in and offered money, and asked what the Govern-

ment was doing about it?

N: How big a percentage of the population responded? There'd be a hell of a lot bigger response if those people couldn't watch television for a few hours because we were short of energy supplies and there were electric power cuts, let me tell you.

G: You seem to have two totally different standards of morality, based solely on geography, and that seems to me illogical. Say we were talking about domestic politics. If I said to you that I don't care whether old age pensioners starve to death or freeze because I've provided for my old age, you'd be shocked, wouldn't you?

N: Not shocked, exactly. I mean, this empty glass wouldn't fall from my suddenly nerveless fingers.

G: Oh, yes, it's empty. Same again.

N: Yes, thanks. . . No, not shocked out of my wits. But I would feel that it's a regrettable lapse in standards of responsible citizenship.

G: Precisely. You don't cast your vote on purely selfish grounds, and you don't want other people to do so. You think people should be concerned about the welfare of others. But if I tell you that we should also be concerned with anyone who lives outside the 12-mile limit of our territorial waters, you ridicule this as impossible idealism. I don't see how you can justify this logically.

N: Impossible—yes, that's the word. It doesn't work.

G: What do you mean, it doesn't work?

N: I mean it doesn't create the results you want, because of the way the world is. Suppose we followed all the precepts of people like you, did the things you want us to do. We would refuse to sell warships to Chile, to take one recent example, on the grounds that its government is a dictatorship—

G: A very cruel one, that overthrew a democratically elected government.

N: And the French or Israelis would get the sale, and we'd have yet more unemployment on Clydeside. Who'd be better off? And perhaps we wouldn't help some government in the Middle East defend itself because of the way it treats its political opponents. So the country would be invaded and beaten, or perhaps taken over from within, and the price of oil shoots up.

Then you can explain to those people who can't drive their cars because there isn't enough petrol, or can't go abroad on holiday because the cost of fuel has pushed up air fares, that you're following an ethical foreign policy.

G: I'm not suggesting that we can ignore our own interests entirely, or that the motivations of foreign policy should be those of a saint. What I'm saying is that it doesn't exist in a separate universe, that the moral considerations that apply in other areas of life apply here also. If we're not willing to rob our neighbour as an individual, I don't see why we should be willing to do it col-

lectively, as a nation.

N: Because we're not the only ones doing the robbing. That's what you people always seem to forget. You're always talking about the nasty things that our side is doing. You went on and on about how the nasty Americans were behaving in Vietnam, and how the South Vietnam government wasn't democratic and sometimes killed prisoners. You weren't much concerned about the North Vietnamese government. It escaped your attention that that wasn't democratic, and I don't think you bothered yourself much about its prisoners.

Now you people have got your way and the North Vietnamese have taken over the country. We have the boat people and all that. Are you happy with that situation?

G: I never said I wanted the North Vietnamese to conquer South Vietnam.

N: But that was the result of the success of all your campaigns, you and all the people like you. The inevitable, the predictable result. Has it increased the sum total of human happiness?

G: Perhaps, I'm not sure. But if you're measuring the total of human happiness, then you're singing my song. We may disagree about what will increase it. But you were saying before that you care only about the well-being of the British people.

N: In my job, of course that's all I care about. I raised the other only to show that your attitude is often as murderous in its consequences as it is naïve in its assumptions.

G: Do you know what the American writer H. L. Mencken said?

N: Yes. He said, "I know of no spectacle so ridiculous as the American public in one of its periodic fits of morality."

G: No he didn't. That was Macaulay, and he said it about the British public.

N: Well, Mencken was always saying things like that about the American public.

G: Mencken said, "Any decent man is ashamed of the government he lives under." Because governments do things that are indecent, that people would be ashamed to do as individuals.

N: I've told you what people want. Now I'll tell you something else. They don't want to be told of some of the nasty things that have to be done to get them what they want. It's my job to gratify them on both counts.

G: Well, I'm making it my job to bring some of those nasty things to their attention. If people's consciences are aroused, they might not countenance all the things that are being done by others on their behalf.

N: And this will decide our foreign policy?

G: Oh, no. Just give it a slight nudge here and there.

N: It'll be very slight if I have anything to do with it. Shall we have just one more? ●

Dogma and principle

by Sir Arthur Bryant

On one of those, for me, sad October mornings—for I thrive on sun and hate the cold—when autumn was first turning to winter, the front page of my morning paper carried two headlines, one very large and the other small. The larger bore the uncomfortable device, "TUC ADVICE SCORNFUL BY THATCHER. Cold Confrontation at Downing Street". The smaller read, "Macmillan calls for Reflation".

Now I happen to be a great admirer of both these statesmen, the one leading a crusade for a national return to 19th-century liberal monetarist and, more important, national moral rectitude, and the other for ever quietly watching to see which way the wind of fate and circumstance will turn before trimming the sails of the ship of state to carry her in the right direction. Yet it was not Margaret Thatcher's adherence to classical professional doctrinal theory which won my heart to her gallant election campaign, but her appeal to something so much greater and beyond it—her call to a programme of moral return which should re-unite the whole nation and enabled it to resume what Milton called its ancient precedence of teaching the nations—and itself—how to live.

As for Harold Macmillan, it is 41 years since this man of pragmatic imagination and courage, one day to become Prime Minister of Great Britain but then a back-bencher who had been a consistent critic of his political leaders' and party's fatalistic acceptance of the inevitability of mass unemployment at home and of the need for appeasement of warlike and over-armed aggressors abroad, insisted on publishing—for he was also at that time head of the great publishing house of Macmillan—a highly unpopular book of mine in which, in the teeth of almost unanimous prevailing public opinion, I had defended, on the score of the long-term necessity of preserving the unity of European Christian civilization, the then discredited and defeated policy of appeasement of which he had been so long, and in the days of its acceptance in high place, an undeviating critic.

So I found my heart warming, as it always does, to this Peter Pan among elder statesmen, when—in a television interview on the morrow of Mrs Thatcher's defiant insistence at the Conservative Party Conference on adherence to the strict letter of a monetarist theory to which she has so boldly nailed her own and her Party's colours—he declared that in politics "one should never be tied to a dogma if it is a piece of mechanism; if it is a principle this is different". For this I believe to be true, and every study I have ever made of the political life of the past has confirmed me in this belief. No theory, no mechanistic recipe for controlling and

shaping human affairs—that is, the affairs of human beings in their aggregate capacity—can ever prove an infallible recipe. For the circumstances in which human beings are placed in their corporate concerns at any given moment are never the same. The ironical refrain of the Cockney humorist and down-to-earth philosopher remains eternally true:

"Wiv a ladder and some glasses

You could see to 'Ackney Marshes

If it wasn't for the 'ouses in between."

For the "ouses" always are in between, and economic dogmatists—what Queen Elizabeth I, that doyen of realist statesmen, called, in days when religious, rather than economic, theory was all the rage, "domine doctors with their long orations"—can never get it quite right. The quirks and contradictions of human nature and circumstance, always break through.

For, though I have the greatest admiration for Mrs Thatcher and regard her Government as the best and at present only visible hope to cure Britain's long-standing economic and, more important, moral ills, and though her inflexible determination to tackle the demoralizing, eroding and unjust evil of inflation is wholly to be commended, the means by which she and her Chancellor of the Exchequer—and, presumably, our old friend, the Treasury—are attempting to cure it has shown little real sign as yet of doing so. For, as Mr Macmillan pointed out in his television interview, so far their restrictionist measures have fallen mainly on that sector of the economy which produces the real wealth on which we depend for our present and future existence. Taxes like VAT—a disincentive tax if ever there was one—additional national insurance burdens placed on private employers, and the crushing and prohibitive rates of interest at which they alone are able to borrow the money essential for their businesses are all, whatever

their effect on the Treasury and money-market, millstones round the neck of private industry and agriculture. The deflationary pressure imposed by the Government is still falling almost entirely, as Mr Macmillan sees it, "not upon the great spending parts of the structure—the local authorities or the national Civil Service—but upon the private enterprise which is at the bottom of the pyramid and supports the whole". And it is these which, as fast as necessary restrictions on the money market are applied to reduce the amount of money in circulation, automatically increase it as a result of the Government itself having to borrow money from the banks and the public at 15 or 16 per cent in order to pay for the non-productive public services and their swollen personnel—including, incidentally, the unemployment pay of those thrown out of productive work as a result of such restrictions.

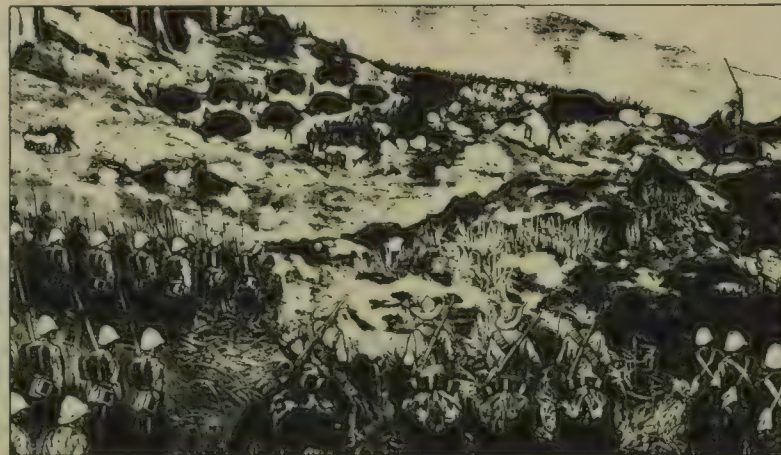
So we find the Nestor among Conservative statesmen urging "reflation and the creation of more wealth" instead of keeping factories idle, and the Opposition—sober, orthodox, parliamentary Socialists and semi-Communists and Trotskyist totalitarians alike—clamouring for increased government spending at all costs to decrease ever-rising unemployment and create employment, whether productive or not, for its own sake on humanitarian grounds. And an honest Government is desperately trying to find an answer to a conundrum which has baffled the government of every free country during the present century: the fatal political paradox of millions of people out of work in need of the very goods and services their own labour, productively employed, could produce. One thing seems certain—and here Mr Macmillan is obviously right: that it is folly to restrict the amount of real wealth being made—factory goods produced, food grown and minerals extracted from

the earth—merely in order to decrease the amount of money in circulation. It is real wealth produced in sufficient quantity which can alone satisfy the real needs of our politically divided society. Yet under a free polity, one in which men are able to choose their own employment and consumer goods instead of having both imposed on them tyrannically by dictatorial or bureaucratic rulers, it is only money, purchasing-power, in the pockets of would-be consumers, that can set and keep the wheels of production turning and the soil producing its maximum potential for human consumption.

And here, I believe, lies the crux of our country's problem and that of the free world with it. At its root, as I have been trying to point out on this page for the past year, lies a failure to increase purchasing-power for productive purposes in sufficient, yet no more than sufficient, quantities to ensure the maximum possible creation of real wealth. And our present means of creating such purchasing-power is not sufficient. For our currency is not based on precious metals as in the past, nor—though it is printed on it—on paper as is popularly supposed. It is based exclusively on debt, and every time we increase it to meet the demand for the production of human necessities we increase debt and the rate at which that debt has to be met by the community, present or future. In the past, when purchasing-power was based on precious metals, with the growth of society and its needs there came about, sooner or later, an increase in the quantity of precious metals—silver, say, in the 16th century, gold in the 19th—mined from the earth to meet the need. And this produced not merely some incidental monetary inflation but also a great increase in real human productivity and, as a result, in real wealth to meet the requirements of an expanding society. It is as a historian, not as an economist, that I have come to realize this. And I am convinced that if only our rulers could see that, by Government itself controlling the creation, as well as the withdrawal by taxation, of money, instead of leaving that creation solely to the automatic laws of monetary supply and demand, with their painful and even disastrous human consequences, our resolute Prime Minister and her critics alike could find a way to create real wealth without inflating the amount of debt in circulation beyond the community's power to meet it.

The creation of a comparatively small amount of debt-free money, under strictly limited rules and conditions, for Government to use solely for public wealth-producing purposes could give it a freedom of action at present, for all its high intentions, denied it by the rules of monetary orthodoxy and, with it, for Britain and all mankind, "a new birth of freedom" ●

100 years ago



Basutoland, now Lesotho, was in 1880 in armed revolt against Cape Colony, to which it had been annexed in 1871, as a result of high taxation and an attempt to disarm its people. The *ILN* of December 11, 1880, shows Capetown troops in action against a rebel stronghold in what has come to be known as the Gun War.

Project for nuclear survival

We find ourselves in some weird and wonderful places in the service of our readers but must admit that we never thought 10 feet under the back lawn of Mr and Mrs J. Lionel Millet would be one of them.

This affluent North London couple and their three children may well be the British family most likely to survive a nuclear war. They are very determined to survive, and to do so have invested £13,750 in a nuclear shelter, buried it in the garden a few feet from their swimming pool, filled it with canned peaches, cornflakes, condensed milk and other such necessities as toilet rolls, and even spent five days in it testing their ability to live with each other in such intimate circumstances. (Actually, Mr Millet seems to have prejudged this last point; he stayed on top for the five days "to answer the phone".)

We must admit we approached this story with some scepticism, but by the time we left the Millets we were in thoughtful mood. For all the jokey speculation at the Millet press conference (such as "What happens if the neighbours hear the warning first and slip over the fence and lock themselves in the shelter, leaving the Millets furious, frustrated and, possibly, frying on top?"), we had to admit the possibility that the Millets would have the last, if lonely, laugh.

To make people think was, of course, exactly the Millets' aim. Having done all they can to lengthen the span of their lives they are now seeking to enrich them by launching a company to market such shelters. They are entering what has already become a competitive and thriving business. We are told that around 300 companies in Britain now offer some kind of nuclear protection, from special clothing to shelters. They vary enormously in price, and probably in dependability, though judgment on this has to be suspended until the bombs arrive, at which point dissatisfied customers are unlikely to complain.

The names of the manufacturing companies are frightening enough. There is, for instance, "Nuclear Attack, Protection and Safety", in Essex, which offers a prefabricated concrete shelter for four people at around £4,000, plus installation. There are cheaper shelters—D. and P. Hastings in Worcestershire offer a glass-fibre shelter for six people for £2,500—and others much more expensive. Abacroft in Essex are marketing a glass-fibre shelter for six people at £7,000 and Universal Protection of Essex for ten people at £15,000.

The Millets claim that they looked at all the shelters on the market and found some to be unsafe and others to be too expensive, so they went to Switzerland to see what the experts had come up with; this, they said, led them to buy for themselves and then decide to market in the UK their shelter, NESST (Nuclear and Emergency Survival System). It is

worth describing as one now available.

The Millets say that to be effective a nuclear shelter must protect us from "thermal radiation, air blast involving a wind several times stronger than a hurricane, ground shock, falling and flying debris, fires, and nuclear radiation, both initial and from fallout". They claim that, provided its inhabitants are not so unfortunate as to suffer a direct hit or near miss, they will survive; they would be safe, for instance, from a megaton bomb at 1,600 yards. NESSTs are constructed from a reinforced steel cylinder which is surrounded by concrete 1 foot thick and covered with at least 2 feet of soil. They are available in differing sizes to accommodate from six to 43 people and cost from £6,750 to £27,000. They come fully assembled

and all you have to do is dig a big enough hole in the garden to bury them.

To reach the Millets's shelter you climb down a ladder to a small hatch area containing canisters with enough drinking water for 28 days and a dry toilet. The main room has tiers of bunks, and a surprising amount of storage space for food. The shelter, they say, can be occupied in reasonable comfort for four weeks or more. There is a filtered ventilation system which should provide a safe flow of air in any conditions. The shelter has its own electricity generator and can contain telephone, radio and television.

Dr Werner Heierli, the Swiss expert on nuclear protection, who designed NESST, is a comforting man to talk to. He argues that 70 per cent of the

population of the UK would survive nuclear attack "without any protection at all". If you live in an obvious target area, he says, a shelter is a more attractive proposition. But what if you were not at home when the bomb struck? He has an answer to that, too: "The chances of a random attack are remote. As danger mounted over days and weeks families could start to sleep in their shelters and stay in closer proximity. But even if you were caught some way away, outside the blast over-pressure area but inside the fall-out area, there would still be time to walk a mile or more before fall-out sets in."

As we left the Millet daughters were settling down to their five days underground. One was clutching a copy of Hardy's *Far from the Madding Crowd*.

Times to come?

Not just because we are ourselves part of the Thomson Organisation, nor only because our own Editor comes from the journalists' stable of Printing House Square, were we saddened by the announcement that *The Times* and *The Sunday Times* were to be put up for sale. Both newspapers are required reading for us, as they are for so many who need reliable reporting of the world's news. We asked Philip Howard, who has worked on *The Times* for 15 years and is now the paper's Literary Editor, to describe the mood inside *The Times* building on the day the announcement was made. Here is his report:

You can tell that something unusual is up at Lord Thomson's word-factory when television crews and the Middle East correspondent besiege the revolving doors. We have learnt to recognize the signals over the past two years. There they all were again on that Wednesday morning of October 22, the television men linked in bunches by the intestines of their absurd technology, dawdling as patiently as vultures.

Unease, gloom and rumours of apocalypse had been rumbling around for weeks, ever since the NUJ strike bit the hand that had fed the journalists for the 11 months of closure. But then, to ask any reporters' room to introspect about the state of its morale even at the best of times is to invite a lukewarm shower of unease, gloom and rumours of that old apocalypse. On Tuesday evening, when the Editor said as he left that he would see us for one of his staff meetings on the following morning ("I think you will find it interesting": shy smile), even those of us who wear rose-coloured contact lenses to protect us from the pain of the harsh world felt the earth beginning to move.

William Rees-Mogg read the statement by Gordon Brunton, the organization's Chief Executive, that Thomson intended to withdraw from *The Times*, its supplements, and *The Sunday Times* by March in his careful, conference voice.

The windowless reporters' room in the centre of our shoddy new building was as crowded as it has ever been with journalists, secretaries, messengers and passers-by: bottoms perched on every untidy desk. Wise hacks took it down in shorthand, finding relief in the reflexes of their trade. Foolish ones, once it was clear that the *Titanic* had finally struck the iceberg, noticed with sharp clarity such irrelevancies as the new perfume of the Features Editor.

The general feeling, as far as one can judge from one pair of eyes and ears, was one of *déjà vu*, weary acceptance of the inevitable, almost of relief that the bleeding had finally had to stop.

William got it right when he said: "Everyone including myself feels it is difficult to take in immediately the full implications of this." He said that if journalists were to receive dismissal notices, then he had insisted that he should also get the old heave-ho himself. I hope they say thank you as well as good-bye. Redundancy payments were guaranteed. Redundancy hell: the very word was like a knell; we don't want redundancy; we want our paper.

William said he did not believe that we should hope for the arrival of a new proprietor on a white horse. He then himself got on what looked remarkably like a white horse, when he announced that he was going to campaign for a syndicate, like one of the commercial television consortia, with a sufficient residue of *Times* journalists and managers to produce the authentic paper. Cynics observed that while a television consortium is a licence to print money, the franchise to print *The Times* has recently been quite the reverse. As the Editor said: "*The Times* together with *The Sunday Times* in Gray's Inn Road, with all our present difficulties, is seen outside as a financial black hole. That is, any amount of money put into it just disappears, so nobody is willing to accept this situation."

Deceptively mild William may not

look much like John Wayne galloping out of the sunset in the last reel. But one felt that he is the one man on the staff with the financial and political expertise, the contacts and the national reputation to pull off such a deal. Many *Times* hacks in fact recognize the virtues of *The Sunday Times* (as the Ed said: "I have never at all joined in that minor animosity which sometimes exists between the two papers"), but most of us now consider that the two papers are so different that their shot-gun marriage could never work. In a good year *The Sunday Times* can make a great deal of money and, perhaps as a consequence, suffers the industrial difficulties. *The Times* will never make as much money. But it used to be possible to produce it with less hassle and more pride.

Nearly all *Times* journalists have signed a letter thanking Ken Thomson for his family's extravagant support for the past 14 years. It has been a remarkable chapter in the history of *The Times*, but not the last chapter. The best future is for *The Times* with its splendid satellite supplements to be published separately, probably in a green field outside London, with the journalists and others who produce it having some share in the ownership and control. We could then get back to the golden days when producing *The Times* was a pleasure and an honour, not daily civil war.

The Times belongs not just to the company that happens to own it; nor just to the journalists who happen to write it today. It belongs also to its readers, to its tradition as national Recording Angel, to the British way of life. That is why its closure after 195 years is unthinkable. It is not going to happen. There are enough of us readers who need an impartial, authoritative voice of power and of honesty to revive the dear old organ. That is why, in a paradox, the news was received as much as a new beginning as a deadly shock. There may have to be a death before the resurrection. But watch us: we shall be back.

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SPORTING DRAMAS OF 1980

On this and the following pages our contributors re-live the outstanding sporting events of the year: the Borg-McEnroe final at Wimbledon; the Centenary Test; Nicklaus's come-back in the US Open; England's rugby Grand Slam; Ali's tragic title bid; and, on this page, the long-awaited Coe-Ovett races in Moscow.

One-all at the Olympics

by Christopher Brasher

Only one thing was certain about the Olympic Games the politicians tried to kill: when they ceased their strident calls, the world would focus its attention on two Englishmen, Sebastian Coe and Steve Ovett.

Not since Roger Bannister, the first man to break the 4-minute mile barrier, and John Landy, the man who broke Bannister's world record, clashed at the Commonwealth Games of 1954—the Miracle Mile—has a foot race created so much interest. Coe and Ovett had run against each other only once before in their senior careers: in the European Championships in Prague in 1978 when Ovett won the silver medal and Coe won the bronze in the 800 metres. Since then Coe had broken the world records for the 800 metres, 1,000 metres, 1,500 metres and mile. Ovett responded by breaking Coe's record for the mile and then, only four days before the Olympic Games opened, he equalled Coe's 1,500-metre world record.

So all was set for the most publicized and talked about confrontation in Olympic history: Coe versus Ovett in the 800 metres on Saturday, July 26, and the same duo in the 1,500 metres on Friday, August 1. The expert view was that Coe would win the 800 metres—he was, after all, 1½ seconds faster than anyone else in the field—and that Ovett would win the 1,500 metres, often regarded as the blue riband event of the Games. Ovett himself said: "I've got a 50 per cent chance of winning the 800 metres and a 90 per cent of winning the 1,500 metres. The 1,500 metres is the one I'm really prepared for. It's the one I want. Steve Ovett is a miler." The experts—and Ovett—were wrong.

The 800 metres final was strangely disappointing even for British fans. It seems that some of us are never satisfied, not even with a gold and silver medal in the same race! The disappointment stemmed from the manner in which the race was run: nobody wanted to make the pace so there was Ovett caught in a tight bunch of runners, elbowing and pushing his way out in a manner that was perilously close to breaking the



rules—a racing man sitting next to me said that it reminded him of Lester Piggott at his most aggressive. Meantime Seb Coe was at the back of the field taking little apparent interest in the race but at least keeping out of trouble.

The bell was passed in 54.5 seconds, a time that these days is considered slow even for a domestic race. But still neither Coe nor Ovett made a move. It seemed as if they were haunted by the memory of their 1978 European Championship race when Coe tore through the first lap in 49 seconds towing Ovett and a big East German, Udo Beyer, with him. And it was Beyer who had the strength to win. Now, in Moscow, it was the third Englishman, the gutsy Dave Warren, who struck first, pursued by the Russian Nikolay Kirov, with Ovett poised menacingly. Coe woke up at the back of the field but it was too late and as they entered the finishing straight Ovett applied the acceleration and the gold medal was his. The time was slow: 1 minute 45.4 seconds, three seconds slower than Coe's world record, but the Olympic Games are a man-to-man contest, not an exercise in beating the clock.

It is the way of today's world that one disaster, and Coe was a running disaster in the 800 metres, becomes a burial party. Coe himself knew only too well what the attitude of his fellow competitors was and, indeed, that of the world: "I had blown it in the 800 and there was no way back. A lot of people were coming up to me and wishing me well in the 1,500 metres, saying: 'Good luck. . . get stuck in'. They were well meaning but I knew that they had already buried me and that they were patting down the earth.

"Two things kept me going: I just knew that I could not possibly run as badly as I did in the 800—that just wasn't me. And I also knew that if I lost the 1,500 metres as well I would have to ask a lot of questions—of myself. Questions about my own character and my own abilities—unpleasant questions."

I saw Coe several times during those six days. He seemed vulnerable, even frail of mind. I was wrong. He

knew he had to return from the grave and he steered his mind to the task. Brendan Foster, that gutsy Gateshead runner, was one of many who helped him.

And so they went to the start line on August 1 and again it looked as though we were to see a slow-run race, but this time Coe was not dawdling at the back—he was with the action. An East German, Jurgen Straub, emerged from the reluctant pack with Coe at his shoulder and Ovett in the middle of the field. And so in solemn procession they ran for two laps, taking 2 minutes 4.9 seconds for 800 metres. A schoolboy can run more swiftly.

But then suddenly the race began—with just 700 metres to run. There was no flurry of activity, no sudden kick. Instead Straub, at the front, lengthened and quickened his stride, making a long, sustained drive for the tape. The previous lap had taken 63.3 seconds, Straub was now running a fearsome lap in 54.2 seconds and Coe was shadowing him and Ovett was shadowing Coe.

As I watched these three magnificent athletes through my binoculars I was afraid—afraid that neither Coe nor Ovett would win. Down the back straight of the last lap, Straub was stretching his body to the limit, opening up a gap of 3 or 4 metres from Coe with another gap opening in front of Ovett. Then on the final bend the elastic that seemed to hold them together snapped tight and the three came bunched into the final straight, the cruel straight where years of training and effort are exposed to the world. Surely nobody could "kick" at this speed but Sebastian Coe kicked and then he was clear, hands in the air in triumph—a man resurrected.

Ovett, unbeaten in more than 40 races over 1,500 metres or the mile, was beaten into third place by Straub, the man who had drawn Ovett's famous sting.

It was a happy result: it meant that we could look forward to a fascinating future because the two great confrontations of the Moscow Olympics had still not answered the question: who is the greatest? ➤➤➤

SPORTING DRAMAS OF 1980 **Fury at Lord's**



ALLSPORT/ADRIAN MUELLER

by Frank Keating

The enduring memory of the Centenary Test match at Lord's remains non-sporting. Certainly not cricket! Not Wood's historic century, nor the swashbuckling dash of Hughes; nor Chappell's upright classicism, nor the curtain-call duel between the old masters, Lillee and Boycott. Nor even, alas, the week-long social junket, the nostalgic wallow in which old foes from each side of the world met again to laugh and chew the fat and raise the spirit in toast to the noblest game.

No, indelible in my memory is the little scene this Peeping Tom accidentally came across on the evening of Saturday, August 30, the third day of the five-day match. I was almost the last to leave sport's stateliest old stadium. The place was empty, the dusk was darkening. The waitresses in the private boxes, if no one else, had had a busy day and now they, too, had gone. Our car stood solitary sentinel in the car park at the Nursery End.

Hang on a tick! What's that tucked away in the corner, down there against the Indoor School? It was a caravan. The lights were on, the blinds undrawn. I was intrigued. Inside was a familiar figure. He was sitting, hunched in front of a cup of tea, his elbows on his knees, his head between his hands. He looked despairing, sad. A man home from work after a terrible day at the office, dear. A very terrible day at the office. On the outside of this tiny mobile home a sign writer had proclaimed the legend "Welton caravan supplied to David Constant, umpire".

The twilight tableau summed up perfectly one of the most imperfect days in the famous history of the 100 years that that very day had been planned to celebrate. It had rained heavily on the Friday, the second day of the match, and again before breakfast on the Saturday. But then, as often after rain at dawn in an English summer, up had whipped a drying breeze and down beat a drying sun. Everyone made for Lord's in high good humour. Those with tickets

already came smiling through the Grace gates. The paying customers who ringed the outside walls of the ground fingered their entrance money expectantly. Some had camped out overnight to make sure of getting into the ground. No problem: the pitch had been covered, hadn't it? And anyway it wasn't a competitive Test match, just a glorious celebration of every previous Test match.

There were jaunty, confident, care-free cheers when the two umpires, Constant and Bird, had emerged at 11 o'clock to inspect the pitch. Constant and Bird were probably the best two umpires in the game. They looked not at the playing pitch, which was obviously in firm fettle, but pressed in their thumbs and rubbed their chins and pondered long over two worn patches some 20 yards parallel to the match strip on the Tavern side. Then they returned to say that there was no chance of play beginning on time, the two patches were still muddy and unsafe for fieldsmen. Two little patches, each a yard square! And all the world was watching—and waiting. Why, for Heaven's sake, had they not been covered? Lord's said they had no extra covers. Not even one tarpaulin! Not even a couple of Sir Walter Raleigh raincoats! For a ha'porth of tar the ship looked as if it might go down.

Anyway, still the presumption was that play was bound to start by 1.30—and for those inside perhaps, on second thoughts, it was no bad thing to be allowed to enjoy a sunny, hello-old-bean, hail-fellow promenade around the old pile. At 1.30 the umpires came out again, two conscientious, painstaking men playing it by their book of rules. There was an age until the loudspeaker announced their decision—"Not dry enough yet". The frustration was boiling into anger. Half an hour later, they plodded out again, this time with the two captains, Chappell of Australia and Botham of England. The sun shone down and the drying breezes hummed, but not a sack nor a sponge nor a mop nor a pitchfork had been in evidence.

The four of them bent to the tiny squares of damp, and poked and stroked them, and shook their solemn heads. They would not consider play until at least 3.45, they said. Until almost teatime! On hearing this the crowd still sat, now seething mad but still civilized in their fury—Britishly bottling it up tight in their vacuum flasks.

But in the MCC members' Long Room, that sanctum of decorum and the very altar of gentlemanliness since Victoria's day, the gin-and-tonics made the patience snap. Men with bloodshot eyes, purplish-pink faces and orange-and-yellow ties gathered angrily to menace the umpires. Sacrilege in the holy of holies itself! Bird was pushed and jostled from one angry arm to another; Constant was seized by the throat, some say—certainly his tie was

grabbed and twisted round his neck. They were sworn at. Before their very eyes the two old professional cricketers were witnessing the betrayal of a century of the amateurs' ideals. Bird, a sensitive man, burst into tears; Constant looked even more petrified than usual.

In minutes the outburst was over. The two men sought sanctuary in the umpires' room, and the members, suddenly aware of the enormity of their crime against their very private membership and social class, murmured in little knots as they moved to the bar trying to justify themselves like rhu-barbing crowd extras *exeunt* in a Shakespeare play. I must say the incident—mild in itself, but massive in the context of the British social scene—delighted my sense of drama. If nothing else the sudden collective frenzy, besmirching both the long-garlanded reputations of English cricket in general and the MCC in particular, gave whopping lie to the long-held patrician presumption that mob violence in sport lurks only on the public terraces which yon plebs inhabit. For throughout the afternoon, while frustrated enough to be sure, the folks at the Nursery End did no more than greet each placatory appeal for patience by the smooth-tongued announcer with ironical laughs or groans; and when they were not indulging in a slow and occasional harmless handclap, they sat virtuously munching their cheese-and-chutney sandwiches.

Play did resume at 3.45. But the match—indeed the whole event—was never the same again.

As its asterisk to 1980's rainswept summer, the weather was at the root of the whole fracas. It had announced its mean intent from the very beginning of the match, for on the Thursday, after Chappell had won the toss, play was held up for the opening hour. Thereafter England (the runaway favourites after the touring team's sodden and short preparations around the counties) bowled amiably and without much guile or penetration, and Australia built a sound platform on a century—edgy and neurotic at times, bludgeoning and meaty at others—by their opening batsman, Wood; Laird helped see off the shine, Chappell stood up and hit, and then Hughes gambolled around in the evening sun. It was a good start by Australia, which they decorated through the longer periods of rain on the Friday and the longeurs of Saturday when Hughes danced on to a buoyant century and Border firmly nailed home the advantage.

The sun shone gloriously all Sunday; but Lord's was empty and silent.

On Monday England batted abysmally. Boycott as ever was staunch and obdurate. Gower, back in the side by public demand, was characteristically carefree and sparkling—and brief. The rest surrendered limply, first to the magnificent Lillee, then to the hostile Pascoe. Old had a defiant swirl at

Duel on the Centre Court

the end of the innings which saved the follow-on and, probably, ensured that the match would be drawn.

So it was. Australia needed fast runs for a declaration that would give England a sight of the rabbit yet give the visitors time enough to bowl the English out. Hughes again batted with a coruscating skill; Chappell again was Chappell, but in hindsight he delayed his declaration overlong. England had early alarms, but Boycott dropped anchor, and by the time another little gem from Gower was over England's chance had gone and they needed to bat out their remaining seven wickets for just three hours. It was tailor-made for Boycott, and with Gatting's sensible support he did just that with certainty and rectitude and not a little personal pleasure.

So into the sun-blessed English afternoon with scarce a breeze to rustle the contented trees that overlooked the scene it was somehow right that Lillee was bowling to Boycott... and all was well with the world. The orange-and-lemon-necked members sat in their bliss and all Saturday's rude edge and anger was now at peace with itself—and they might have talked about it, that revolution, as if it was now as far away as, say, Gordon's little upset long ago in the Sudan.

I sat for part of the afternoon in the BBC radio commentary box: the last hours of a once-in-a-century Test match, the last minutes of John Arlott's last broadcast of any Test match. Arlott's only stage-prop was a large spotted handkerchief bunched in one large hand. With it he kept mopping his brow. And he gazed down from this eyrie perch atop a pavilion turret, assuming the jutting Churchillian pout and lugubrious soft-boiled spaniel eyes, observing for a final time his favourite flannelled friends flickering to and fro on the sunlit field of green.

His time was up—and he simply said "... and after Trevor Bailey it will be Christopher Martin-Jenkins". He looked for a necessary drink—as the announcer round the whole ground boomed out: "That over represents John Arlott's last Test match broadcast." Suddenly everyone in the crowd had stood to cheer. And down below so did the players as they turned their faces up to the pavilion turret. Lillee shook up a fist in affectionate salute. And Boycott took off his batting gloves and applauded his old friend. It was good somehow that Arlott ended when Boycott was batting and Lillee was bowling.

All was well with the world. Cricket and honour and chivalry were quite themselves again. And on second thoughts that endearing moment in the English summer's sun quite made up for that tragic twilight tableau I had chanced across just three days previously. For down there the umpires, Bird and Constant, were heartily clapping Arlott too.



by Des Wilson

It was like the *Gunfight at the OK Corral*, with two men left. One, wearer of the badge for four years, already at 24 had the wary, world-weary look of a man who had been confronted by too many hungry challengers. The other at 21 was the latest and perhaps the toughest of those who had sought to lay the champion's reputation in the dust, hot-headed, no respecter of the law, left-handed and fast. Such was the image that came to mind as Borg met McEnroe in the 1980 Wimbledon final.

The veteran, for Bjorn Borg the Swede was that already, had first come to town as a 17-year-old, notable then for his hold on the hearts of teenage girls. Over the years, however, he had merged his athleticism—his agility, speed, strength and timing—with calm, character and tenacious determination, all in support of a wide range of strokes, the killer being a forehand, loaded with top spin, flicked from the baseline across the court to dip over the net and leave the fastest of opponents groping ineffectually from yards away. In 1976 he won the Wimbledon title by defeating

Ilie Nastase, the temperamental Rumanian; in 1977 and 1978 he faced and outgunned Jimmy Connors and in 1979 it had been Roscoe Tanner. The Swede now walked on to the centre court the winner of 34 consecutive singles matches at Wimbledon, acknowledged to be the best tennis player in the world, a millionaire, and shortly to end one of life's games of singles, for his next engagement was to be his wedding to Mariana Simionescu who was there, this afternoon, watching nervously from the grandstand.

His challenger now, John McEnroe, was described in his passport as a student, yet he, too, was a millionaire, self-made on the tennis courts of the United States and any other country where he played. At 21 he had become known as Super Brat and only the day before, in the semi-final, he had been involved in an explosive scene with Jimmy Connors.

It had rained much of the previous fortnight, ruining the playing schedules and assisting Borg, for he had played his semi-final on the Thursday whereas McEnroe had been forced to play the gruelling affair with Connors on the Fri-

day. At last, on this final Saturday, however, the sun had shone.

To the crowd's distress, McEnroe for a time looked as if he might win, even win easily. In the first set he powered Borg into the baseline with his service, devastated the champion from the net, and raced away to win the set by 6 games to 1. Borg looked out of sorts with himself, unhappy with his racquet (he changed it after the set) and in terrible trouble. The pattern continued into the second set. At 4 games all Borg had to fight his way back from three break points. Borg held on, then took the lead and finally the set 7-5, his confidence beginning to return as McEnroe's lapsed. All was even again, and both the crowd and Borg were positively buoyant when he won the third set comfortably 6-3.

In the fourth set at 4 games all Borg broke McEnroe's serve with a final return that left McEnroe waving a forehand at it as if it were a passing train. He then served himself into two match points, two points from his fifth Wimbledon title. McEnroe saved them, won the next game and then, striking the ball as hard and nervelessly as at any point in the match, broke Borg's serve to take the set to 6 all, the first tie break to be played in a Wimbledon final.

The next 20 minutes, the incredible time it took to resolve this tie break (the process whereby the first player to seven points with a clear two-point lead wins the set), will never be forgotten by anyone who saw it. Altogether they played 34 points. For a fourth, then fifth, time Borg reached match point, his fifth title only a stroke away. For a fourth, then fifth, time McEnroe fought back. Seven times McEnroe achieved set point, a stroke away from levelling the match at two sets all. Six times Borg fought back. Such was the tension and so many were the dramas that it became even more unbearable for the crowd, pinned as they were to their seats, than it was for the players, both of whom were displaying skill and qualities of courage and stamina that would later leave the sportswriters bereft of superlatives. The seventh time McEnroe reached set point he won it and with the enormous psychological advantage of that win behind him should have begun the fifth set with the upper hand.

It was not to be. They had now been on court three hours and were to play for another 50 minutes. They reached 6 games all in the fifth set but Borg now was always on top. Twice before he had won Wimbledon after a fifth set and perhaps now this experience, together with the additional rest day, was giving him the edge. With Borg leading 7-6 McEnroe found himself two match points down once more. A quick rally, a sharp backhand from Borg, and it was all over, the champion on his knees in thanks, the crowd on its feet in acclaim, and McEnroe sitting alone by the umpire's chair, head in hands. ➤

LEO MASON

What's smooth,
dark but soon gets
lighter?



DON'T BE VAGUE. THE DARK BOTTLE'S HAIG.

Nicklaus back on top



the 7,076-yard course, Nicklaus had just the kind of start he wanted. With a second-round 71, Nicklaus found himself leading the field by two strokes.

Into the picture now bowed the unlikely figure of Japan's Isao Aoki, a man whose swing had been likened to the death throes of a cobra. But it has one indisputable point in its favour—it works and, after opening rounds of 68 apiece, it did so even more phenomenally in the third round when Aoki used up just 23 putts *en route* to another 68 and a share of the lead with Nicklaus.

There were other challengers, of course, most notably Tom Watson, who lay just two strokes behind at the start of the final round, but as the day developed it became clear that the issue rested between Nicklaus and Aoki who, coincidentally, were paired together for the fourth successive day. With Aoki's putter dispossessed of the magic it had held the previous day and with Nicklaus in complete control of his game, the American enjoyed a two-stroke lead as they came to the final two holes. Baltusrol is unique among US Open courses in that it finishes with two par five holes, the 17th a monstrous 630 yards and the 18th no pushover at 542 yards.

On the 17th both players found the green in three shots, Aoki lying some 12 feet from the hole and almost certain to hole for a four and Nicklaus lying considerably farther away. As Nicklaus crouched over his putt, the concentration emanating from those ice-blue eyes was almost tangible but when he struck the ball firmly into the hole the worry lines disappeared and his relief and pleasure were shared by all those who watched. That was the stroke which, more than any other, sealed it.

There was still one hole to play and if Aoki obtained an eagle three and Nicklaus took six, or if... Well, Aoki did not get his eagle but he came mighty close as his third shot, a pitch from under some trees, skipped past the hole and Nicklaus, savouring every moment, then holed out for another birdie and a new US Open record aggregate, beating by three strokes the one he had set 13 years earlier.

Almost as an afterthought Nicklaus then capped a magnificent year by taking his 19th major championship when he won the US PGA, this time winning by seven strokes. In comparing golfers of different eras, one can only fall back on the comment by the late Bobby Jones that a man can do no more than beat those players who are around at the same time. Perhaps the only question that remains is whether the Jack Nicklaus of 1980 is a better player than the Jack Nicklaus of 1970 or even 1960. The answer to that question was aptly provided by the professional Ed Sneed, who, commenting on Nicklaus's 1980 season, remarked wryly: "Who does he think he is, Jack Nicklaus again?" ➤

by Chris Plumridge

If one adopts the yardstick of major championships to judge the worth of a golfer then Jack William Nicklaus, born January 21, 1940, in Columbus, Ohio, has no peer in the history of the game. Since he first appeared on the world scene by becoming United States amateur champion as a precocious 19-year-old, Nicklaus has won another US Amateur title, five United States Masters, four United States Opens, three British Open Championships and five United States PGA titles—a total of 19 major championships in a career stretching back to 1959.

Last year, however, Nicklaus decided to cut down on his tournament schedule and play in only about a dozen events instead of his normal 20. On the face of it the plan looked feasible for a player of Nicklaus's calibre—he would plan his schedule around the major titles, playing a couple of ordinary tournaments before each of the four big ones to get himself competitively attuned. That was the plan but, somehow, it misfired. Nicklaus's performances in 1979 were, by his

standards, lamentable. For the first time since he turned professional in 1962 he failed to win a tournament, occupying 71st place on the US Tour money list with winnings of a paltry \$59,434 which, to a man who had collected more than \$3 million in his career, must have seemed like so much loose change.

Stung by his failure, Nicklaus set about redeeming himself in his deliberate fashion. At the end of last year and the beginning of this he put in long hours on the practice ground. Corrective measures were applied to his technique and with his enthusiasm rekindled Nicklaus emerged from his winter hibernation ready to erase the bitter memories of the previous year.

Part of golf's fascination and frustration is that when one facet of the game is bright and gleaming, another is dull and tarnished. Thus Nicklaus found that although his game from tee to green was coming back to its former glories, his short game and putting were far from satisfactory. His early season appearances reflected this and although he was in a position to win a couple of tournaments prior to his build-up for the

Masters, there was still some tuning to do on the Nicklaus machine. The machine was not firing correctly at the Masters either and Nicklaus, along with everyone else, could only stand and stare as Spain's Severiano Ballesteros became, at 23, the youngest-ever winner of that title. The next time Nicklaus was in the news was because of his play in the Atlanta classic, held the week before the US Open. In this run-of-the-mill event Nicklaus produced rounds of 78–67 and missed the half-way cut. But the 67 was significant because, as Nicklaus commented later: "I learned to putt again." On to Baltusrol where in 1967 Nicklaus had set a new US Open aggregate record of 275 *en route* to his victory.

One of Nicklaus's perennial failings had been his inability to get off to a good start, thereby leaving himself just too much to do over the closing round to catch the leader. This time he knew, and indeed pronounced, that he felt all aspects of his game were coming together and on an absolutely perfect opening day he proved it was so. With a first round 63, seven under the par for

Ali fails to come back



by Ian Wooldridge

It was not only that he was as a boxer so visibly in a class above the rest. There were, when he became Olympic champion in 1960, other qualities rare in the American ghetto black: a flawless handsomeness unusual in large boxers, a laconic self-assurance bordering on arrogance, a compelling something which much later was to be defined *ad nauseam* as charisma. He was then just 18 and for the next 20 years we would be following less a meteoric career than an unprecedented odyssey in sport. Cassius Clay, later abruptly to rebut the slave origins of his surname and become Muhammad Ali, was to emerge, according to a *Time* magazine poll conducted internationally in the late 1970s, as the most instantly-recognized man in the world. The Pope came second.

What happened in the first 18 of those 20 intervening years has been chronicled more thoroughly than the journeys of St Paul: the 59 fights, the three knock-downs, the three marriages and two divorces, the conversion to the Muslim faith, the refusal to fight in Vietnam, the third capture of the world heavyweight title in September, 1978, and then, blessed be the peacemakers, retirement. Thank God, or in his case Allah, we wrote of one accord that at last a great boxer had defeated the pernicious system.

He got out, facially unscarred, having grossed \$55 million in purse money and certainly not less than a further \$10 million in the ancillary earnings that come

the way of the commercially exploitable famous. But it was Utopian accountancy. Inside a year, already a bloated 260 lb which was a full 3 stones above his classic fighting weight, he was in financial trouble and ripe for the set-up that was to mushroom into the shameful sporting tragedy of 1980.

On the sweltering Thursday evening of October 2, in a car park behind the phoney Roman décor of Caesar's Palace Hotel, Las Vegas, before an audience of 24,000 people who had paid the world-record sum of \$6,200,000, he came off the stool again to meet his debts. His opponent was Larry Holmes, a good world champion in lean years, but a man whom Ali in his prime would have flattened in virtually any round he cared to nominate.

How Ali came to be in there again, bared to the waist, aged 38½ and against a determined opponent eight years younger, ostensibly rich but in truth hard up against it, has less to do with the integrity of boxing as a sport than the morality of the parasites who bleed its simple fighters dry.

To describe Muhammad Ali as simple might be regarded as insulting. But despite the dazzling rhetoric on television, the gallery of photographs of world leaders who have seen it as politically expedient to be pictured at his shoulder, he always had large areas of non-comprehension. Money was for burning. But three wives, five children and others to whom he had obligations could hardly have disposed of \$65 million, so where did the rest go? More

than a third went in managerial fees and training-camp expenses. More than another third went to the US government in taxes. Of what was left to keep five home fires burning, much was dissipated in soft touches to lame ducks and speculators still trying to prove the earth was flat. When he fought Britain's Joe Bugner in Kuala Lumpur in 1975 Ali's official retinue numbered 52. These included the wives, aunts, cousins and tiny offspring of his least necessary handlers who spent all day, every day, making trans-Pacific phone calls and ordering fillet steaks. Two Australian aborigines approached him and invited him to Australia to speak in their cause. He immediately reimbursed their air fares and put them on the pay-roll.

Ali retired but his old accomplices kept on working. He was still the biggest money-spinner in sport and in the late spring of 1980 Don King, a fight promoter, dangled \$8 million in front of him to fight anywhere for a fourth world title. Many people pleaded with Ali not to go through with it, but he said the Mayo Clinic had given him a clean bill of health and he went into training. He shed 47½ lb in just under six months and arrived in Las Vegas to fight.

Holmes, an honest journeyman whose fight apprenticeship had included boxing 503 rounds against Ali as a hired sparring partner, quivered with tension in the early rounds, suspecting as we all did that Ali's lethargic non-aggression was only a build-up to an ambush. He had boxed just like that in the opening seven rounds of his fight with George

Foreman in Zaire in 1974 and then, with a single lightning right-hander that travelled no more than 2 feet, rendered the massive Foreman unconscious before he could hit the canvas.

Holmes waited and we waited until, midway through the eighth round, more than 20 minutes of world title-fight inaction, a fearful truth became apparent. Ali's talent had died out there in the years of high living. The reflexes had dulled, the strength had gone and we were watching the world's most instantly-recognized man grossing \$8 million for standing there as a punchbag.

The final giveaway was Ali's attempt to rally his deadened wits and produce his famous shuffle, once a Fred Astaire-style movement of the feet that demoralized opponents. It emerged as a leaden-footed parody that provoked Holmes to cut loose and hit him with a right-hander that scrambled what was left of Ali's instincts.

Until then Ali had landed only three worth-while punches. Thereafter Holmes rained them in on him in apocalyptic assault. He claimed later on coast-to-coast American television that he had actually restrained himself, fearful of the permanent damage he could inflict on a former employer and the greatest boxer of two decades. From the ringside it looked otherwise. It was sheer demolition, a professional hatchet job of such dimensions that genuine consternation broke out in Ali's corner.

Then and thereafter for some days boxing was seen at its worst.

Ali knew nothing of the tenth round, slumping dazed into his corner after three more minutes of assault. At that point Angelo Dundee, his manager, moved to throw in the towel as the traditional gesture of surrender. As he tried to do so Bundini Brown, still hoping for the one miracle punch from Ali that would stoke up the field kitchen for another year, grabbed it in an attempt to stop him. Dundee won and the fight of the year was over with Ali semi-conscious on his stool. Brown, Ali's loyal trainer down the years, was left exposed. He was not alone.

Ali was too sick that night to face the Press. Next morning, behind dark glasses, he did so, announcing to an incredulous audience that he was contemplating yet another fight. At his side was Don King, promoter, dripping with golden ornaments, grinning hugely and declaring a dozen times in as many minutes that Ali was his friend. "Yes," said King, "the champ isn't through yet. Maybe we can still accommodate him to become the only man in history to become four-times world champion."

Reputable sportswriters walked out. After taxes, managerial fees, expenses and the usual handouts to hangers-on, Ali finished with \$2½ million of the much-publicized \$8 million. The humiliation, at his rate of living, had staved off the creditors for the next two years or so.

England's Grand Slam at Murrayfield



such a long time that we're not going to let it slip now. Our team is raring to go, it's like trying to put the brake on a runaway car!"

After half an hour's play one might have predicted the outcome was going to be a rout, with England leading 16 points to nil. The mighty pack was controlling every phase of play, and behind them the half-backs Steve Smith and John Horton were equally in command, with telling rolling balls to touch, and towering up-and-unders that homed in on a fallible Andy Irvine. Beyond, the young three-quarters were boring holes in the Scottish defence, and Clive Woodward, one of four Leicester players in the side, was showing touches of class. First he ran on an arc, dummying to Paul Dodge, to give winger John Carleton the opening for his first try, on the right. Then with magical footwork and great acceleration he created a score for Mike Slemen on the left. Appropriately it was the pack that set up the third try, after a scrummage pick-up by number 8, John Scott, a dash right by Smith, and a dart over the goal line by Carleton.

It seemed as though it was now just a matter of how many more points would follow. A glimmer of hope came Scotland's way with a penalty goal by Irvine, before Dusty Hare replied in like kind, before half-time. Whether or not it was a subconscious slackening of effort and concentration on England's part, or the plumbing of deeper reserves of determination and pride by Scotland's XV in the face of possible humiliation, is hard to determine. Whatever the reason, England's grip on the match slackened, the control dissipated, but not before Roger Uttley had scored from a typical midfield rolling maul, following a second Scottish penalty goal.

Casting caution aside, Scotland ran every scrap of possession that came their way in thrilling counter-attack. The outcome was unrelenting excitement, wave upon wave of surge and counter, first one way, then the other. It reached its finest expression in Scotland's first try, in which the ball was handled 14 times. Irvine converted and at 23 points to 12 with 20 minutes to go the outcome was now less than certain. But not for long. Another penalty by Hare, and a third try by Carleton (whose hat-trick against Scotland had only previously been matched by Cyril Lowe in 1914) assured England of victory. Yet Scotland were to add the final flourish, with a rare handling combination between the massive second-row Alan Jones and fly-half John Rutherford, whose intuitive brilliance produced the final score.

Thinking back to the England-Wales match, there were many reasons on this great day in Edinburgh for heaving a huge sigh of relief. There was a lot more at stake than a memorable England Grand Slam. There was the reputation, now happily rehabilitated, of the sport

by Nigel Starmer-Smith

It is sad that the most unforgettable moments of international rugby this year were those we would least choose to remember. A repeat performance of the England-Wales confrontation of 1980 could sound the deathknell of the sport. In front of the biggest audience for a rugby match the essential, self-imposed, bounds of self-discipline were broken. Here were players who had played with and against each other many times in comparative peace and harmony now indulging in open warfare. It was not a question of personal animosity, but rather of nationalistic fervour gone mad. It was a match in which neither side (though not necessarily in equal measure) dared contemplate the possibility of defeat. "Winning is everything" appeared to be the underlying creed that sorry day.

There is, however, a better day to remember. The revival of England's fortunes in international competition had taken a long time in coming. England's previous Grand Slam success (victory in all four matches of the Five Nations Championship) had been in 1957, when Eric Evans captained the England team in the days of Butterfield and Davies, Marques and Currie, Jackson, Jeeps and Jacobs. Of the England Grand Slam side of 1980, nine of the players were less than six years old on the day in March, 1957, when England's fourth victory of the season (over Scotland at Twickenham) sealed the triumph.

Since that day, until the opening

match of the 1980 championships, England had played 88 Five Nations matches, winning just 29 of them, with only 11 victories in the last decade.

At the outset of the 1979-80 season the situation could hardly have been deemed promising. England's last championship game of 1979 had resulted in victory for Wales in Cardiff by 27 points to 3, and fourth position in the Five Nations table—despite victory over France. But with a new chairman of selectors, Budge Rogers, and a new coach, Mike Davis, good use was made of the "close season" tour of the Far East, where a new confidence and team identity was instilled, and Bill Beaumont developed as a strong leader.

Once again, though, it looked as though new-found hopes were to be dashed, as England fell feebly to the All Blacks in a dull game in November. But of more significance in retrospect was the power-play and success of Lancashire at that time in the County championship, and their dominant contribution to the magnificent victory of the Northern Division over Graham Mourie's All Blacks, the week before New Zealand met England. Eight of that regional side were ultimately to play in an English jersey during the Grand Slam season.

However, not even the most loyal of supporters could have expected to see England crush the challenge of Ireland (buoyant after victory over Australia the previous summer) as comprehensively as they did in the opening game of the 1980 championship. That victory,

three tries to nil, gave England the spur, and good reason for a hitherto unfounded confidence. Then in Paris the pack triumphed against a curious French selection, as England achieved their first win in France for 16 years. The game against Wales had a significance beyond the fact that England won, but the victory left the final match of the championship season, at Murrayfield, as the one to decide whether or not Bill Beaumont's XV would retain the Calcutta Cup and win the Triple Crown, the championship and the grand slam in one fell swoop. Happily, especially in view of what had preceded it, the climax to the season was to be memorable, for the right reasons; a rugby match to rank with the greatest.

To their advantage, Scotland were to play in front of their home crowd, and they had a back division with ability to produce brilliant attack from broken play, thriving even on very limited possession—with John Rutherford, Jim Renwick and David Johnston in midfield, and Andy Irvine at full-back, whose play in the final 15 minutes against France had transformed defeat into Scotland's first win in 13 consecutive games. But above all Scotland had nothing to lose but the game; the pressure was not on them.

England did not even contemplate adjusting their battle plans for this final encounter, and the team were unchanged from that which had earlier so narrowly beaten Wales. Beaumont was in single-minded mood: "A lot of us have played with so little success for

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THE COUNTIES

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CORNWALL

Photographs by Jerry Mason



There are so many Cornwalls. The county used to be at the back of beyond, or like Queen Claribel—that shadow in the margin of *The Tempest*—ten leagues beyond man's life. Today some of its visitors know it simply as an extended beach, lengths of powder-gold sand beneath the cliffs; a place that rises punctually from the south-western sea round the middle of April and sinks in the ebb of October.

For others, even in these days, it is a sea-coast of literary Bohemia, or a fantasy beleaguered by legend and myth. Piskies can multiply. Tregeagle weaves his ropes of sand. Arthur is with Merlin at Tintagel. From Dozmary Pool on Bodmin Moor and Loe Pool in the far south, hands reach for Excalibur.

That is not all. In fiction this has been an outlier of Cold Comfort. Zadkiel Polwhidden nightly seduces a Jennifer or Loveday under the lew of a cromlech. Plays—fewer of them than there were—used to be in the winding-sheet class, Hardy's "dire duress that vexed

the land of Lyonesse": the key words were doom, gloom and tomb. One example: during the second half of last century Anne Trevanion (*The Dream at Sea*) is buried in a village church on the cliffs. "Soon," a critic reported, "it is evident that she has been buried alive. Launce Linwood, animated by a desire to contemplate once more the form of his beloved, digs up the body; when lo! she sits up in her coffin and finally addresses her lover by his Christian name. The two are made happy, and Black Ralph saves trouble by perishing of an exceptional kind of remorse." No recent revivals, I fear; but not so very long ago we had a stage Cornishwoman who stuck pins into waxen images. Us can be proper primitive down-along.

One more Cornwall, of many, from a guidebook just a century old: "The following objects are calculated to strike the attention by their novelty, viz: porphyry and granite houses; stone

hedges, as they are called, though really stone walls so broad that footpaths run along their tops; teetotal inns." And the people? Well, observe their "love of excitement, and of preaching, or any sort of oratory" and their "utter absence of method in work or business". The helpful man did recognize the problem of local names—out of the West I am still irrevocably labelled "Truin"—and he avoided that most common mistake, the county of Cornwall muddled with the landed estate of the Duchy. A. L. Rowse, historian and scholar, explains: "The popular habit of referring to Cornwall as 'the Duchy'—in the 16th century they called it a 'shire' like any other English shire—is a modern error: it may be compared to what grammarians call 'the transferred epithet'."

For Anne Treneer, from Gorran, the peninsula was a "great rocky scroll, graved by the wind, Cut by the bright blades of the sea." Claude Berry, from

Padstow, who edited the *West Briton*, saw it as shaped like Parson Hawker's sea-boot. The Launceston (or Lanson) poet, Charles Causley, imagines a time—"One day, friend and stranger, The granite beast will rise"—when Cornwall looses itself suddenly from the English mainland and floats away on the water. Always that Cornish sea.

Our only genuine archipelago is the Isles of Scilly, out among its flowers in the track of the sunset; but a West Country editor said to me years ago that Cornwall is itself an archipelago undivided, every village a potential islet, a self-contained republic.

First, as anyone must, I think of the sea and the villages. In childhood, on nights of "coarse weather", I would lie awake listening to the sea, separating and localizing the sounds it made: a furious explosive boom on the full face of the headland 300 yards away; a swoop and a despairing, baffled hiss among the cove's guardian reefs; and a sharp, steady drive along a more ➤

The Cornish sea: fishing off St Clement's Isle.



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Cornwall

distant beach with the debris of a wreck among the surf. I hear the sounds yet. People round the coast, between Penwith and Morwenstow, Rame and The Lizard, have heard them for untold generations: the language of the sea, one of Cornwall's native tongues. It is emphatic in winter, gentler in summer when we used to scramble before breakfast over limpet-crusted slabs, by pools glistening with weed and starred with anemones, to a point where there was nothing to do but mark the curl and shimmer of the tide. That was in June. But eastward, round the corner, somebody had held me up against a glossily wet oilskin jacket to watch the great winter waves arch and tighten, and flotsam from a wrecked Scandinavian timber barque swirl the cliff.

With the Cornish sea go the Cornish cliffs: West Penwith's granite, pinnacled and pillared; the southern serpentine and an agonizing sheer plummet-drop between the Rill and Mullion; Shipman Head, detached from Bryher out in the islands; the prospect from Cambeak, above Crackington Haven, like "the great blackness" in *The Arabian Nights* tale of Prince Agib.

My father, 45 years at sea and trained in sail, would walk on any extreme verge without a glance downward. Away from the cliffs he could be glum. Though for him that was reasonable enough, it is perverse to write off inland Cornwall in a few sour phrases. Fashion suggests that the place is just a grand coastline looped about a void, and I was glad when I got Ivor Brown, not the easiest Scot to persuade, to say how wrong fashion was. Yet he had not ventured far. He had never found the coil of lanes above the oak-shelved, heron-haunted shore of Helford River—my mother's world, Meneage—or penetrated the upper reaches of the Camel or Lynher; never known the by-road village of St Tudy, north of Bodmin; seen Altarnun, or St Germans, or the lands below Caradon; or traced the Fowey valley that "Q" celebrated.

There are so many Cornwalls. Some have always been an acquired taste. Still, whatever industry has done—and it has hardly spared itself—to the Mining Division round Carn Brea or to the White Country of the china-clay burrows, loyalists will stand firm. The Cornish are nothing if not loyal.

Most of the towns, wherever you look for them, are as strongly personal as the villages, and that says a lot: Falmouth, wedded to a harbour that matches Plymouth Sound; Truro, where the poised cathedral, young as cathedrals go, and much under-valued, seems to vanish like a mirage in mid-city; Helston of the "Furry" dance, the Georgian houses, and those lisping runnels down the slant of Coinage Hall Street; the sedate rumple of Bodmin; Lostwithiel that prompted Drinkwater's refrain, "Lostwithiel is found"; frontier Launceston of the castle and the church of St Mary Magdalene; Padstow and St

Cornwall

Area

876,109 acres

Population

417,300

Main towns

Penzance, Camborne, Redruth, Falmouth, Truro, Newquay, St Austell, Bodmin, Saltash

Main industries

Agriculture and fishing; tourism, china clay mining; manufacturing.



Austell, Penzance and Penryn; Fowey, "Q" 's "Troy"—the names chime—clinging to its hill.

We are back with "Q", Arthur Quiller-Couch (not, he would insist, pronounced like a sofa), occasionally an unexpected realist but, far more abundantly, king of Cornish romantics; a man of an acute ear, fastidious allusiveness, leisuredly relish. He began to write when Cornwall in literature was being freshly colonized.

Bodmin-born, he spoke with most assurance, even if it was his own phrase, "the delectable duchy"—evolved during a St Ives walk in 1893—that based a lasting error. Kenneth Grahame, of *The Wind in the Willows* and the Sea Rat, stayed at both Fowey and The Lizard; and Bernard Shaw swam at Cadgwith and Mevagissey. Jennifer, in *The Doctor's Dilemma*, is Cornish: "It's only what you call Guinevere." Very well; but the girl could never have talked of "you east country folk". Shaw had not been listening.

In my own village he was something of a legend. At Cadgwith, close by, he and a friend were rowed out one evening by a fisherman called Jane, of an endeared local family. Soon, so E. V. Lucas said, the man heard his name tossed about and rested on his oars to ask suspiciously what had happened. Nothing: they had got on to Henry Arthur Jones's play, *The Manoeuvres of Jane*, then in London production.

Modern Cornish writers are helpfully diverse: the historian, A. L. Rowse, of All Souls and Trenarren; Charles Causley, the county laureate, faithful to Launceston on the relatively unfretted border; Jack Clemo, paladin of the claylands; Derek Tangye, chronicling in West Penwith; Daphne du Maurier, in the high romantic line. Clearly she was the writer to finish "Q" 's neo-Tristan fragment, *Castle Dor*, just as, long ago, he completed Stevenson's *St Ives*, a name misleadingly Cornish.

In an early book Daphne du Maurier described the central wilds of Bodmin Moor which on a rough night can be alpha and omega, the beginning and the end. Not, let me say, the moor alone: that tingle of isolation is endemic in Cornwall, at any hour or place: at the heart of winter or in the brisk seasonal chaos on the Costa del Newquay. True, it may not be generally noticed. Cornwall, anyway, is a Far End, a mystery that can never be solved too often; every summer visitors swarm across the broad gulf of the Hamoaze estuary, over Brunel's rail bridge to Saltash or on the Tamar road bridge beside it, with the shield of the 15 bezants midway. For the economy's sake, they are welcome. Yet, ungratefully, there must be a gentle sigh when autumn comes and Cornwall is itself again, still "undiscovered".

Probably we can say that of its natives. By now expertly hospitable—and, goodness knows, they have had enough practice—they can be as proud, clanish and independent as their fathers were. Even in 1880 "an utter absence of method in business and work" was eccentric. But much in the old guidebook does hold. Cornishmen thrive on excitement; anyone must feel it after the sway and tumult, flash and outbreak, of a rugby crowd at Redruth. They are eloquent; anybody must agree after service in a village chapel: my pride was a nobly whiskered farmer, "the man with the halo", for whom an hour's sermon without notes was routine. And the theatrical side, "any kind of oratory"? Cornwall may have forgotten the tug between an impulse that created its medieval miracle plays, and the stern puritanism of later centuries; but I cannot forget a village elder, dramatic in voice and mien. He told me, an impressionable six-and-a-half, that if I listened to the "pompous folk" I would lie along with the deadly worm—"there, boy, down there, wriggling in the dust". It was a superb performance; and after an

appreciable gap my guilt lingers.

Strolling players, "the night, the booth, the torches' flare", have not always been disregarded. Read Wilkie Collins, in the Cornwall of 1850, on the Sans Pareil fit-up at Redruth where "the beautiful drama of *The Curate's Daughter*" was announced by "the most talented company in England". These goings-on were a world away from the Minack Theatre, created by Miss Rowena Cade, terraced into a West Penwith cliff at Porthcurno, and used in summer by amateurs from near and far. Behind a crescent stage is the wide, restless plain of the Cornish sea, a backdrop perfect for Tristan and Iseult.

No worries there. Further—my elder would have laughed harshly—young Henry Irving (Johnnie Brodribb), who had a Cornish mother, was cared for 19 miles from our village, by his Penberthy aunt and uncle. That was at Halsetown at the back of St Ives. We hear of Irving's haunted quality. It could have derived from his few formative years in what he told "Q" 's *Cornish Magazine* was a "wild, weird place, with its solitudes, its expanses, the superstitious character of its Cornish people".

They remain "superstitious", granted that they can behave tongue-in-cheek as Anne Treneer did when a tourist tried to patronize her and she gasped out: "I've zeed the piskies, I have." The mature Anne, most sensitive of Cornishwomen, knew that her county had not shed its past. Years mingle, and we need not be among the ancient stones of Penwith, or on the northern moors, to recognize a Cornwall of the double vision. History in my own village existed beside the present. Years in a long calendar were marked by infinitely precise stories of a wreck, a fire, a fallen tree, the collapse of a pit on the downs. The dead—and not the last generations alone—were spoken of so naturally, so intimately, and so often that they seemed to me to be alive. The place glittered with folk-recollections; 200 years ago could be yesterday. One old man, walking the hedge path, could not see a farm or pasture without numbering the centuries.

I think myself of a straight, dusty road in early April. A last hint of sunset; a "jingle", or pony trap, trots across an empty plateau towards the most southern Cornish village. The sea is invisible, but not far distant. It lies on three sides of us; the wind is quick and salt. If, at journey's end, the pony takes to the water, our next stop could be Brazil. In youth all appeared to be incapable of change. Now a naval air station has smothered the fields of my grandfather's farm; grotesque shapes against the sky have grown from science fiction. Not a jingle in sight, though a pony would have the old chance to swim. Cars hurtle on the road; helicopters drone above. My early memory should be fatally blurred, but it is not. The two scenes, like so much else, dwell together. Again and again I have been aware of this double vision, the layers of the palimpsest, the gauze that masks an older, lonelier Cornwall.

What, in a few words, does the



Cornwall

name evoke? Quickly and personally: gulls behind the plough; lynchets on a hillside; fuchsia and tamarisk, sea-pink and mesembryanthemum; a sheen of serpentine and a glint of mica; the vision of the "guarded Mount"; slate tombs of the Reskymers and the Nicolls at St Tudy; a font in Landewednack Church (*Ric. Bolham me fecit*); the round of Restormel Castle; Lemon Street in Truro, primly elegant; "Glorious things of thee are spoken" sung in evening chapel; names on the map, Constantine and Lanteglos and Portloe, Indian Queens and Zennor, St Endellion, St Mabyn, St Veep, Probus and Luxulyan; Treloarren illexes; daybreak at Kynance; the thrust of Tol-Pedn; an overwhelming sense of the past; the eager present; and always the encircling sea.


I can feel our awe as, soundlessly, the masts of the wrecked barque, *Queen Margaret*, Masfield's "frigate-bird white", canted over in wreck on a hot

morning in spring while we watched from a Lizard hedge. Secretly, I try to remember another occasion, a little before my time. That was when listeners on the Rill heard a mutter of guns as every galleon in the Spanish Armada fired a broadside and the sea castles of Medina Sidonia moved up the summer Channel to their doom. Let us call it double vision again; those ships are forever on my Cornish sea, ten leagues beyond man's life ●

So many Cornwalls: the scenic cliffs of Boscastle, above, and the Rill, above right; the oak-shelved, heron-haunted Helford River, centre right; right, Fowey, Quiller-Couch's "Troy"; the view from Cambark, like "the great blackness" in a tale from *The Arabian Nights*; the remains of Cornish tin mines at Carnkie and Carn Brea, Redruth; the village of Cadgwith; and the harbour at Mousehole.

Next month: Phil Drabble's Staffordshire.





'Without!'

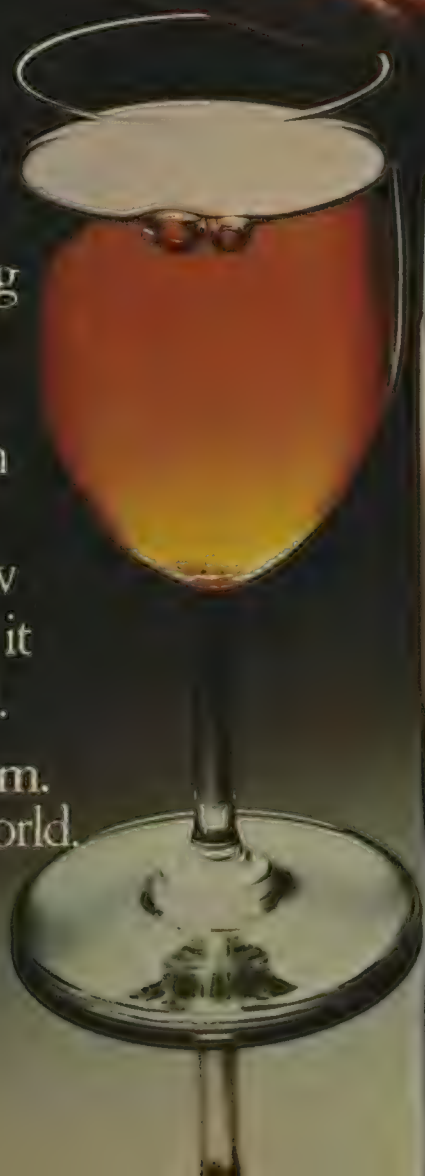
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The spirit of Dufftown

by Andrew Moncur

The spirit lost by evaporation during the manufacture of whisky is known as the angels' dram. And it seems the angels and the workers must at one stage have been consuming malt whisky, dram for dram, at much the same pace in the small and conspicuously sober Scottish community of Dufftown.

Dufftown can claim to be the capital of the malt whisky industry. The town makes whisky and whisky makes the town. Its people live beside the distilleries, go to work beneath their copper pagodas, live, drink and breathe the quickly made and slowly matured end-product. Here, if anywhere in the world, whisky is the water of life.

For the angels there is still whisky galore. But for the distillery workers who once tried their mortal best to match the angels' consumption—to the extent of drinking three hogsheads apiece in a lifetime—the supply has been drastically reduced. There is little that can be done about the angels' dram, vanishing stealthily from the grey stone warehouses which are tightly secured, barred and double-locked against any other form of abscondence of the nation's greatest liquid asset. This heavenly spirit goes off from its oak casks to perfume the glens and the bens and to blacken the trees at the rate of about 2 per cent a year. And, considering that something of the order of 1,100 million proof gallons of Scotch may be lying in stock at any one time, that is an awful lot of whisky to lose.

It is altogether easier to control the flow of malt devoted to keeping up the spirits of the distillery men. In recent memory their working day was punctuated by the issue of generous measures, at full strength, from the brewer's horn. There was a dram to start the day and a dram to finish it—and drams for tasks completed in between the two. Men consuming up to five free measures a day (and more in their own time) could think in terms of multiple 55-gallon hogsheads when totting up their intake over a long career. But all that has changed.

The tightening of the drink and driving laws and the growth of concern about problems related to alcohol have put an end to that fortifying routine. Today employees at William Grant's Glenfiddich distillery, for example, are given bottles of high days and holidays: two at Christmas, two at Easter and another two for their summer break. They do their drinking at home and the title of three-hoggie man is reserved for the pensioners who visit the distillery every week to collect their money—and a dram. And that is it.

The people of Dufftown still appreciate their product. And so does the world at large. The whisky trade has a comfortable saying that people drink when they have something to celebrate and they drink to drown their sorrows. It has to be added that people some-



Curiously grey and unpretentious, Dufftown nestles among rounded hills, seemingly far too clean and wholesome to be the home of a major industry. The town earns hundreds of millions of pounds every year in exports, yet manages to stay remarkably sober. Photographs by Dudley Reed.

times just drink. Fortunately for Britain many throughout the world choose to do so with the spirit originally called in Gaelic *uisge beatha*, the water of life. Some of them may have been persuaded to do so by propaganda distributed freely since 1578, when this description of whisky's properties was published:

"Beyng moderatelie taken, it sloweth age; it strengtheneth youthe; it helpeth digestion; it cutteth fleume; it abandoneth melancholie; it relisheth the harte; it lighteneth the mynde; it quickeneth the spirites; it cureth the hydropsis; it healeth the stranguary; it preserveth the head from whyrling—the eyes from dazeling—the tongue from lispyng—the mouth from snafflyng—the teeth from chattering—the throte from ratlyng—the weasan from stiefling—the stomach from wamblyng—the harte from swellng—the bellie from wirthchyng—the guts from rumbling—the hands from shivering—the sinowes from shrinkyng—the veynes from crumplyng—the bones from soaking—trulie it is a soveraigne liquor if it be orderlie taken."

It also earns Britain an annual £700 million in exports, almost entirely a net gain to the balance of payments, and it contributes another £500 million to the Exchequer in excise duty. Without that income there would be severe snafflying and wamblyng.

That means, simply, that a remarkably modest town like Dufftown is a place of sovereign importance to the nation. Its value and earning capacity are out of all proportion to its size and its unremarkable appearance. It simply does not look the part. It lies

between round-shouldered hills, wearing epaulettes of pine wood, in the rolling landscape of north-east Scotland. From the hills overlooking the town it is a peaceful cluster of small houses, low, grey distillery walls, chimneys, black roofs, pagoda tops on the kilns. In the early morning there is a thin blanket of smoke, like hazy breath in a frost, lying between the trees.

Excise men, the "gaugers" and "watchers" who work inside the distilleries, monitoring every stage of the production and warehousing process, hurry through the streets in dark raincoats, looking like off-duty prison officers. There are heavy bars on the warehouse windows. The town forms up around four main streets laid out as a model community at the beginning of the 19th century, beside the ancient settlement of Mortlach, now absorbed into Dufftown. Holidaymakers, heading for Speyside sporting hotels, might drive through without giving it a second glance, perhaps only noting the familiar names of the manufacturers displayed outside their quiet distilleries.

It is peaceful and clean and sweet smelling. And this is the home of a major industry. The Glenfiddich distillery, which produces and bottles the world's best-selling malt whisky, is not situated in Dufftown by chance. Like the other distilleries in the town it has certain basic requirements—and they have not altered since more robust days when distilling was a freelance activity with numerous occupational hazards. They need the purest mountain water, flowing through peat and over granite, for distilling; they need river water

which can be extracted for washing and cooling the plant; they need skilled labour in comparatively small numbers, following trades which have virtually disappeared elsewhere—hard hammering coopers, coppersmiths, maltmen and stillmen.

Dufftown provides these necessities. And it has also gathered together the industries that support the distiller. At the Banffshire Copper Works, in Balvenie Street, John Grant can pull out the drawings for copper stills that his great-grandfather was making more than a century ago. His clients want the same design today. "They will never change the shape or size. They won't change it because it might change the flavour of the whisky," he said. Malt whisky is like that, surrounding itself in mystery that no amount of scientific sense can dispel.

Across the road Arthur Brown, working in partnership with his brother and brother-in-law, leads a team of coopers producing between 7,000 and 8,000 casks a year. They repair 5,000 to 6,000 on top of that. "The whole town is dependent on the distilleries, one way or the other," he said.

In return Dufftown enjoys a certain muted prosperity, virtually full employment (the whisky industry is reckoned to employ about 400 of the town's 1,700 inhabitants and others work in more or less related trades), a degree of security that is unknown to towns depending for a livelihood on manufacturing industries and, lastly, a rhyming couplet that the inhabitants quote freely to visitors despite the question mark hanging over the accuracy of the verse's central theme. "Rome was built on seven hills," the stranger is liable to be told, "Dufftown stands on seven stills."

Seven stills? Well, first there is the fine Glenfiddich distillery, the only Highland malt distillery to do its own bottling, using for that purpose the same prized water that it extracts from local springs for the original distilling process. William Grant & Sons, the private company whose founder built the distillery in 1886 (using second-hand stills and plant bought for £119 19s 10d), owns 1,200 acres in the area, safeguarding its Robbie Dubh (Black Robbie) and John Gordon springs. It extracts about 100,000 gallons a day from its springs on the Conval Hills, a mile away.

"There is no purification or fluoridation or clarification or any other kind of -ation. It's through peat and over granite," said Major George Combe, the distillery public relations manager, who nurses a private ambition. "One day, when I retire or when I can get Willie Grant to give me a sabbatical, I am going to write a monograph on copper pot stills as an art form," he said. The copper stills, the warm heart of each distillery, vary widely in shape and size from company to company. They are fat, shiny and pleasing. ➡



The spirit of Dufftown

A stone's throw away lies the Balvenie distillery, also owned by William Grant. The two sister distilleries together employ about 200 people and both produce a single malt whisky as well as "fillings", malt whisky destined to be used for mixing with grain whisky to create the blended Scotch that is familiar to consumers all over the world. Single malt is a noble and characterful thoroughbred. It takes from 12 to 15 days to advance from the first stage of malting to distilling to create the spirit. It takes from eight to ten years for the single malt to mature in oak casks to its distinctive final form.

The Glenfiddich and Balvenie malts, prepared by the same company only a few hundred yards from one another, are distinctly different. The explanation is that they come from different shaped stills. Whisky is like that. One authority has recorded an instance in which a still was dismantled and re-erected in another corner of the same distillery. It produced a palpably different spirit.

On the other side of the town is Dufftown-Glenlivet, a well established distillery set in Dullan Glen and drawing its water from a certain Jock's Well. Next

door is its modern sister, Pittyvaich-Glenlivet. Both distilleries are owned by Bell's. And that makes four.

The oldest distillery in Dufftown is Mortlach, built in 1823, probably on the site of a smuggling bothy, within the sight of the historic Mortlach church. In that churchyard stands a gaunt stone popularly believed to commemorate the spot where King Malcolm II (Malcolm Big Head) defeated a party of Danes in 1010. There is also, just for the record, a little watch-house near by where relatives would stay to guard their dear departed from the bodysnatchers. For all that, the Mortlach distillery remains unmoved, keeping body and soul together by producing its own single malt and fillings used in Johnnie Walker, Haig, Dewar's and White Horse, which are no doubt sold to Danes today.

Mr Robert Thomson, the distillery manager, produces 38,000 litres a week there, and he has no doubt about the importance of the industry to the town: "If it was not for the distilleries Dufftown people just would not have jobs. It is the distilleries which keep Dufftown going," he said. Similarly, the place suits the distillers. His plant is owned by the Distillers Company and so are the Glenullan distillery, built in 1897, (which produces slightly more) and the Convalmore distillery, built in 1894, ➡



At the Glenfiddich distillery the centuries-old skills of the cooper, top left, contrast with the modern technology of the stills, top right. The distillery's pensioners, above, are still known as three-hoggie men. Centre, the Customs and Excise has had a long relationship with the town, and its staff are part of the community.



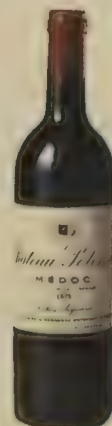
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The spirit of Dufftown

(which produces about the same volume). That makes seven.

But then there is the Allta'Bhainne, owned by Chivas, a subsidiary of Seagrams of Canada, a comparatively new distillery whose first whisky is expected to emerge from the warehouses this year. And the Parkmore remains intact, although that is no longer used as a distillery and now serves as a warehouse for the Distillers Company.

Anyway, whichever way you look at it, there are more than seven stills in Dufftown. From time to time there have been many more. And the excise men would like to have known where, precisely, they were hidden.

Dufftown's single most imposing public building is the clock tower which stands at the junction of the town's four main streets. It was built, in a rather grand gothic style, in 1839 and it has served variously as the town jail, fish market, burgh chambers and now as the local museum. Each day the excise men walk past it, as they have done for as long as anybody can remember. Once, during the last war, one of them was passing by and noticed that something was wrong. The outcome is now recorded in the museum: "Unfortunately one day the clock stopped and one of the excise men insisted on repairing it. When he went upstairs he discovered this illicit still..."

Miss Meta Grant, 79-year-old granddaughter of William Grant, founder of the Glenfiddich distillery, lives close by and she recollects meeting the surveyor of excise out after dark, sniffing the air in the centre of town. "He used to go out at night and say: 'I know there's a still in Balvenie Street—but I can't find it'."

If illicit distilling is now going on under the noses of the revenue men a lot of people in Dufftown would be very surprised. The great days of the still in the heather are over. In the 1820s stills were being confiscated at the rate of 14,000 a year in Scotland and there is really no reason to suppose that Dufftown was left out of it. Since then a curious relationship has built up between the excise men and the distillery staff with whom they live and work.

Until recently the distillers were expected to provide homes for the gaugers and watchers who were sent in to oversee their operations. These men are still omnipresent. Every warehouse door has a Crown lock and a trader's lock, so that the excise man, with his key, must accompany the company man, with his, whenever the building is to be entered. It is like having an income tax inspector sitting beside your office desk.

At Glenfiddich, for instance, there are permanently based two excise officers (gaugers) and nine revenue assistants (watchers). "There must be a slight reserve. They are in our premises but not in our pocket," said Major Combe.

In a sense the close attention of the Customs and Excise is the finest form of quality control that the industry could

wish for itself. There is no latitude, everything must be exactly right. Nothing finds its way over the factory wall.

The relationship has also given rise to a sort of grim humour. Dufftown people like the story of the old recidivist in the highlands, making his death-bed confession, who was asked by his priest if he had ever done anything—just anything—that could be mentioned in his favour. The old man thought and replied: "Well, I did once shoot a gauger." It is the sort of story you are likely to hear when somebody invites you in for a dram and a blither.

The excise men are part of the life of the town. At Dufftown British Legion Club, on Burns's Night, the haggis was piped in by Alex Fraser, pipe major of Dufftown and District Pipe Band, resplendent in his Fraser tartan and glengarry with a black cock's feather. At other times he is a revenue assistant based at Glenfiddich. "This is a small community and we have to live together. You can be hated and you can be loved," he said. And then he can be another malt.

Councillor Winston McKenzie, Dufftown's representative on Moray District Council, is a retired excise officer. In his council role he still cannot overlook the importance of the whisky industry's revenue—about a fifth of Moray's rateable value is met by the distillers. That does not take account of the associated firms. He is, of course, fully aware of the industry's contribution to the national economy. And at times it is hard not to look around to see what Dufftown receives in return. "We don't get anything extra back. Not a sausage," he said. "Because of all the extra duty that comes out of the area and because of all the export potential and all the dollars that come, there should be special consideration for this area."

Tom Glen, the town pharmacist and the last provost of Dufftown before that dignity disappeared beneath the road roller of local government reorganization, has come to the same conclusion. "We get no more and no less than any other place. We don't get any special treatment," he said.

But what more could Dufftown want? It has Episcopal, Roman Catholic and Church of Scotland churches, a post office, tennis courts, a bowling green, a fire station manned by part-timers, a police station, a primary school, a cottage hospital and a library that opens three times a week. There are three buses a day to Elgin and at least two every weekday to Keith. And a train service operates to bring in the malt. There is bingo every Tuesday at the old Picture House with a haggis supper for 34p. Eyes down, 8pm.

And all the time the real work of the town is going on, silently. In the oak casks behind the locked warehouse doors, night and day, year after year. It is an industry that does little to harm the Highlands in which it is set. In short, it takes a little water and adds a little to life. And that is really the way they like it in Dufftown.

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Cookham Dean

by E. R. Chamberlin

The Berkshire countryside made a lasting impression on the young Kenneth Grahame. This shy, romantic man captured its lush setting brilliantly in fantasies that, for adults as well as children, are as appealing today as they were when he created them.

Photographs by Tim Graham.



Like the seven cities that each claim to be the birthplace of Homer, it seems that every Thames-side village from Cookham to Goring claims to be the birthplace of *The Wind in the Willows*.

At Cookham they point out proudly the willows that give the title to the book; Wild Wood is confidently located at Hartslock Wood, just above Pangbourne, and at Quarry Wood, Cookham Dean. Toad Hall is any one of three or four handsome period houses near the river. At Pangbourne, Kenneth Grahame's last home, the myth-making process has reached extremes for the Swan Inn there proclaims: "It is said that Kenneth Grahame wrote much of *The Wind in the Willows* in the bar."

Apart from the fact that the book was published nearly a quarter of a century before he took up residence at Pangbourne in 1924, the idea of the shy Grahame composing his exquisitely chiselled prose in a pub (like Chesterton

The archetypal village of Cookham Dean, set high on the Thames-side hills.

dashing off a ballad between bottles) belongs strictly to the realms of fantasy.

Nevertheless, the temptation to "fix" this immortal story, and to fix it in this particular locality, is strong. For Grahame's fantasies were distillations of reality—and this stretch of the Thames was, of all places, his homeland and his heartland. He was a Scot by birth, an official of the Bank of England by profession, he knew London well and in time came to know and love Cornwall and Italy. But Berkshire was his lodestone. He was five years old when, in 1864, his mother died and his distraught father sent him and his siblings to their grandmother in Cookham Dean. They lived there for only two years but something about the place struck a chord so deeply in the child's soul that, in due course, it dominated the man's. When, as an adult, he was

obliged to take up domestic responsibilities he settled his wife and son in a house a few hundred yards from that childhood home high up on the hill of Cookham Dean.

The whole area is like an island. To the south it is, as it were, sealed off by the urban sprawl of Maidenhead. A railway chugs its way through, passing the beautiful little riverside township of Cookham on one side and the hill village of Cookham Dean on the other before crossing the river and ending, almost absent-mindedly, at Marlow (and irresistibly you are reminded of the railway and the kindly engine-driver who assisted Toad's desperate escape). In the north, running in a great bow, is the Thames—far enough from cities to be given over mostly to pleasure, but far enough, too, from its source to be an imposing highway. The land rises abrupt-

ly, dramatically, on the Berkshire or southern side. Crossing the river at Marlow Bridge and climbing the immense green shoulder of Winter Hill is like approaching and ascending the ramparts of a castle.

Behind these great green defences is a confusion of little lanes and hills. The map does not help much: impartially it labels the whole complex as Cookham Dean and the unwary traveller, knowing the English preference for building in the valleys rather than on the hill-tops, might well wear himself out looking for the village at the lower levels. But the village is built on a height. A rough track winds upward, past the grey-white face of a chalk quarry, and at the top is Cookham Dean, the archetypal English village with church, pub, green, and houses linked informally.

The villagers here tend to remember their most famous resident less for the story with which the rest of the



Buchanan's: the Scotch of a lifetime



Cookham Dean

world associates him than for an odd little tale, *Bertie's Escapade*, which he spun for his young son. Bertie is an enterprising pig who, with two companions, takes a lift (operated by a mole) up through the quarry to sing Christmas carols to the wealthy citizens at the top. Their caterwauling is so appalling that they are chased back home—but they finish happily with an intemperate supper. It is not a well-known story and the fact that its memory is alive at Cookham Dean, and linked to the quarry that started it, is evidence of the affection in which its author is still held.

There is a curiously contrasting spaciousness and intimacy about this hill-top village. Looking out, the vistas open up for mile upon mile, but when you look inward you are absorbed immediately into the comfort and protection of a human community. Here, if anywhere, was the locality in which the five children of *Dream Days* and *The Golden Age* roamed, the locality of Grahame's childhood which, returning through the alchemy of memory, enabled him to produce these two slender books that instantly brought him fame and the beginning of fortune.

Peter Green, in his biography of Kenneth Grahame, makes the penetrating observation: "After *The Golden Age* and *Dream Days* . . . the fictional child was never quite the same again." In place of the mawkishly sentimental children of his immediate literary fore-

bears, Grahame had introduced the sinewy toughness of the real child. He shares, with Richmal Crompton, the ability not merely to enter, but to recall and reproduce the different scale of a child's world, and to capture the cadences of a child's speech. But where Richmal Crompton's *William* stories with their convoluted, somewhat mechanistic plots are indubitably meant for the young, *Dream Days* and *The Golden Age* are about, but certainly not for, children. The 30 or so little stories are inconsequential. Nothing much happens in them: a governess leaves, an uncle arrives, a punishment is earned. Their characters are stamped with their class and period: they could only be upper-middle-class Edwardian children living in a well-groomed countryside. But behind the trivialities and behind the period costume is the unchanging world of the child, fixed in its rigid hierarchy.

It is possible to deduce their ages from internal evidence. Edward, the eldest and the tribal leader, is about 12 for he is still young enough to enjoy playing at bears but is also on the brink of going to boarding school. His despatch thither, indeed, brings the "golden age" to an end. Selina, his immediate junior, is old enough to be troubled by ladylike impulses, but is still the tribe's authority on every aspect of the Royal Navy. The stout-hearted, obedient but imaginative Harold is perhaps eight years old, while Charlotte is the eternally imposed-upon younger sister. She speaks for all small sisters everywhere when she declines Edward's

invitation to be the pilgrim while he himself is the chained-up lion: "No, thank you. You'll be chained up till I'm quite close to you and then you'll be loose and you'll tear me in pieces and make my frock dirty and perhaps you'll hurt me as well. I know your lions."

And the narrator, the "I" of the stories, can only be Grahame himself, usually on a level with his supposed peer-group but occasionally stepping out of character to explain or lament, the grown man looking back yearningly on the golden age, trying to enter again into the gossamer world of childhood and succeeding in doing so for the space of the story.

The genesis of *The Wind in the Willows* was partly in Cookham Dean, in the handsome new house called "Mayfield" that Grahame rented for his family. From here it is scarcely a stone's throw to the quarry up which Bertie and his friends ascended under the guidance of a mole, and little more than five minutes' walk to the heart of Cookham Dean itself which laid so strong a spell on him. Yet curiously no element of the village appears in *The Wind in the Willows*. It is as though the great green wall of Winter Hill acted as a psychological as well as a physical barrier, separating the dream world of the children from the fantasy world of the animals. According to Grahame's wife, Elspeth, the story began with a series of bedtime tales to their little son, Alastair, nicknamed Mouse, and she records a remark of one of their servants who, asked the whereabouts of the Master, replied:

Quarry Wood, identified as the Wild Wood that "darkly framed the water-meadows on one side of the river".

"He's with Master Mouse, Madam, telling him some ditty or other about a toad." During a holiday, Grahame continued the story in a series of letters to the child. After Grahame's death, Elspeth published them with some biographical material, under the title *First Whispers of the Wind in the Willows* and it is almost eerie to see the manner in which the spontaneous story foreshadowed the polished public version which was to follow.

In neither the letters nor the book is there any overt reference to the Thames. Indeed, if Grahame had any specific model in mind it was probably the Fowey river in Cornwall. The subsequent firm identification of the story with the Thames—an identification which even he seemed to accept towards the end of his life—owes everything to the gifted illustrator, E. H. Shepherd.

The Wind in the Willows presents an almost insuperable problem to the illustrator, for its characters shift confusingly in and out of reality. The famous complaint of *The Times's* reviewer—"As a contribution to natural history, the work is negligible"—has a certain perverse logic about it. At one level Grahame might fairly be called a romantic, as opposed to a scientific, naturalist. Elspeth tells how he chanced on an extraordinary duel between a robin and a mole fighting for a worm and how he captured the mole ➤



Cookham Dean

to show his son. His characters are therefore based on carefully observed, wild creatures.

But at another level they are equally well observed specimens of Edwardian bachelors of independent means, varying from the wealthy Toad (whose father undoubtedly made his pile on the Stock Exchange) to Mole who, you feel, inherited his cosy little home from a maiden aunt. Illustrator after illustrator who tried to combine these two orders of reality came to grief. Even so talented

an artist as Arthur Rackham, seeking to show Rat and Mole in the latter's home, turned them into rather horrible whiskered and hairy giants, incongruous in their suburban background. In the hands of less talented artists Toad, in particular, suffered very badly, emerging as a nightmarish creature with gaping mouth and witch-like talons.

E. H. Shepard solved the problem by subtly altering scale and balance so that the characters, while definitely animal, are also human. Rat's summer outfit of white shirt and the crumpled, shapeless hat that can still be seen worn by elderly oarsmen on the river seems perfectly

natural on him, though he is indubitably a rat. Shepard did not fall into the usual trap of turning Badger into a country gentleman but rather dressed him as a gamekeeper or farmer whose good but shabby tweeds are an ideal extension of his personality. And though Toad, in his loud checks, is a Horatio Bottomley figure, he is also unquestionably a member of the order *Biota*.

Grahame was living at Pangbourne when Shepard visited him to discuss illustrating the book. Peter Green quotes the artist's account of the conversation he had with the aging author: "He listened patiently while I told him what I

hoped to do. Then he said: 'I love these little people: be kind to them.' He told me of the river near by: of the meadows where Mole broke ground that spring morning; of the banks where Rat had his house; of the pools where Otter hid; and of Wild Wood way up on the hill above the river..."

Certainly, by 1930 Grahame seems to have located *The Wind in the Willows* along the Thames and Shepard made that link indissoluble. Whatever doubts there may be about the origins of Rat's home, or the location of Wild Wood, there is none whatsoever about the model for Toad Hall. In one of the

set pieces of the book, where Badger, Rat and Mole are preparing to incarcerate Toad in his home for his own good, Shepard used the east front of Mapledurham House for his full-page illustration. The Tudor building, with the tiny village clustered at its side, is a remarkable survival barely a mile or so from the sprawl of Reading. No bridge or ferry crosses here, no main road approaches; the beautiful little enclave containing church, mill, lock and house dreams on, unchanged since that day when the unsuspecting Toad swaggered in his goggles and gaiters down the steps of Toad Hall.

The Wind in the Willows magically evokes riparian life through the seasons—its flora and fauna, its sights and smells. Grahame describes the river as a "sleek, sinuous, full-bodied animal, chasing and chuckling, gripping things with a gurgle and leaving them with a laugh, to fling itself on fresh playmates that shook themselves free, and were caught and held again. All was a-shake and a-shiver—glints and gleams and sparkles, rustle and swirl, chatter and bubble... a babbling procession of the best stories in the world, sent from the heart of the earth to be told at last to the insatiable sea."



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Writers' houses by Paul Hogarth 12: D. H. Lawrence's house

In the summer of 1915, shortly before their departure for Zennor in Cornwall, D. H. Lawrence and his wife Frieda lived in the ground-floor flat of number 1 Byron Villas, Vale of Health, NW3. During this period he was trying, with his friend Middleton Murry, to establish a critical magazine, and it was from across Hampstead Heath that the Lawrences witnessed the first big Zeppelin attack on London, described in his novel *Kangaroo*.



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Photographer of movement

by Hilton Tims

Eadweard Muybridge was born 150 years ago in Kingston-upon-Thames, and died there in 1904, but spent most of his life in America where he became a celebrated photographer. His pioneering experiments in photographing movement, which laid the cornerstone of cinematography, brought him public acclaim on both sides of the Atlantic. He is known today as the "father of the motion picture".

On May 4, 1880, gentlemen of the San Francisco Press assembled at the Art Association rooms on Pine Street for a preview of a lecture series to be given in the coming weeks. A canvas screen had been set up. About 40 feet away from it stood a bulky apparatus of wood and metal, the name of which would cause small frowns of concentration as they spelt it out: a zoopraxiscope.

They would have some trouble, too, noting down the equally eccentric name of its inventor, a handsome, prophet-like man with intense, deep-set eyes and undisciplined beard. They knew Eadweard Muybridge already as a celebrated photographer and they anticipated something newsworthy from his Press call, since he had, in the past, caused a stir in California with his pioneering sequential methods of photographing horses while they were in motion. What this extraordinary man proceeded to demonstrate, however, astounded even the hard-boiled reporters of the Barbary Coast.

The pictures themselves moved. Across the screen, thrown on to it in a cone of light from the weird machine, horses trotted, athletes ran and jumped, seagulls flew.

The Daily Alta California would later comment: "Mr Muybridge has laid the foundation of a new method of entertaining people and we predict that his instantaneous photographic magic-lantern zoetrope will make the round of the civilized world."

It was an epoch-making prophecy. For the first time in America, an audience had witnessed the miracle of the motion picture—though even *The Daily Alta's* crystal ball did not extend to foreseeing the impact that crude demonstration would have on the life of California in 20 years' time.

Eadweard Muybridge was just past his 50th birthday on that May day and well disposed to enjoy the fame and lionizing about to envelop him after a career that seemed almost custom-made for the Hollywood melodrama which was to be a by-product of his invention.

He was born at Kingston-upon-Thames on April 9, 1830, 150 years ago, the son of John and Susannah Muggeridge; and baptized plain Edward James. His father was a corn-chandler provisioning the river-boats which tied up at the busy wharves immediately behind the family home at 30 West-by-Thames (now High Street). It was a moderately prosperous business and family life was comfortable. Edward, however, appears to have been born with a questing spirit, untypical of the



Eadweard Muybridge, top, turned his camera on many facets of human and animal motion, photographing athletes in every type of physical activity.

Muggeridge clan, which, as he grew older, needed more scope for expression than a busy but essentially small-town environment could provide.

Quiet, unstimulating as Victorian Kingston may have been for a youth of his ambition and imagination, it could look back, nevertheless, on a rich and colourful past, and the romantic streak in Edward Muggeridge's nature found a significant outlet in its royal traditions.

In 1850, when he was 20, the town's long-neglected Coronation Stone, on which seven Saxon kings had been crowned, was retrieved from an overgrown garden and ceremonially set up on a site in the Market Place, a stone's throw from the Muggeridge house. On it were inscribed the names of the seven kings, including those of Eadweard the Elder and Eadweard the Martyr. From that time, Edward Muggeridge became Eadweard Muggeridge. Muybridge was an unexplained conceit that would take another decade to evolve.

The name-change was a first step in breaking out of the conformity in which he had grown up. Paradoxically, he loved his home town and, indeed, would return to it for the last years of his life, but, with the single-mindedness which was to be one of his most distinctive characteristics, he realized it could not contain his energy and ambition.

In 1852 he sailed for America. His early *émigré* years are shadowy but by 1855 he had settled in San Francisco, boisterous, lawless and still in the grip of Gold Rush fever. He arrived there as agent for a book firm, the London Printing and Publishing Company, a business which would inevitably bring him into contact with the studios and galleries then making photography such a lively art in San Francisco.

He seems to have prospered but after five years of book-selling, following disagreements with the parent company, he decided to return to England for a family visit. The year 1860 was to be crucial to his career, his health and, indeed, the rest of his life. Crossing the United States he had got as far as Texas when the stagecoach overturned. He was thrown out and seriously injured.

The accident was to open the way to his place in history. He continued his journey under medication and was treated in London by Queen Victoria's physician Sir William Gull who, for the sake of his future health, recommended him to pursue an active outdoor life. In the mid 1860s the former Edward Muggeridge returned to San Francisco as Eadweard Muybridge, professional photographer.





Connoisseurship



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Photographer of movement

His first success was not long in materializing. No doubt mindful of Gull's advice, he spent five summer months of 1867 in the largely unexplored Yosemite Valley taking an impressive series of scenic views. On publication the portfolio quickly became a best-seller and established Muybridge as a San Francisco celebrity.

The subject and quality of these pictures soon brought him a commission from the US Army (and the title of "Official Photographer of the United States Government") to accompany a survey expedition to Alaska, newly acquired from Russia, and make a complete photographic record of the territory. His pictures, secured under incredibly difficult Arctic conditions, were an unparalleled achievement. Muybridge's reputation was established.

Back in San Francisco, he found time to marry at the age of 42. His bride, Flora Stone, was 21 years his junior and a *divorcée*. The marriage, turbulent from the start, was not made smoother by his constant absences on photographic ex-

cursions into the Californian wilds.

While he was away in the north, making a fascinating record of the Modoc Indian war, Flora took a lover, an English con-man named Harry Larkyns. Muybridge remained ignorant of the *affaire* and of Larkyns until, in 1874, Flora gave birth to a child which he realized he could not have fathered. The midwife who had attended the birth (and not been paid by Larkyns) supplied him with all the evidence he needed, including compromising letters from the missing lover. Muybridge tracked him down to the remote Yellow Jacket ranch-house in the hills, called him out and shot him dead.

He spent the next five months in jail awaiting trial, during which time Flora tried unsuccessfully to divorce him—perversely on the grounds of infidelity—but in February, 1875, he was acquitted of murder. Only five months later Flora died and the child, Florado, was placed in an orphanage, although Muybridge supported him until he reached manhood.

To exorcize the memory of an experience that had turned his hair and beard white, he now threw himself single-mindedly into his work and embarked

on the great innovative phase of his photographic career.

First, he mounted an expedition into Central America and accumulated a graphic record of life in Guatemala and Panama (the entire Panamanian army was paraded for his camera). Back home he undertook an astonishing sequence of photographs which, once joined, created a complete panorama of San Francisco, invaluable now as a detailed study of the city as it was before the 1906 earthquake.

Throughout this period the experiments that would eventually find him a place in history books as "father of the motion picture" were germinating.

In 1872, Leland Stanford, a railroad magnate and former Governor of California, had commissioned Muybridge to photograph his famous veteran trotting horse *Occident*. Legend has it—and Muybridge himself never attempted to refute it—that Stanford had bet a friend \$25,000 that at one stage of a trotting horse's stride all four feet were clear of the ground, and enlisted Muybridge's camera skills to prove it.

Muybridge became fascinated by the challenge of photographing speed. According to a newspaper report, he

Muybridge extended still photographs into a sequence of continuous action.

requisitioned every available bed-sheet in the neighbourhood to rig a white backcloth for the track. At first, experimenting with shutter speeds and tripwires, he obtained only faint images but, infinitesimally, he was working towards the technique of "freezing" an action photograph which would lay the cornerstone of cinematography.

Stanford was well pleased with the results of his commission and there the experiments might have ended. But Muybridge was fired with the idea of extending still photographs into a continuous action sequence. In the process of proving Stanford's theory—and presumably winning him his bet—his pictures invalidated the eye of every great artist who had depicted horses in motion since the dawn of time. A trotting horse's hooves were, indeed, all clear of the ground for a fraction of a stride. Art experts, outraged at such temerity, declared the pictures were fakes.

His retort was to perfect a projector for throwing the images on to a screen and sustaining an unbroken motion of a horse trotting at a speed of ➡

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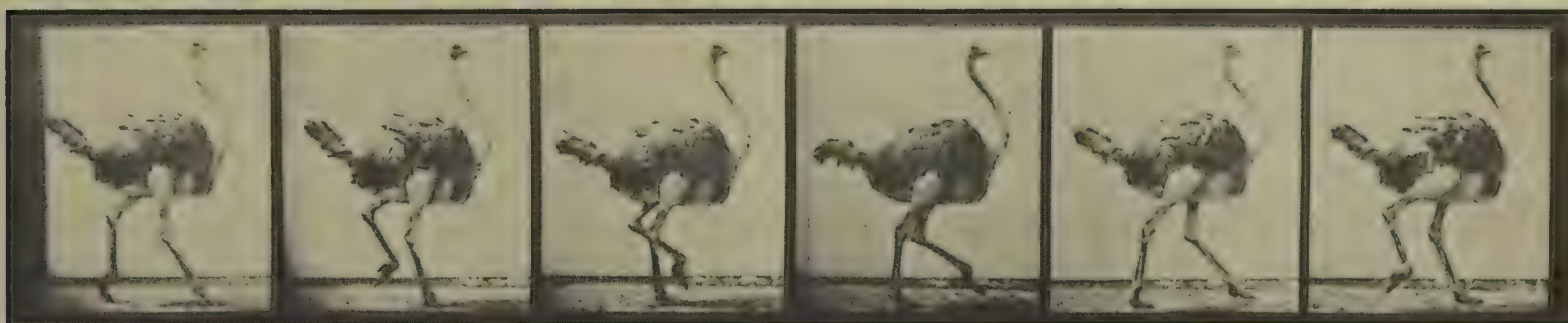
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Photographer of movement

36 feet per second. That demonstration in San Francisco created a sensation.

Even so, it was not, in fact, the first time moving pictures had been projected on to a screen. That distinction had gone in 1876 to a Mr A. J. Rudge in Bath, Somerset, who had invented the Bio-Phantoscope. But it was Muybridge's development of electrically controlled shutters which established the principles of the cinema camera and, simultaneously, his revolutionary process of projecting images with rotating disc instead of individual slides which led to today's cinema projector.

The public clamoured to see his "motion pictures". Lecture tours took him all over America and Europe. When he appeared at the Royal Institute in London the Prince of Wales, at his own request, took the chair and the audience included five princesses and the Duke of Edinburgh. The books he published

were instant best-sellers.

A group of Philadelphia businessmen pledged \$5,000 to sponsor elaborate new experiments at the University of Pennsylvania, and ended up paying out more than \$40,000! But they seemed to have got their money's worth. A newspaper reported: "... Mr Muybridge was enabled to portray on the canvas the movements of different animals, going at all gaits. One interesting picture was that of a horse jumping hurdles, another was that of a man turning somersaults on the back of a horse going at full speed. These innovations in the art of the magic lantern were received with admiration."

No facet of human or animal locomotion seems to have escaped his cameras at this time. He photographed athletes in every conceivable physical activity, women at the washtub or spanking a child or climbing into bed, birds in flight, camels at the gallop...

In 1880 he envisaged the principle of the "talkie" by suggesting to Thomas Edison that the zoopraxiscope and the

phonograph could be linked "so as to combine and reproduce simultaneously in the presence of an audience visible actions and audible sounds together". The idea proved impracticable because Edison's phonograph was then not yet powerful enough to be heard throughout a large auditorium.

But, ironically, it was Edison's own invention of the kinetoscope, capable of using extended perforated film much as we know it today, which eventually dampened public interest in Muybridge's equipment. At the Chicago Exhibition of 1893, his Zoopraxographical Hall was sited ignominiously among the sideshows and attracted few visitors. He accepted his demise philosophically, but by the end of the century his inventiveness was spent.

He left America for the last time in 1900, neatly rounding off his life-cycle by returning home to Kingston. He bought a house, No 2, Liverpool Road, where he contented himself with creating a show-piece garden, for which he imported exotic plants and built with his

By joining a sequence of photographs, top, Muybridge was able to produce a panorama of San Francisco. Centre and above, among his studies of motion are demonstrations of an ostrich's gait and the human lifting action.

own hands a replica of the Great Lakes. The house, together with his sago palms and a ginkgo tree, still stands.

Eadweard Muybridge died on May 8, 1904, 24 years almost to the day after he had astonished the world's first "cinema" audience. In his will he left his zoopraxiscope, scrapbooks, photographs and plates to Kingston Library, together with the income from £3,000 and a stipulation that the projector must never leave his native town.

The condition has been honoured. The unwieldy, yet handsome, machine that opened the way to the most popular mass entertainment the world has ever known is the key exhibit of Kingston Museum, forming the centrepiece of a permanent Muybridge display. The Science Museum has only a replica ●



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Mound excavation in Guernsey

by Ian Kinnes

The author, who is Assistant Keeper, Department of Prehistoric and Romano-British Antiquities, British Museum, describes excavations on Guernsey which have revealed the remains of a major settlement in a form previously unknown west of the Paris Basin.

In 1978 John and Cherry Lihou of the Société Guernesiaise reported the discovery of a dolmen which had been revealed by a gorse fire in the north of the island. At first this was met with disbelief: Guernsey after all was the home base of the remarkable Lukis family who had, throughout the 19th century, systematically explored and recorded all aspects of the island's antiquities. Furthermore, although megalithic tombs are among the most spectacular and enduring monuments of prehistoric Europe, new and, particularly, intact examples seemed too much to hope for. In the event the Lihous were right: the site was new, intact and Neolithic; it was not, however, a dolmen. The reality now emerging is far more exciting.

As such obvious features of the landscape, megalithic tombs have stimulated antiquarian speculation and research since the earliest times. Equally, they have been a prime target for stone-robbers and a recurrent hindrance to agriculture, and their survival rate is not high. As reliable artifact quarries for collectors' cabinets most were plundered in the days before scientific recording became essential to archaeology. The opportunities offered by a new site were therefore significant.

The prospect was enhanced by the physical position of Guernsey. It lies at the axis of monumental tomb distribution stretching from Scania to Almeria and close to the rich and extraordinary concentration in Brittany. At the same time, as an island it offers the possibilities of testing the effects of insular invention *versus* external influences and of archaeology in detail in microcosm.

Excavations have so far occupied some nine weeks spread over two spring seasons in 1979 and 1980. The work is financed by the Ancient Monuments Committee of the States of Guernsey which is to be commended for its courage and perception in launching and maintaining such a project. Invaluable support, advice and assistance has come from many bodies and individuals, including the Société Guernesiaise, the L'Ancrese Common Committee and the British Museum. The site lies on L'Ancrese Common in north-west Guernsey. It is only 6 metres above sea level, but in the Neolithic period the area would have been an inland plateau overlooking rich agricultural land now lost beneath as much as 10 fathoms of sea. The "natural, untouched" gorse and bracken of the heath and its deep sand

cover date only from medieval times and mask a fertile, loess soil. When originally settled, therefore, some five and a half millennia ago, the area is likely to have been densely forested and prime land for clearance and cultivation by the first farmers.

The sequence of activity established by excavation is long and complex and has at most stages provided real surprises. Initial examination of a trial section cut by the Société Guernesiaise in 1978 suggested that the site would compare closely with other known monuments: a circular mound defined by stone kerbing and concealing a megalithic chamber, similar to tombs near by such as Le Déhus or La Varde.

The first activity on the site, dateable to the earlier fourth millennium BC, provided the initial departure from predictions. Pits and post-holes reveal the existence of a farming settlement associated with a rich inventory of pottery, flintwork and ornaments attributable to the Cerny group. Such material was previously unknown on Guernsey and in the far west had previously been found only on two sites in Jersey. The Cerny group is a likely candidate for the role of initial farming colonizers of north-west France, and is thus critically important for all that was to follow from the introduction of food production and permanent settlement. This also seems to be the first evidence for a sea-going component in that first colonizing thrust. Little of the settlement area has so far been investigated, but the prospects for the recovery of a major settlement of a form unknown west of the Paris Basin are most encouraging.

The settlement was abandoned and a sufficient period elapsed for a turf-line to conceal its traces. At this point, perhaps after an interval of 200 years, the site assumed a new mortuary and ritual function. Again the features revealed were novel and unexpected. To date they consist of two small cairns of slabs and boulders, sub-rectangular in plan and pyramidal in section. One had been levelled at an early stage, perhaps to provide material for the second. The latter was intact and covered a small corbelled cist with single capstone roofing; an erect slab or menhir stood at one end of the cairn. The cist was empty, but in the ruins of the first cairn were fragments of a stone bracelet and sherds of an extraordinary decorated pot. The decoration recalls the impressed Cerny style, but around the shoulder ran a



The so-called dolmen as first revealed in 1978 after a gorse fire.



The mound on L'Ancrese Common seen after vegetation had been cleared away.

frieze of raised circles and trumpet-shaped lug handles, both features unmatched elsewhere. Such cairns are so far known only from southern Brittany, as seen in the classic Manio mound. Their appearance in Guernsey was unexpected, as is the evidence for a very early date. One school of archaeological thought suggests that small monuments of this kind were formative of the entire chambered tomb phenomenon. Their associations and stratigraphic position at Les Fouaillages are thus important.

These cairns were covered by a new monument, associated with pottery of Chassey style and attributable to the end of the fourth millennium. Again the format is exceptional: a trapezoidal mound some 15 metres in length had been constructed from cut turves. It was defined on both sides, but not at the rear, by a revetment of slab and boulder construction, and at the east end by a monumental façade of close-set, vertical slabs. At the centre of this façade a gap is filled with piled rubble and seems to be the blocking of the original mortuary chamber. On current evidence this chamber is of wood or turf and is not the megalithic structure that was expected. Its investigation awaits resumption of

excavations.

This long mound was kept in repair over several hundred years, the revetment walls having been rebuilt up to three times and the façade itself perhaps remodelled. The use of the chamber for communal burial presumably spans the same period. Some time about the middle of the third millennium BC, the chamber was infilled and its entrance carefully blocked. The façade was concealed by an elaborate construction of turves and boulders incorporating considerable quantities of the late Chassey pottery and stone artifacts.

Shortly afterwards the top of the mound was utilized for yet another unique structure. A central timber building, supported by large posts, was surrounded by five concentric horseshoes of massive, recumbent boulders extending over the forecourt blocking. The structure was rebuilt at least twice on a rectangular plan. As yet no evidence of function is forthcoming but it may have been a shrine or mortuary house.

Somewhere around 2000 BC this building was dismantled and in the cavity left by one withdrawn post was a spectacular votive deposit of eight fine barbed and tanged arrowheads, ➤➤➤



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four of which are of Grand Pressigny flint from central France. At the same time the original mound was enclosed by another of stacked turves whose shape and size is as yet unknown.

The archaeology of the site did not stop here. Around the time of Christ the mound was used for the alignment of enclosure ditches apparently defining an organized field system and associated with early Gallo-Roman pottery. These ditches were cleaned and maintained over a long period, perhaps into early medieval times.

These fields and the mound were finally inundated by major sand-blows forming a massive sand-dune which concealed everything, leading to the establishment of the present heathland vegetation and the end of agricultural use after perhaps 5,000 years.

In more recent times some minor disturbances can be related to the activities of the Guernsey militia as well as sporadic digging for rabbits. During the German Occupation the site was fortunate to escape destruction in sand-quarrying, as traces of trial excavations were observed on both sides of the dune. In the post-war period the construction of a golf green over part of the site further obscured its original form, but again the archaeological component remained undisturbed.

Thus far, then, Les Fouaillages has yielded an extraordinary sequence of domestic and ritual activity, whose implications spread far beyond the confines of Guernsey itself and bear directly on the international phenomena of Neolithic settlement and mortuary practices. Future work will complete the excavation of the trapezoid mound and its intriguing chamber and extensively sample the settlement below ●

Aerial view of the excavations. Earliest activity on this site dates from the fourth millenium BC.



One of two slab-and-boulder cairns. This one covered a cist, or grave hollow, which had a single capstone roofing.



Above left, a votive deposit of eight barbed and tanged arrowheads dating from around 2000 BC. Above right, the "shrine" seen from above; the arrowheads were found in the hole left by one of this building's withdrawn posts.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY W. F. JEPPI



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Quality in an age of change.

Impressions of Pissarro

by Edward Lucie-Smith

The ambitious Pissarro retrospective at the Hayward Gallery, which will later be shown both in Paris and in Boston, seems to have several functions beside the obvious one, which is to celebrate the 150th anniversary of Pissarro's birth. It surveys the work of an artist who remains in some ways the least known of the major Impressionists. It demonstrates how Impressionism looked both forward and back—backwards to Corot, Courbet and Millet; forward in particular to Gauguin. It defends the movement against the accusations of light-minded hedonism and social irresponsibility which are now more and more often levelled against it. And finally it mounts a counter-attack against the revival in critical esteem of the academic Salon painting with which Pissarro was at odds all his life.

This last aim is made obvious by a foreword to the exhibition catalogue written by John Rewald, the historian of Impressionism, in which he tells us that he has viewed with displeasure recent attempts to rehabilitate Jean Léon Gérôme and other painters of the same kidney. To suggest that conservative Salon painting could in any way form a counterpoise to the movement Pissarro belonged to is to Rewald a deadly insult. His concern with this issue does, however, suggest a strangely narrow view of the hero of the occasion.

It is true, of course, that Pissarro was the staunchest of all the Impressionist painters, in the sense that he alone exhibited in all the Impressionist exhibitions. He alone, once his course was decided, refused to make any gesture towards achieving the kind of official recognition which Manet, for instance, continued to covet for many years after the rebellious young had turned him into a hero. Pissarro, on the contrary, was content to be what he was. His temptation was never that of compromise with the Establishment, but the need to explore, even perhaps beyond the limits of his own style, as when, for instance, he succumbed for a while to the example of Seurat, a much younger artist who was pursuing quite a different path.

It is also true that Pissarro quite openly despised an artist such as Bastien-Lepage. They were both disciples of J. F. Millet, but for Pissarro the direction in which Bastien-Lepage took Millet's work was wholly unacceptable: a sentimental betrayal of the truths which Millet had tried to express.

Yet when one looks at Pissarro's work today, one sees the achievement of a man who was fundamentally a moralist, and a characteristically 19th-century moralist at that. And this perhaps is fair enough, for Pissarro, unlike Monet, did not survive very long into our own century. He died in 1903.

For a painter who now seems so



Le pont Boieldieu à Rouen, temps mouillé, 1896. Left, Le fond de l'Hermite, Pontoise, 1879.

The Impressionist group was temporarily scattered by the Franco-Prussian war. Pissarro, who had Danish nationality, thanks to his place of birth, was unable to fight on the French side, which he regretted, and he took refuge in England, a country with which he was to retain ties as his son Lucien later settled there. During his stay he painted a number of landscapes—some of the Crystal Palace, some of a now demolished railway station in Upper Norwood.

These years, from Pissarro's definitive return to France to his brief exile in England, were the formative ones for his whole career. They gave him the label by which he would be remembered. Yet when one looks at Pissarro's career as a whole other themes emerge. Pissarro, chief among all the group he belonged to, had his roots in the Realism of the mid century—the Realism which is still an underrated force and which embraced the work of Courbet as well as that of Millet. Like Courbet, Pissarro was a man of the left, but an anarchist (one of the gentlest type) rather than a socialist. His work, more so even than that of Degas, acknowledges the realities of the 19th century—he paints the peasantry, but also the factories that were springing up in the fields they tilled; he paints the beasts of the fields, but also the railway and its iron horse. ➤

quintessentially French, his beginnings were exotic. He was born in July, 1830, at Charlotte Amalie, capital of the island of St Thomas in the Virgin Islands, the son of a Bordeaux Jew who spelt his name in the Spanish fashion "Pizarro". He spent part of his adolescence in France, where he was educated at a boarding school, but in 1847 returned to the West Indies to take up a post in the family business. Already interested in art, Pissarro now encountered an itinerant Danish painter called Fritz Melbye, and in 1852 went with him to Venezuela. Though he was busy painting and drawing, very few of his early efforts survive. The exhibition contains

one early view of St Thomas, probably painted after Pissarro's definitive return to France in 1855 in order to pursue a career as an artist. In France he soon came into contact with Corot, who was his true "master". Somewhat later, in 1861, he got to know Guillaumin and Cézanne, and Cézanne in turn led him to his own boyhood friend, the novelist Emile Zola. By 1866 he had moved into the centre of the rapidly forming Impressionist circle, and was friendly with Manet, Monet, Renoir and Sisley. By 1867 he was already thinking of organizing an exhibition quite independent of, and indeed in opposition to, the official Salon.



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These things are presented without a trace of mythologization. Indeed, one of the disconcerting things about Pissarro's art, so far as the spectator of today is concerned, is its lack of romantic afflatus. The mature Degas is not romantic either, and indeed it is clear that at one point Degas meant a great deal to Pissarro—Degas taught him how to look in a detached way at people at work, going about their ordinary occupations. But in Degas there is always a certain irony, and Pissarro is never an ironic artist. Even when he looked at caricatures (there is evidence that he was fascinated by Champfleury's monumental history of the subject) what he was seeking was not the satirical point, the humour of what was shown, but the characteristic and telling attitudes which popular draughtsmen had taught themselves to catch.

The problem with Pissarro indeed, and the reason why he has quite often been dismissed as slightly dull, can be found in this refusal to deviate from observation into commentary. This is one

of the things that distinguish him from the earlier Realists whom I have mentioned. Courbet's leftish, anti-clerical politics are quite evident in many of his more ambitious figurative compositions, as obvious as the size of the artist's own ego. But one has to search long and hard for Pissarro's opinions. The clues he left are not emphasized, but they were not left inadvertently either. This indeed was part of his morality—the spectator must be instructed, never simply seduced.

Pissarro's most striking urban views—of Paris, Le Havre, Dieppe and Rouen—belong to the final phase of his career, which is generally supposed to be the time when his art was at its weakest. I find, however, that these paintings are among his most impressive and fascinating. The viewpoint is generally high: the old artist is looking downward from some convenient window at the life of the town swarming below him. There are multitudes of little figures, often against a light ground, which are much more sophisticated ver-

sions of those one finds in the urban views of L. S. Lowry. The movement in a painting like *La Place du Théâtre Français*, 1898, lent to the exhibition from the County Museum of Art in Los Angeles, is energetic and restless, but the figures are too far away to be fully differentiated as individuals with their own character—they are parts of a complex social organism, just as ants are part of their nest. The motivating passions and appetites are collective.

Pissarro seems always to have been interested in a city not as a collection of architectural wonders, more or less pleasing groupings of forms, but as an intricate pattern of social connexions. Rouen Cathedral looms up in the views of *La rue de l'Épicerie, Rouen*, but it is far from being the subject of the picture—it does not even dominate as a kind of distant vision, as it would in a late painting by Turner.

These urban paintings are, I believe, the real clue to the rest of Pissarro's art. He is the first artist to accept the modern world as something which can be taken

Usine Près de Pontoise, signed and dated 1873.

in one's stride, which can be viewed without illusion, but also without disillusion. This gives him a very special and important place in the history of western art. His fundamental attitudes towards urban life are those of the future, not of the past. For all his debt to Millet he moved steadily away from the world Millet knew and stood for. The next stage on from Pissarro is the work of Robert Delauney—dazzling visions of the Eiffel Tower, seen through an upper window. But Pissarro always preserves his interest in humanity, as Delauney does not.

If Pissarro's reticence has been one reason for the slow growth of his reputation, it may also give that reputation greater solidity at a time when, despite Mr Rewald's protests, the current of taste seems to be turning away from the school to which he belonged. It is not necessary to worship Impressionism to see Pissarro's virtues ●

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Christmas selection

by Ursula Robertshaw

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Top: Hostess keep-hot Carousel, £39; black cat bird scarers, £3.20 for pack of three; red striped gardening smock, £8, both from General Trading Co; traditional Christmas pudding in bag, £4.15 from National Trust; Silences perfume, 4 oz £25.75 from Fortnum's; 18 carat gold & jasper buckle and belt, £575 from Geoffrey Turk; bowl of shaving soap, £3.45 from Floris; iittala crystal fruit bowl, £197.80 from Heal's; crackers by Tom Smith, £4.40 from British Epilepsy Association; spiced fruit chutney in pottery jar, £4.75 from National Trust; glass bottle of herbal bubble bath by Bronnley, £3.95.

Above: set of six Liberty mugs, 1975-80, £21; mohair sweater, £30, both from Liberty's; hand-made wooden cassette box of Bronnley, toiletries, £12.50; ponny-tailed soft doll, £17.95 from Eric Snook; elves on a rope ladder, £1.15 from Heal's; terracotta garden urn & base, £27.05; two-bottle wine cooler, £19.95, both from General Trading Co; Savora & Cream Salad, two speciality mustards, £2.78 each by post from The Mustard Shop; Mintex calendar, £3.95 from Selfridge's; Autoshop; buffet casserole in new, cerise shade by Le Creuset, £24.

Above, right: bird box, £5.80 from Chasmoody; brass umbrella stand, £62.50 from Knobs & Knockers; tiger's eye bead necklace by Lea Stein, £11.50 from Liberty's; Orrelo's Graal vase by Eva Englund, £1.140 from Celeridge of Highgate; patchwork trouser overalls, £13.43 by post from Chaps; four pottery cookie moulds £9.50 from Nice Irma's; articulated wooden snake, £3.95 from Heal's; chocolate ginger, £2.50 from General Trading Co; new album for varied philatelic material, £5.50 from Stanley Gibbons; shell candle-holder, £9.95 from Casa Fina; candle, £1.25 from The Danish House.

Right: Elite bath gel by Floris, £2.95; scent bottle with gold/silver electroplated, design by Catherine Hough, £135 from Charles de Temple; antique green glass goblet, £250 from Asprey; red-spotted tumbler, £1.60 from Heal's; toy greengrocer's shop & stock, £19.95 from Eric Snook; Christmas guest towel, £4.95 from Heal's; sportsman's pewter hip flask, £9.50 from Aquinas Locke; mole with spade, £5.99 from Eric Snook.

Addresses continued:

Heal's, 196 Tottenham Court Rd, WC1; Sam Herman, Chelsea Wharf, Lots Rd, SW10; Knobs & Knockers, 36-40 York Way, N1; Liberty, Regent St, W1; Aquinas Locke, 87 Abingdon Rd, W8; Paul Longmire, 12 Bury St, SW1; Loot exhibition, Goldsmith's Hall, Foster Lane, EC2; The Mustard Shop, 3 Bridewell Alley, Norwich, Norfolk; National Trust (Enterprises), PO Box 101, Melksham, Wilts; Nice Irma's, 46 Goodge St, W1; Stephanie Rhys, Unit 303, Clerkenwell Workshops, 31 Clerkenwell Close, EC1; Selfridge's, Oxford St, W1; Eric Snook, The Market, Covent Garden, WC2; Geoffrey Turk, 15 Bateman St, W1.



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Enterprise in Jarrow

by Kenneth Hudson

In 1967 Vince Rea decided, after a first career as an artist and a second as a merchant seaman, that what he really wanted was to set up a combined art gallery and local history museum in his home town of Jarrow. He had very little money, no premises and most of the people he approached found the idea of an art gallery in worn-out, hard-up Jarrow rather funny. But he is a tough and determined man—his appearance suggesting the sailor rather more than the artist—and he eventually found what he wanted, a brick-built, wartime air-raid shelter covered with a substantial mountain of earth and grass. It was damp and dismal and the local council understandably had no use for it. Vince Rea signed an agreement to rent it and, with a group of volunteer helpers, shovelled away the artificial mountain, cleaned up and decorated the building and started in business. The Bede Gallery opened in 1970.

By any standard the venture has been a great success. The exhibitions have been well patronized, with people travelling long distances to see and buy pictures. Leading artists have been eager to have their work shown by Vince Rea, and I saw why when I attended the pri-

vate view of a one-woman show there in March, observing that three-quarters of the paintings had a "Sold" ticket on them at the end of the two-hour session, at prices averaging about £350. A large extension to the Gallery has been opened recently and the illuminated sculpture-sign on top of the old air-raid shelter is a lively feature of the Jarrow landscape. Financial support has come from Northern Arts, the Gulbenkian Foundation, various firms in Jarrow, the Arts Council, Tyne and Wear Council and the Manpower Services Commission, especially with assistance in the Gallery and building the new extension.

Despite its title the Bede Gallery is much more than an art gallery. It has a local history collection, built up by Vince Rea himself, which resembles no other local history museum I have ever visited. The exhibits are constantly changing, in order to present as many facets as possible of the 19th- and 20th-century history of the district. The net has been cast wide and new material is always coming in—photographs, old newspapers, family mementoes, documents of all kinds, pamphlets, small but significant items illustrating public and political life. There are a lot of home movies, some of them made in the 20s and 30s, and, for posterity, 4,000 photographs taken by Vince Rea himself in

1978-79 to show how Jarrow looked then, with its housing estates, supermarkets and industries.

The historical evidence Vince Rea has been collecting over the years is, he says, "not necessarily precious material, such as one sees in most municipal museums". What concerns him is the evocative detail. "It could," he told me, "be a bottle-top with the name 'Jarrow' on it, or a record of the wages paid to riveters in the 1920s or a snapshot that looks much better for being creased and worn. It is more useful for me to have a pair of old boots that look as though they have had feet in them than a brand new pair."

There have been a number of memorable special exhibitions, each with a large and well produced accompanying booklet, on such subjects as the 19th-century hanging and gibbeting of William Jobling, who offended authority in a number of ways; Palmers' Shipyard; and the 1936 march of the Jarrow unemployed to London. "All these stories," says Vince Rea, "are really memories of what I heard in my childhood, but the objects associated with the stories, the photographs, the documents, the pictures, the style of the printing, are essentially art objects. What I am really creating is a centre for the visual arts which contains evidence of history in

one of its sections. I don't see any fundamental distinction between art galleries and the local history room."

But his plans for the Bede Gallery involve looking beyond Jarrow itself for material. At Adyar, in India, he discovered a series of 20 paintings, produced in 1901-2 by Annie Besant and C. W. Leadbeater for a book called *Man Visible and Invisible*. These, he feels, deserve a permanent exhibition, explaining their significance and their influence on modern artists such as Kandinsky and Mondrian. They are not, he admits, great works of art in themselves, but they have aspects of modern art within them and are historically important. A temporary exhibition in 1977 acted as a kind of test-bed for this idea and now Vince Rea would like to develop it into something permanent in a new extension.

There is already a public film library with a collection of more than 100 films, most of them originally made for television, about art and artists. These have been transferred to video cassettes and can be viewed at any time during the Gallery's opening hours.

The Bede Gallery is not perhaps the kind of cultural facility one would expect to find in Jarrow but it is, in the words of the *Guide Michelin*, "worth a detour" ●



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A hole in Arizona

by Patrick Moore

Go to the desert of Arizona, not so very far from the town of Flagstaff, and you will find perhaps the most majestic natural monument in the world. It is a huge crater, more than 4,000 feet in diameter, with sides sloping down steeply to its sunken, bowl-shaped floor. We know it as Meteor Crater; more properly it should be called Meteorite Crater, because it was formed by a tremendous iron missile that hit the desert about 22,000 years ago.

The first white men to find the crater, in 1871, rather naturally regarded it as volcanic in origin; there are volcanoes in the same area, notably Sunset Crater. Twenty years further on G. K. Gilbert, one of America's leading geologists, visited the site and dismissed it as "a steam explosion of volcanic origin". Then in 1903 the crater was carefully explored by Daniel Moreau Barringer, a Philadelphia mining engineer. Barringer became convinced that a meteorite had been responsible for blasting out the crater. In this case it was reasonable to assume that the meteorite itself must be buried somewhere underneath. Iron is valuable; Barringer bought the land, formed a company and set to work to locate the buried missile.

Because the crater is so nearly circular Barringer believed that the missile must have come straight down, in which case it would presumably be found near the centre of the bowl. Mining operations were started in 1906 and went on for a year. Small fragments of meteoritic material were found, but the underlying water-table had combined with shattered sandstone to form a mixture which made mining very difficult.

Barringer made new calculations, and decided—correctly—that a large impacting missile would produce a circular crater even if it came in at an angle. He came to the conclusion that the meteorite had approached from the north, at an angle of around 87°, and had buried itself below the south-eastern rim of the crater. Drilling was restarted and numerous meteoritic fragments were unearthed, but progress was slow, sometimes no more than 18 to 20 inches in a full day's work. Finally, at less than 2,000 feet depth, the drill jammed. Nothing more could be done; the main effort came to an end in 1921. Spasmodic efforts were continued until Barringer's death in 1929, but by then it had become clear that the meteorite was out of reach.

Since then the only attempts at commercial exploitation have been in connexion with silica mining. In 1967 the

site was accepted as a national natural landmark, and concerted action prevented any resumption of that activity.

Modern researches have thrown considerable light on the nature not only of the crater but of the meteorite which produced it. The rim-to-rim diameter is 4,150 feet, giving a circumference of 3 miles; the depth is 570 feet. A small but excellent museum has been set up on the rim, containing explanatory diagrams as well as specimens of meteoritic fragments found in the area; visitors can walk along the rim for some distance, and it is even possible to follow the so-called "trail" right down to the floor, though permission has to be obtained in view of the steepness of the descent.

According to well informed estimates, the meteorite was around 90 feet in diameter, though the solid mass that finally impacted had been reduced to 80 feet or so. It struck the ground at a velocity of 30,000 to 33,000 mph with a force equal to half a million tons of TNT, devastating the country over a range of at least 100 miles. On impact 90 per cent of the missile was vaporized; it is the remaining 10 per cent that remains buried under the south-eastern rim. All life in the dangerous zone must have been wiped out, but in that epoch there were apparently no human inhabitants. The age of the crater has

been estimated at 22,000 years.

The remarkable preservation of Meteor Crater is caused by the nature of the ground in this area. There is sandstone down to an appreciable depth, below which is a layer of what is termed kaibab dolomite. Vegetation is sparse and scrubby; to be alone at the bottom of the crater—as I have been—is an awe-inspiring experience.

Meteorites are plentiful in the Solar System. They are quite unlike the tiny, friable objects that produce the familiar shooting-star trails, and they are more nearly related to the minor planets or asteroids. Most of the asteroids keep to a region between the orbits of Mars and Jupiter, but swing inwards and approach the Earth; in 1937 a small body, Hermes, brushed past us at less than twice the distance of the Moon. Therefore it is by no means impossible that we could be struck, and this may have happened in the past, but the danger is slight enough to be ignored.

Meanwhile, Meteor Crater remains for our inspection. It is a monument of many moods; by day it is starkly beautiful, by moonlight it seems almost gentle, but it is always peaceful, and it is hard to realize that for a few moments, more than 20,000 years ago, this was the most violent and the most dangerous place on the Earth's surface ●

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High points of Peru



by David Tennant

Almost exactly 500 years ago the vast Inca empire in what was soon to become known as South America was at its zenith. Subject peoples, travelling along the excellent road system, headed for the imperial capital Cuzco set in a fertile valley some 11,000 feet up in the Andes, and on reaching it prostrated themselves in awe of its magnificence. Its temples and palaces, decorated with gold, silver and precious stones, were of a richness and splendour rarely matched anywhere in the world. Over it ruled Sapa Inca Tupac Yupanqui, revered as the offspring of the great sun god whose father Pachacuti had created the empire in only a few decades, one of the greatest feats in military history.

But this peak of glory and power was to be short-lived and barely 50 years later when the Spanish conquistador Francisco Pizarro and his handful of men arrived he was able to capture the fabled Cuzco and seize much of its treasure. In the ensuing three decades the Inca city was all but removed, its palaces, mansions and temples replaced with Spanish structures. However, not all its great past vanished and the new city was—and still is—in many respects a place of grandeur, as I saw for myself earlier this year.

We arrived by air at the city's modern airport after a spectacular flight over the Cordilleras from mist-enshrouded Lima in barely 50 minutes by one of Faucett Airlines's modern jets. The air was crystal-clear but, because of the height, we took the advice of our local guide and rested for an hour or two on arrival at the hotel, allowing our bodies to adjust to the altitude. Then, after a delightful buffet lunch in the courtyard of the Hotel Libertador, a beautiful conquistador mansion expertly adapted, we set out to see Cuzco.

Most magnificent of all its colonial monuments is the great cathedral, considered by many to be the finest church in the western hemisphere. It took over a

century to build and is on a grand, almost overwhelming scale, combining the best of the Spanish Renaissance and baroque styles with the unequalled masonry skills of the Incas, thousands of whom were engaged in its construction. Its richly ornate interior has many gold and silver altars, sculptures and paintings, many of which in the almost primitive Cuzco school are adorned with gilt, glass and silver. Here, too, is the smoke-encrusted image of Christ crucified, worshipped by the Cuzqueños as "Lord of the Earthquakes", which are not unknown in the area. Across the Plaza de Armas from the cathedral is La Compañía, the beautiful church of the Jesuits, and a few minutes' walk away is Santo Domingo. This church was built on and partly into the Inca Sun Temple, centre of the complex of buildings whose walls were covered in gold and surrounded by gardens adorned with gilt and silver statues.

Worth a visit, too, is the Museum of Art and the archaeology museum with its gold and silver Inca god statues. But a stroll around the whole central area is necessary to see such Inca remains as the massive stone walls in the Callejon de Loreto and adjacent side-streets. Fruit and vegetable markets, spilling out onto the streets, are colourful and animated if none too clean, thronged with brilliantly dressed Alto Plano Indians, most of whom speak some Spanish. Do not, however, wander alone as pick-pocketing is rife.

On an escarpment about 1,000 feet above Cuzco is Sacsayhuaman, an Inca fortress on a scale which dwarfs the great medieval castles of Europe. Built over some 75 years in the 15th and 16th centuries its massive stone blocks, some weighing over 200 tons, were rolled on tree trunks from nearby quarries and assembled without mortar or plaster, so precise was the masonry. It is said that over 20,000 men were employed ➡

The steep slopes of Machupicchu, top, tower over the ruins that bear its name.

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to construct the fortress at any one time and it was the greatest defensive structure in the empire; but it fell to the Spanish invaders, though more through guile than attack. They destroyed parts of it and carried off even more to help construct their new city below. But the massive basis of Sacsayhuaman remains, a silent and awesome reminder of past glories. Here on June 24 each year the Festival of Inti Raymi, dedicated to the sun god, is re-enacted in colourful detail.

But all this was a prelude to the highlight of my short Peruvian stay—a visit to Machupicchu, the most famous of all the Inca remains, a city that was hidden from the outside world until 1911 when the American archaeologist Hiram Bingham stumbled on it during his Andean researches. The Spanish conquerors knew nothing of it, despite their extensive explorations and even more penetrating intelligence network.

We set out from Cuzco around 7 am, battling through the crowds at the little railway station. From the start the journey was spectacular as the tourist train ground its way up the steep mountainside, affording great panoramas of the city, in a series of seven zig-zags to clear the 12,600 foot pass. Then it descended into the wide plain where the Incas had fought the Spaniards before plunging even lower to the valley of the Urubamba, the sacred river which eventually empties itself into

the Amazon. We passed little towns and villages, some prosperous-looking, others far from it, the serrated peaks of the Cordilleras providing a continuous backdrop. As we swayed and rattled down the valley the vegetation became increasingly lush, reaching to the tops of the mountains, until we arrived at the station for Machupicchu, some 80 miles and three hours from our start.

Here, after a somewhat disorganized scramble, one of a fleet of small buses took us up through a score of hairpin bends to the city itself, about 3,000 feet above the river. As I walked through the narrow, stone-lined entrance-way, the full impact of this astonishing place engulfed me as few other great sites of the past have done: row upon row of grey stone structures, some looking almost untouched and others in ruins, rose in an ever-increasing slope up the mountainside. Neat stone terraces, the remains of the Inca agricultural system, climbed away on one side while behind it all the tree-covered peak of Huayna Picchu stood like a huge, green sentinel.

For the next few hours I wandered into the temples, palaces, prisons and houses that had made up this unique, small city which at its height probably had no more than 1,500 inhabitants. Near-perfect stairways and terraces link the various sections while the massive walls—the stones were carved out of the rock almost on the spot—look as if they might have been placed there by

mechanical means.

My guide intoned his information quoting unprovable statistics and theories; not least of the fascination of this place is its mystery. When was it built, by whom and on whose orders? No one knows for certain. Was it a royal retreat, a pleasure complex for the court? Or was it an elaborate fortress built to withstand years of siege? Perhaps it was a great religious centre with a preponderance of women, as the only male skeletons found in its cemetery were of old men and boys? Was it the last retreat of the Inca aristocracy as they fled from the conquering and proselytizing Spaniards? Perhaps we shall never know, for the Incas had no written word and even the name Machupicchu is really that of the nearest highest peak, adopted by Bingham nearly 70 years ago.

During my stay in Peru I visited Cusichaca, another Inca settlement some 20 miles from Machupicchu. Here a joint Peruvian-British archaeological team is half-way through a five-year project. Under the leadership of Dr Ann Kendall, a British archaeological expert and an authority on Inca architecture, it has made a number of significant findings. Casual sightseers are not encouraged but those genuinely interested can visit the site, information on which is obtainable in Cuzco.

My visit to Peru was short and made even shorter by an internal air strike

which curtailed the itinerary, but what I did see made a deep impression on me. The country's tourism is expanding, though the numbers coming from the UK are still low. I travelled as a guest of British Caledonian Airways, flying on their comfortable, long-range DC10 jets from Gatwick to Lima, a long journey via Caracas and Bogota made remarkably easy thanks to the efficient and friendly cabin service. The current Advance Booking Excursion return fare is £529 which allows stays of ten to 60 days in Peru, bookable not less than 21 days in advance.

But for the visitor who wishes to see the best of the country as easily as possible I recommend the "Peru Highlights Tour" arranged by Blue Sky, B Cal's tour-operating division. This is for two weeks and includes Lima, Cuzco, Machupicchu, Lake Titicaca and La Paz, capital of next-door Bolivia. With all excursions and travel (by air and train), full board at first-class hotels and the services of a courier the cost is £850 from Gatwick—or Manchester, Glasgow, Edinburgh or Jersey at no extra charge. Departures are in February and April ●

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A buyer's market

by Stuart Marshall

If 1980 is a year that the motor industries of Europe and North America will prefer to forget, it is one that the British car buyer in particular will remember. Never have conditions been better for the purchaser, especially if the deal has not involved a trade-in. Recommended retail prices became no more than the starting point for negotiation. The larger and thirstier the car, the better the discount.

British Leyland started the price slashing in a springtime bid to buy a market share and clear stocks of cars like Marinas that were about to become obsolete. It worked, but the half-year loss of more than £150 million represented a taxpayers' subsidy of £500 per BL car sold.

Ford took full-page advertisements in newspapers in the autumn urging motorists to screw the best possible price out of their local dealers. Range Rovers, until recently sold at premium prices to people who could not wait a year or so for delivery, became instantly available at healthy discounts. Even Rolls-Royce were briefly affected by the price-cutting bug. The bottom fell out of their US sales for a time because Americans were not used to borrowing money at 20 per cent to buy a new motor car. Waiting lists in Britain that once ran into years vanished overnight. Stories circulated in the trade of "Rollers going to punters at 10 per cent off".

In Britain import penetration has been over 50 per cent for some time. In the USA it is 25 per cent of total sales, a figure that even three years ago would have sounded incredible. Most of the imports into the USA are Japanese. Here, despite all the noise which might lead one to suspect that the Japanese had, single-handed, destroyed our motor industry, the great majority of imports are from our EEC partners. Japanese sales have been about 11 per cent of total registrations, though what they could have been had there not been a "gentleman's agreement" to peg them at a "prudent" level is another story altogether.

In Germany Japanese penetration doubled this year to around 11 per cent for the same reasons that have made Japanese cars so commercially successful here. They offer excellent value for money, are most comprehensively equipped and have an enviable reputation for reliability. All of which stems from two main factors. They are the products of companies that have poured money into research, development and production equipment, and they are assembled by workers who are committed to their employers' success.

But back to the British market again. Despite the depressed trading conditions, there has been an exceptionally large number of new models introduced,



The Renault 18TD's "dieselized" petrol engine and five-speed gearbox improve petrol consumption by at least 25 per cent.

although some of the cars will not be in the showrooms until next year. BL's Mini Metro (or, as we should really call it, the Austin Metro) is a splendid little car and well deserved its rapturous reception at the Motor Show in October. It cannot, as some of the more breathless commentators implied, save BL's bacon single-handed, though should it fail in the marketplace it is hard indeed to see how BL could survive in its present form. But the Metro at least indicates that BL is pointing in the right direction. Even more important than its near-certainty of continuing high-volume sales in Britain is its value as a confidence builder in BL across the Channel. The Metro's Continental launch takes place next year. Even in countries whose citizens are as well disposed toward Britain as the Dutch, BL has lost nearly all its credibility as a volume car-maker. The Metro, though it has some tough competition to overcome, could be the car to renew the Continental buyer's faith in BL.

Last month I dealt with most of the new arrivals on the British motoring scene in my review of the exhibits at the Motor Show. But two that escaped my net (because they were not revealed until after the November issue had gone to press) are particularly significant. They are the Renault 18 Turbo and the diesel-engined 18TD.

The former has a turbo-supercharger fitted to its 1,565 cc all-aluminium engine that was first used in the Renault 16TX. The 18 Turbo is the first application of turbocharging to a genuine, modestly priced family car; it is as though Ford had decided to offer a Cortina 1600 Turbo. It has a top speed of

better than 110 mph. More importantly, it has most impressive top-gear acceleration and hill-climbing capability. Driven hard, it goes like a much larger-engined car; driven gently, it is no less economical than the standard R18. The R18 Turbo will cost £6,200 (or £6,590 with power steering and alloy sports wheels) when it goes into British showrooms early in 1981.

The Renault 18 diesel has a 2.1 litre engine that is a "dieselized" version of the petrol engine used in the Renault 20TS and the Citroën Athena and Reflex. I have not yet tried the 18 diesel but I drove the larger, heavier 20TD with the identical engine and five-speed gearbox with overdrive top some months ago. It was lively around town and relaxed on the autoroute at an 80 mph cruise, with only a chuckling tick-over and a slight, baritone hum at 80 mph-plus to show it was diesel-, not petrol-powered.

The R18 diesels are £5,490 for the TD saloon and £5,990 for the better furnished GTD, with a TD estate at £5,900. These are competitive prices and show that Renault is out to get a good share of the emerging diesel market in Britain that is currently dominated by Volkswagen and Peugeot.

In Britain the diesel car has been regrettably slow to take off, largely because most of the high-mileage drivers who would get the greatest benefit from its lower consumption are in company cars and are unconcerned with fuel costs. But Scottish and Newcastle Breweries have changed their entire fleet of cars to diesels and expect to save several hundred thousand pounds each year on fuel and maintenance.

I used an Audi Avant 2 litre, five-cylinder diesel for several months this year. This very large, comfortable five-seater gave me better than 40 mpg on leisurely journeys and never less than 36 mpg, even when used mainly in London. That really is energy-saving motoring. Diesel fuel is not price-cut like petrol and tends to sell at about 5p a gallon more than four-star. But with that kind of fuel economy the financial savings are large, too, over a high mileage and a single long journey through France (where diesel is 40p a gallon cheaper than premium petrol) increases the saving.

Britain is now the only car-making nation in Europe not to have a diesel-car, which accounts for the lack of official enthusiasm. BL planned to introduce a diesel Princess this year, but decided that the 1.8 litre engine it had in mind was simply not powerful enough and the project was shelved. But BL is well aware of the need for a diesel car and, just as important, a better diesel engine for the Land-Rover that will also be good enough for the Range Rover.

Following in the footsteps of General Motors, who now specify a dieselized V8 engine as the standard power unit of their Cadillac Seville, Rover have dieselized their 3½ litre V8. It is performing well, I am assured, though they are not yet ready to put it on the market. With petrol-engined cars of more than 2½ litres capacity now very difficult to sell in many Continental countries, a 3.5 diesel-powered Rover saloon (a three-box version of the current SD-1 hatchback is in preparation) would go well in Europe—especially if the Metro has put new life into Leyland's network by then ●

A soldier's analysis

by Robert Blake

War Since 1945

by Michael Carver

Weidenfeld & Nicolson, £10.50

Field Marshal Lord Carver, who is collaterally related to the great Duke of Wellington, was CIGS 1971-73 and Chief of the Defence Staff 1973-76. He is an "educated soldier" if ever there was one, and has thought deeply about the problems of modern warfare. He has also written several books. This latest one confirms his reputation as a clear, lucid and readable author. It deserves to be studied by everyone interested in post-war politics, particularly the politics of decolonization. For this is not an account of all the wars fought since 1945. He has, he tells us, omitted purely civil wars and confined himself to those which have directly or indirectly affected Britain; these wars were nearly all of them wars which arose from the receding tide of empire, in particular the withdrawal of the rule of Britain, France and Japan.

The selection has not been entirely consistent, even with these limitations. It is surprising to find nothing about the wars that arose from the decline of the Dutch empire in the East Indies or the Belgian and Portuguese empires in southern Africa. These affected Britain more than the French war in Algeria which is described in some detail. Another obvious omission is the Biafran war, which surely cannot be regarded purely as a civil war. It was one in which some important British interests were involved, and in which the part played by the British government was extremely controversial.

However, choice must be arbitrary to some extent and Lord Carver has certainly covered a great deal of the fighting which took place during the last 35 years. It is salutary to be reminded of how much there has been that directly involved Britain. "British servicemen, principally soldiers," he writes, "have been fighting somewhere in the world every year except 1968, probably a unique year for the British regular army since its inception at the Restoration of the Monarchy in 1660." He divides his book into four parts: first, British colonial conflicts, which include Palestine, Malaya, Kenya, Cyprus, Aden and Borneo; second, the French wars of Indo-China and Algeria; third, the American involvements in Korea and Vietnam; and last what he calls "conventional clashes", the Indian and the four Arab-Israeli wars.

Some of these wars have almost been forgotten. I must confess that the story of the fighting in Borneo against Indonesia between 1962 and 1966 was completely new to me, though presumably I must have read something about it at the time. Yet, as Lord Carver shows, it was a creditable success story,

the objectives were attained, the casualties were few, and the Indonesian vision of a greater Indonesia, "Maphilindo", which would include Malaya, Singapore, Borneo and the Philippines, was shattered, if not for ever, for a long time to come. It is typical of British love of self-torment and masochism that the almost contemporary war in Aden, which was an unmitigated disaster, is far better remembered.

As might be expected from a soldier of such ability and articulateness Lord Carver injects an agreeable element of hard-headed realism into his analysis of these wars. How often one hears English armchair commentators smugly contrasting the success of the British army in Malaya with the failure of the Americans in Vietnam. Lord Carver is clear on this. "One must dismiss the facile arguments of those who maintained that, had the Americans adopted the military and political methods followed by the British in Malaya, they could have achieved their aims. The conditions, both political and military, under which they operated were far more adverse and severe, and totally different in scale." This is surely true. The two wars are in no way comparable. The Americans made gigantic errors but to think that they could have solved their problems if they had adopted the techniques of Sir Gerald Templar in Malaya is absurd, nor would Sir Gerald himself have dreamed of applying those techniques in Vietnam, if he had been in command there. Lord Carver makes an interesting point against the much praised North Vietnam commander, General Giap. He probably could have brought the war to an end at just about the same time as it in fact ended if he had stuck to political action and guerrilla warfare instead of escalating it in 1965 and bringing down on his army and on the population of both North and South Vietnam the full destructive power of the American forces. He won, but the fruits of victory were a ruined country which will need years to recover.

At the end of the book Lord Carver makes an interesting summary of success and failure in terms of objectives. Britain comes out quite well. In Malaya, Kenya, Cyprus and Borneo we did what we meant to do. Aden was the exception. The French wars were on a far bigger scale and far less successful. They may have been part of "a necessary purging process before she could gain her self-respect", as Lord Carver suggests, adding that no one can be sure of the answer. Certainly de Gaulle was right to get out of Algeria, just as Nixon was right to get out of Vietnam. It requires a hawk to carry out the policy of the doves when affairs have gone so far beyond recall. The American war record is evenly balanced. Korea was a success, Vietnam a disaster. In spite of all that went wrong Lord Carver is clear on one thing. "The sad fact of life is that if evil is not resisted it will prevail." That is what soldiers are for.

Recent fiction

by Ian Stewart

Human Voices

by Penelope Fitzgerald
Collins, £5.25

The Sum of Things

by Olivia Manning
Weidenfeld & Nicolson, £5.95

A Tree May Fall

by Jonah Jones
Bodley Head, £5.95

Much, if not everything possible, has been done by author, publisher and printer to make Penelope Fitzgerald's *Human Voices* easy and enjoyable to read. It is a slyly and wisely witty story of life in the BBC in 1940, in which the characters, whether senior executives or junior assistants, are (or appear at first to be) easily accessible. In such a setting we might expect a romance, if not quite as it occurs between the eccentrically self-centred Sam Brooks, Director of Recorded Programmes (RPO), and one of his 16-year-old assistants, Annie Asra. The novel is short, the type-size luxuriously large. All that is missing, one feels, are the illustrations—caricatures of RPO or the dry, detached and doomed Director of Programme Planning (DPP), Jeff Haggard, or Broadcasting House seen as a great liner firmly fixed on a southward course—"At night, with all its blazing portholes blacked out, it towered over a flotilla of taxis..."

But it would be wrong to suggest that Penelope Fitzgerald does not appeal to the imagination. The prevailing mood is one of heightened realism. As in a dream we feel ourselves on the edge of disaster; disconcerting things happen but with absurd logic. In this strange interlude those in responsible positions are under stress, liable to succumb to fantasies or to be threatened with the reorganization of their departments. The only ones we get at all close to are Sam, who is faced with this threat, and Jeff. Sam takes a special interest in the girls in his department (nicknamed the Seraglio) because he depends so much on them and is preoccupied in designing a wind-shield microphone. But is he really human? "Lack of curiosity about anyone not actually in the room protected him to an astonishing degree. He might perhaps... last, like some monstrous natural formation, for hundreds of years." Jeff is another kind of BBC rock—"Structurally he was a load-bearing element, but one that didn't fit." The sense of things slipping out of control, of the thin line between reality and fantasy, is perfectly caught in Jeff's vision of himself having to prevent a distinguished American reporter attempting to broadcast from the roof of BH. He pictures himself "wrestling with Mac on the stairs, as in a silent film... while Nazi assault troops pounded out of the lifts. Perhaps we all ought to be in the movies, he thought."

Other members of the crew of this great liner, Old Servants, young Temporary Assistants, news readers, are fleetingly glimpsed but the author's apprehension of them is so vivid, even startling, that one is often tempted to turn back for a second look. There is a touching absurdity about the intensity of the characters' involvement in professional and personal matters, though one only perceives it in a brief, kaleidoscopic way. But when these images have faded it is the quality of the writing, its clarity and wit, and the precise observation of place and time, that will be remembered.

The late Olivia Manning also had an acute sense of place and evoked it with great precision and economy. *The Sum of Things* is the third and final volume of her Levant trilogy. In Cairo Guy and Harriet Pringle have temporarily separated. Harriet decides to return to England but at Suez, unknown to Guy, she changes her mind and goes to Damascus. When the ship is reported lost the well-meaning but dull, self-absorbed and unlovable Guy believes her to be dead, and in her memory devotes himself to visiting the young officer Simon Boulderstone, in hospital with a severe spinal injury. Harriet, unaware that the ship has been torpedoed, has some unnerving experiences before her uncertain reunion with Guy. Other characters from the previous volumes reappear, among them the showy, dreadful Edwina Little who, now somewhat the worse for wear, makes a dismal marriage. The heat and the cold, the light and the colours of the Levantine world in its decayed magnificence are vividly realized, and Miss Manning had a shrewd understanding of the vulnerability of people and of their behaviour in critical, unpredictable situations. In earlier books it seemed to me that her two principal characters were less clearly individualized than some of the minor ones, but here the fragile partnership of Guy and Harriet is clearly and sensitively defined. Through Harriet's eyes especially we observe the limitations of their marriage, and it is clear their future will depend much on shared memories.

A Tree May Fall is about the dilemma of a Quaker pacifist in the First World War. William Dobie, aged 20, wrestles with this agonizing moral problem and with the arguments of his uncompromisingly pacifist guardian, Miss Pomfret. There is a further turn of the screw when, having decided he must enlist, he is sent to Dublin during the Easter Rising. The question whether the British have any more right to be in Ireland than the Germans in France or Flanders nags at Dobie who remembers what Cromwell did there, and the stirring words of the Quaker founder, George Fox, when confronted by him. Is there such a thing as a just war? The outcome is cruelly ironic for Dobie and his guardian. Jonah Jones has planned his novel as the first of three concerned with Anglo-Irish relations; there is promise here of a strong narrative.

Children's books

by Ursula Robertshaw

A Celebration of Christmas

edited by Gillian Cooke

Queen Anne Press, £6.95

The Old Man of Lochnagar

by The Prince of Wales

illustrated by Sir Hugh Casson

Hamish Hamilton, £3.95

Super What-a-Mess

by Frank Muir

illustrated by Joseph Wright

Ernest Benn, £3.50

Clicking Vicky

by Clement Freud

illustrated by Glenys Ambrus

Pelham Books, £3.25

Martin Leman's Book of Beasts

with words by Colin Pearson

Gollancz, £3.95

A Nursery Companion

by Iona and Peter Opie

Oxford University Press, £8.95

Children's books intended as Christmas presents should be fun; I can remember feeling utterly cheated by being given educational books and barely being able to muster the manners to say thank you. Therefore I have chosen books that will, above all, be enjoyed.

A Celebration of Christmas will certainly bring a lot of pleasure, this year and for many seasons to come, for it is crammed with all the things you want to know, or to do, or to read about from the first days of Advent until the decorations come down on January 6. You will find out how to make paper chains and tree decorations; there is the text of *Cinderella*, awaiting performance; there are two board games, on the end covers; there are delicious recipes; there are stories and poems and memories and folklore; there are carols; there is the full text of "Christmas Day in the Workhouse"; there are patterns for knitting Christmas stockings. Even the dust-jacket of the book, which is got up to look like a beautifully wrapped Christmas parcel, makes you feel festive, a mood which is enhanced as the pages are turned.

The Old Man of Lochnagar, the story the Prince of Wales wrote for his younger brothers 11 years ago, would have been assured of success on its own merits, for it is witty and imaginative, full of charming inconsequentialities and flights of fancy. As it is, the augustness of the author, the curiosity that is aroused by anything he does and the fact that proceeds from the book's sale go to the Prince of Wales's Charities Trust make assurance double sure. The Old Man of the title endures several adventures in the course of the book, which includes an adventitious journey into Neptune's kingdom, a trip on an eagle's back and a visit to the cairn home of the Gorms. All this excellent fun is rather mimsily illustrated by Sir Hugh Casson.

Luckily for his admirers, that dis-

reputable Afghan pup What-a-Mess learns no guile as he gets older. This year's adventure, *Super What-a-Mess*, finds him in trouble because of a small, butter-wouldn't-melt doggie called Pop-pet, who comes to stay for a month, during which time WaM has been forbidden to watch his current TV craze, Superman. But Poppet is not as angelic as she looks and commits all kinds of wickednesses—and guess who gets the blame? The denouement, with our hero in the persona of *his* hero, is violent and cathartic; and at the end of the story all is contentment and calm.

Once again Joseph Wright's strange sub-world is illustrated alongside the world of WaM, and its little mad creatures provide a scenario of their own. Look, for example, for a chorus of close-harmony daisies; a mermaid, provided with ancillary legs for land locomotion, attended by a band of voracious scallops; a sun-bathing fairy alarmed by the advances of a worm; and a blue infant who goes for a ride on a Viking's helmet.

Clement Freud's diverting story, *Clicking Vicky*, which it is easy to imagine him relating in the lugubrious, dead-pan style he affects, is about a child who, when asleep, emits a regular click, or "epiglottal protonsis", every nine seconds; unusual, as the author says, "but not really fantastically unique nor amazingly astonishing", let alone useful. Until, that is, all the clocks in the world suddenly stop. All chronometers are affected, even the Speaking Clock, which has to admit, "At the third stroke it will be a bit later than it was last time I said what time it was." Most awkward; and Mr Freud amusingly describes the various complications that ensue in a world where time has given up.

Anyway, the clicks of Vicky are ultimately employed to time a world record sprint, the only alternative method, involving a group of people repeating "Just-a-minute, just-a-minute", which takes exactly a second to say, being cumbersome indeed. This entertaining piece of nonsense is enhanced by delightful illustrations, some colour, some black and white by Glenys Ambrus.

The pictures are a major part of *Martin Leman's Book of Beasts*, but only by about 51 to 49 per cent; for Colin Pearson's verses, character studies, with comments, of the 12 animals illustrated, are memorably funny and fit to stand beside those established classics, Hilaire Belloc's rhymes for bad children. This book will be a prime favourite.

So, too, will *A Nursery Companion*, a compilation by the two leading scholars of children's lore and literature, of the earliest nursery books, produced in the first quarter of the 19th century. There is much fascinating incidental information discreetly tucked away at the end of the book; but this does not obtrude on the quaint and comic alphabets and rhymes and the period illustrations, almost all of which are reproduced the same size as the originals.

Rhodes in Africa

From R. Y. Armstrong

Dear Sir,

Adverse comment on Sir Arthur's article by Messrs Anslow and Leishman (*ILN*, August) would not have been so harsh, I feel, had they shown knowledge of the work by W. T. Stead.

In this age "where there is no vision" and "the people perish" it is evidently difficult to appreciate Rhodes's standpoint, likened to "the soul of an Erasmus in the skin of a Loyola ready to purchase the unity of Christendom by imposing upon the Pope the theses which Luther nailed upon the church door at Wittenberg".

No one was more surprised than Rhodes that the country should be named after him—he had thought of Zambesia—and, certainly, had it not been for him, mutual self-destruction would have left no land.

If, like Mark Twain, your correspondents prefer for Rhodes the image of Satan rather than God, no white people and many fewer blacks would be here now. Whether or not that is a good situation is not relevant: it exists.

R. Y. Armstrong

Umtali

Zimbabwe

Shock treatment

From the National Advisor, Citizens' Commission on Human Rights

Dear Sir,

I was appalled to hear recently a psychiatrist at a general hospital advocating the use of electric shock treatment on pregnant mothers, in an attempt to handle the depression which they sometimes experience. His reasoning for advocating this mode of treatment was that drugs could not be used as they cross the placenta and affect the child.

While I would not recommend the philosophy of pill-popping, I shudder at the thought of the effect of producing a convulsion in a pregnant mother. The effect on the child does not bear thinking about. Surely it would be better for all concerned if the mother-to-be were comforted in her time of difficulty rather than resorting to either drugs or electric shock. A little kindness and rest often go a long way.

The Citizens' Commission on Human Rights is opposed to electric shock treatment under any circumstances. There is considerable evidence to show that it actually destroys brain tissue and causes memory loss.

I would be interested to hear from any mothers who received electric shock treatment while pregnant. All details will be treated in confidence.

Peter Thompson

Citizens' Commission on Human Rights

68 Tottenham Court Road
London W1

A tourist's viewpoint

From Gordon Hill

Dear Sir,

My wife and I arrived in London from Australia on Monday, July 14, 1980, and left on Thursday, August 21, 1980. Accommodation had been booked at a particular hotel for us by a friend who had stopped there about three years ago. Then it was clean and comfortable. Unfortunately it had changed hands in the interim and on arrival the condition of the place was such that my wife and I walked out. The accommodation offered us was an insult and such places should not be permitted to operate. Not only are they doing tourism great harm in the London area—the effect is being felt throughout the United Kingdom.

We found London generally very dirty especially around the Victoria area. On the other hand we found people friendly and helpful when seeking information. This attitude we found right throughout the United Kingdom.

Finally I am of the opinion that the high cost of accommodation in the London area will have a detrimental effect on tourism throughout the UK.

Gordon Hill

Parramatta

NSW, Australia

An electoral maze

From Ralph W. Muncy

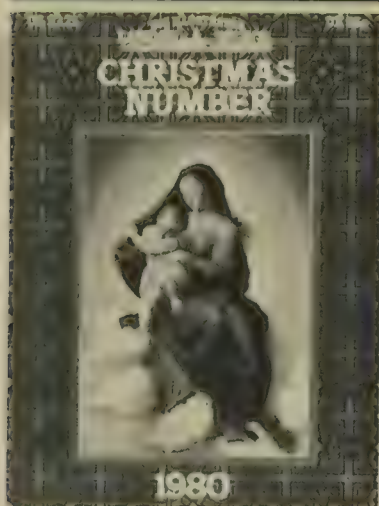
Dear Sir,

An article in a recent issue decried the 200-year-old electoral system of the United States of America as antiquated and unworkable (*ILN*, October). Bully! That is exactly what Scientific Socialists have been pointing out for many years. There has been an Industrial Revolution in the interim. That revolution and the capitalist system took the ownership and control of the means of life out of the hands of society and placed them in the hands of an avaricious minority.

A second American revolution is pending which could be peaceable and constructive in view of the daily control by workers of the processes of production and distribution. The same revolution has been pending in Britain for some time. This fact has been played down to the disadvantage of the working class and to the personal advantage of the Healeys, the Callaghans, the Tony Benns, the hierarchs of the TUC and others. The longer that workers in both countries are beleaguered and trapped by outworn institutions and by political satraps into placing "out-of-work millionaires" and labour lieutenants of the capitalist class in political office, and the longer that ownership and control and management of the means of life are not restored to the people, the greater will be the danger to all mankind.

Ralph W. Muncy
Michigan, USA

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After the opera

by John Morgan

Rules OK, I'm delighted to report. In Maiden Lane, between the Strand and the Royal Opera House, Thomas Rule's old place, opened in 1798 when Napoleon was busy in Egypt, remains undisturbed in its excellence.

In the 1960s I went there as often as possible after the opera, but having been out of London for a while I wondered, as one does, if age had done its withering. Yet here it was, brown and crimson, curtained, alcoves preserved, walls obscured by prints, large, dark paintings and above my head the trial of, I think, Charles I. Dickens, Thackeray, Galsworthy, Graham Greene, Laughton, Chaplin, Barrymore, Olivier, not to mention princes indifferent to discovered adulteries, took it as a home from home.

You don't, of course, have to go to the opera—although the theme this month is where you might eat if you have been there and still have enough puff after the ecstasies or batterings of the warblers to give the palate a chance—to enjoy Rules. At lunchtime its calm is especially attractive. The staff, whose amiability contributes to a sense of efficient timelessness, still dress according to some Mozartian formula of distinction. In real life this may not be agreeable, but the attraction of restaurants is that they are not real life and the more they approach reality the less I find I like them.

The 1980s are sterner times than the 1960s and so I looked for a meal to suit victims of monetarism and found that for £1.20 there was a pea soup, and an Irish stew for £3.50, on the day's menu, as good as anyone could wish. The silverside was only £1 more. *A la carte* the choice was wide, but the point is that it is not expensive to eat at Rules. For myself, I spoil this general effect with a superb Puligny Montrachet at £10.50 and a pleasurable house port. The trifle was not in quite the same class. But, then, I don't care for jam.

Food, it seems to me, is not necessarily the most important element in the success of a restaurant or café. I write as a man who spent 15 years travelling the world and has sat yapping away and sometimes listening in restaurants as widely disposed as the Bei Hei Park in Peking, Le Muniche (a favourite) in Paris, Detroit's London Chop House, the Mandarin in San Francisco, Moscow's Uzbekistan, Abergavenny's Walnut Tree: the general pleasure of a place's spirit always seemed to me as important as the quality of the cooking.

And so what should happen when I go to Luigi's in Tavistock Street, which many are cracking-up as the place to go to after the opera, but that I meet two colleagues of those exotic travels years ago; Gavin Young of *The Observer*

fresh back from a voyage in a variety of boats from Greece through the Indian and Chinese seas, and Jo Menell, with a BBC film, from South and North America. The former had been eating dugong, often thought of as mermaid, near the east coast of Borneo; the latter had enjoyed a diet of ants, monkey and iguana ("like turbot"). At Luigi's the chicken with oregano sauce at £3.25 was excellent, but my jugged hare soup had a film of skin: the (decently priced) wine, a Corvo Duca di Salaparuta was good, but the place has some way to go.

One of the pleasures of restaurants is meeting friends after long absence, if only to renew old rancours. With Mr Menell there was one particular piece of spleen to do with food. We had been in Kuwait. A sheikh had made us the main guests at one of his dinner parties. Being rather more wet behind the ears than my colleague, I had been quite flattered when it was proposed that I be the principal guest, not Mr Menell. As I sat at the head of the table with the sheikh the character of my responsibility became plain: I was the man who had to eat the sheep's eye which lay on the crown of the pyramid of rice. Worse, I suffer from an inability to swallow anything whole, such as aspirin or oysters. Yet, brave, and exhibiting that courtesy endemic in the Welsh, I ate the eye. It tasted rather like oyster. So; friends in cafés can affect judgment.

I recognize that there are those to whom ambience is a matter of indifference: it is what is on the plate, what's in the glass, and the price, that count. Handy, as the curtain falls and the applause fades, is The Grange in King Street. It is a clean, well lighted place, with well arranged tables.

At £8.95 for a two-course set menu including wine but without service, there was a good choice of dips, an extraordinarily good range of first courses and, indeed, second (my brochette of kidneys and bacon might be simple, but I have known the dish messed up) and a half-bottle of 1978 Beaujolais Villages. My companion had a good Dover sole from a menu with an extra course at £11.80, a bland crème brûlée, and a pleasant white wine. She also thought the waiters charming and good-looking, information I offer for the benefit of those who set store by these things. Undoubtedly, here is value for money; and more importantly how nice it is to find a London restaurant moving towards the French provincial habit of limiting a menu and reducing costs. Would that more would make this their ambition. Opera cannot help but be expensive; restaurants can ●

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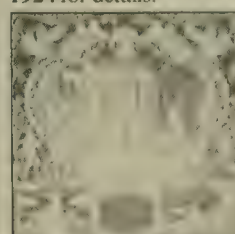


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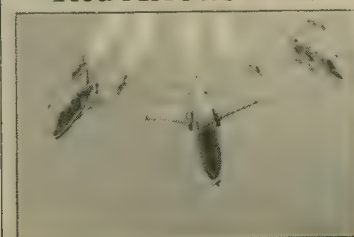
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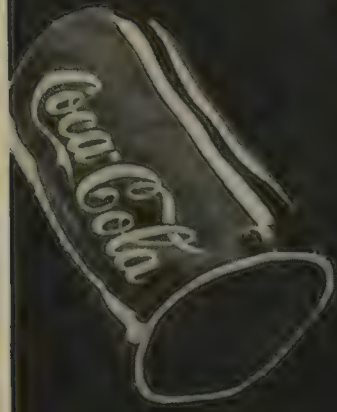
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Norfolk in the rain

by Des Wilson

Norwich on a Saturday succeeds in combining the calm of a cathedral city with the bustle of a market town and is, therefore, exceedingly good value for a weekender. There is, even in these hard times, a contented atmosphere; the city has not only a beautiful heart, with cobbled streets, castle and cathedral, but apparently a warm one, too.

An overall view of Norwich can be obtained from the grass-banked hill rising from the Georgian square occupied by the open market; on top of the hill are the remains of Norwich Castle, notably the Norman keep, now centrepiece of the impressive museum recently described by Kenneth Hudson (*ILN*, September). There was no better place from which to start our day.

After a stroll and cup of coffee in the crowded market (the square is called Tombland, the Saxon word for market-place being *toom*), we were diverted in our progress to the cathedral by the variety of old buildings and antique shops crowded around the cobbled streets; perhaps the most enthralling is Elm Hill. The Cathedral itself is less ornate than many, but none the less impressive for that. Its architectural strengths are its Norman nave and tower and 15th-century majestic spire.

Cromer, only half an hour's drive from Norwich, is a tidy and busy little seaside town with a short pier and just enough of what the children expect to make it worthwhile for a family weekend while not spoiling it for the natives, many of whom work in the crab-fishing industry. From Cromer we drove lazily up the coast, turning inland occasionally to look at a major or village, or alternatively, off the main road on to one of the many lanes down to the sea. We made our destination Holkham, for two reasons. First, there is the huge Palladian manor house, Holkham Hall, built by the first Duke of Leicester in 1734 and housing a formidable collection of art. Second, there are the sands, hidden from the road by tree-topped dunes and offering spectacular, if wind-swept, walks for miles on wild and lonely beaches.

By now, during our weekend there, it was raining and the wind was, to put it mildly, gusty, yet the weather accentuated the wildness of much of the coast and countryside and our journey, admittedly in the comfort of a well heated car, was no less enjoyable for it. We turned inland to Little Walsingham, a place of pilgrimage for 800 years, ever since in 1061 the then lady of the manor built as a shrine a replica of the Nazarene House of the Annunciation. Henry VIII was later to visit it and then, when he came into conflict with the Roman Catholic Church, to have it demolished. In the 1930s a new Shrine of Our Lady of Walsingham was built, and it still at-

tracts pilgrims from all over the world.

Five minutes' drive away is the village of Great Snoring, fractionally less sleepy than its neighbour Little Snoring, and though there is plenty of hotel accommodation in Norwich, on the coast and in the surrounding countryside, we decided upon a small family business, The Old Rectory, run in Great Snoring by Rosamund Scoles, her husband and her parents. The house was built around 1500 as the seat of Sir Ralph Shelton and had fallen into disrepair before this enterprising family restored it and opened it two years ago as a small hotel, with only six bedrooms, but offering good English food, comfort and quiet. For a motoring weekend in Norfolk it is ideally situated. Two nights at The Old Rectory, including full English breakfasts and two dinners, work out at about £39 per person.

On our way to Norwich we had slipped from the A11 to the A1065 and were well rewarded for this enterprise by Castle Acre. This little village is virtually enclosed within the earthworks of an old castle and is entered through a superb 13th-century gate. The main attraction here is the remains of an 11th-century priory, including some of the best preserved tiers of Norman arcades in the country.

Incidentally, we were delighted by the village sign depicting the priory as it was originally. This was one of a number of superb carved wooden village signs we were to see, and we were indebted to the *AA Illustrated Guide to Britain* (an invaluable book for the weekender) for the information that the Castle Acre sign, like nearly 100 others in Norfolk, was carved and given to the village by Harry Carter, son of Sir Howard Carter, the archaeologist who discovered Tutankhamun's tomb.

For our journey back we travelled across country to King's Lynn, so that we could drive through the 7,000 acre royal estate at Sandringham. The grounds are open during the summer when the royal family are not present. This route also enabled us to drive south to London via Ely in Cambridgeshire, and to climax the weekend with a visit to the cathedral there. Impressively visible from miles away, the cathedral is not only magnificent in itself but is surrounded by superbly maintained old houses, gateways and walks, and by the buildings of King's School, founded by Henry VIII.

The drive to and from Norfolk also offers as additional temptations Cambridge and Newmarket Heath, but we postponed those treats. Norfolk, even in the rain, has plenty to offer and, thanks to the M11, one of our few pleasant motorways, is a comfortable two hours' drive from London.

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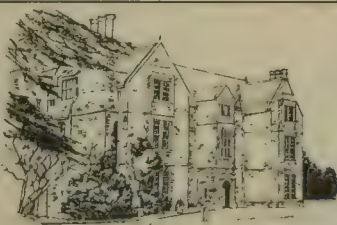
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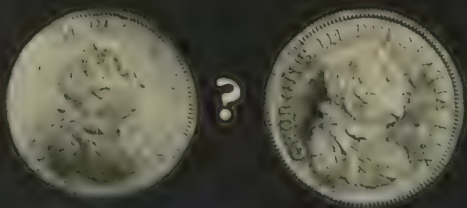
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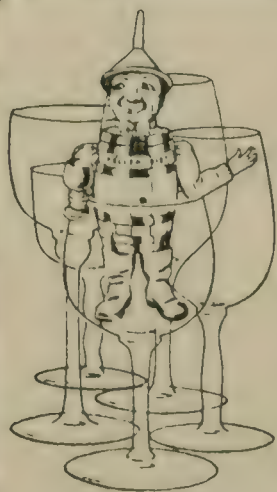
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WINE

Stocking up with reds

by Peta Fordham

Turning out old files the other day, I found some wine lists of 20 years ago and was struck, not by the prices—a shock to which we have become inured—but by the limitations of the wines offered. There were clarets and burgundies in abundance, many champagnes (some of which have reappeared recently on English lists) and a fair sprinkling of white wines, many of them sweet. But of the wines on which we largely depend for reasonable quality today, the Rhônes for instance, and a number of Loires, there were few; and of surrounding areas, which have been developed enormously within the past ten years, no mention at all. There were just a few wines, such as Chianti, from other countries, but they were oddments.

The diversity that economic pressures and increased demand have brought about can be welcomed. Up and down the country we have merchants with a number of wines which go happily into any cellar and we are lucky (since everyone does not live in London or the south-east) in our spread of old-fashioned private merchants supplementing the larger groups.

The average cellar, at this time of year, tends to have gaps in red wine for current drinking during the colder weather; and I discovered that a London merchant, Haynes, Hanson & Clark, of Church Street, Kensington, has two inexpensive Rhônes and a very good Côte Rôtie, 1976, while a Cargnan from Aude, a newer district nearby, is a bargain which no one need fear to serve. K. F. Butler, of Lingfield, Surrey, showed at a recent tasting a simple Bordeaux Supérieur 1978 which had a nice long finish and struck me as a good buy to keep for a few months, though pleasant now. His lists are always reliable and worth acquiring and his *vins de table* can be very useful. In the higher price-bracket there was a good Ch Bataille 1977, which was already drinkable but ought to have more time.

I happen to have been in East Anglia a good deal recently, an area which is full of knowledgeable merchants. Robin Don, at Elmham, Dereham, Norfolk, is one of the most respected palates in the country and has a list to confirm it. At Ipswich, Barwell & Jones have begun to import a range of Italian wines which outshine anything from their respective regions that I have tasted recently. Roger Harris, of Weston Longville, Norfolk, specializes in Beaujolais, which he loves personally, and is more optimistic of this year's vintage than many. If you are hoping for *le nouveau*, ask him about it. He has some lovely Chiroubles: the 1978 will mature even more; the 1979 (which was particularly good in this region) is perfect now.

At Colchester, Lay & Wheeler's extensive list covers the Loire and Rhône

valleys, the Haut-Poitou, Tarn and Loir-et-Cher—sound, good wines at competitive prices, and they always have a range of the orthodox fine wines. Adnams, of Southwold, have *an original* in Simon Loftus, their extrovert director; and it is difficult to pinpoint the best from his list. The fact is that I have never found a bad wine from this firm. You can experiment with confidence.

With no space to devote this time to the many superb wine merchants of the West Country, where the port of Bristol established their roots so long ago, one cannot, in the quest for Rhônes and Loires, omit Yapp Bros, of Mere, Wiltshire, whose imaginative and comprehensive lists include so much that is interesting (even a drinkable St Pourçain). But it happens that the good Spanish wines, which must be considered today by anyone restocking (notably Rioja, sales of which in Britain have leapt up) have taken the fancy of many western and Midlands merchants. A glorious Reserva comes from Arriba Kettle (take one "r" out of his name and you will see his other occupation), of 5 St Philip's Place, Birmingham—Solar de Samaniego Reserva 1968; or try Amodil Wine Importers, of High Street, Clebury Mortimer, Worcestershire, for Reserva Cerro Anom 1970; or, coming back to London, look for the Berberana Gran Reserva 1966, imported by Gonzalez Byass, of 91 Park Street, Mayfair. These three are not cheap but the price of Rioja may well rise and something like this ought to be in every cellar at the moment as an example of sheer good wine.

The pleasures of buying from the private merchant are considerable and have the advantage of his expertise in advice. But such traditional houses as Avery & Harvey's in the West Country must never be overlooked and these days the multiples must come into the reckoning. Examples of this are a Coteaux du Tricastin from Sainsbury's which took my fancy greatly and a Côtes du Rhône which could lie improving for a year or two.

A recent development that combines the private and the large is the mail-order business started by Hatch, Mansfield. To receive their monthly letter is to draw on the expertise of a house which has specialized in fine wines for many years; and a card to Cowcross Street, Clerkenwell, will get you on to a mailing list of genuine reductions on list prices. I can recommend enthusiastically what I have seen.

Michael Broadbent's *Great Vintage Wine Book* (Mitchell Beazley, £13.95) is scholarly, amusing and charming and meant for dedicated wine-lovers. Wholly original in concept, it contains over 5,000 personal tastings; advice on what to buy, avoid and drink quickly; a colour section to show type, hue and age; and much unusual wine-lore, all written by a master of his craft ●

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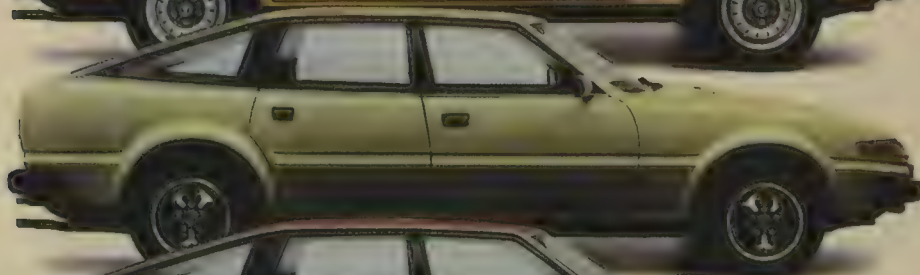
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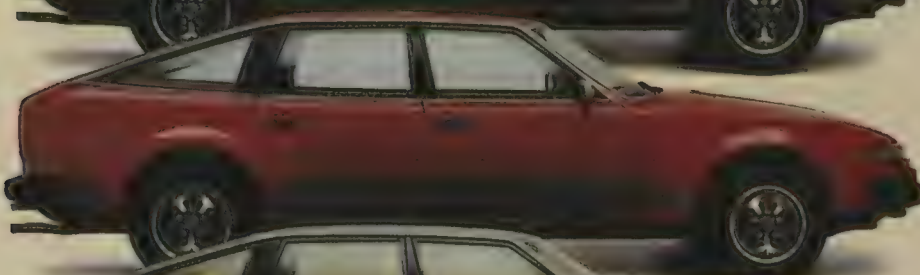
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Credit by card

by John Gaselee

One of the major credit card organizations claims that it is expanding so rapidly that every day an average of about 1,500 people use one of its cards for the first time.

An interesting exercise with a group of people is to see how many have credit cards and what credit limits are imposed on them. Often individuals who would appear to be not particularly credit-worthy, such as students, may have higher limits than their parents. Nevertheless, any limit is usually open to negotiation; if yours has not been increased for some time it might well be worth asking for an increase.

An obvious advantage of credit cards is the convenience that they provide. Often you can cut down the amount of cash that you need to carry in the knowledge that restaurants, railway stations and lots of other organizations quite apart from shops will accept a credit card. In fact many shops find it easier to pay the fee of between 2 and 5 per cent to a credit card company rather than run their own credit accounts for customers. Not only is a shop saved all the paperwork connected with running accounts, but there can be no bad debts if the correct procedures are followed.

Organizations such as Barclaycard and Access do not solely want to provide their card-holders with convenience. They also want to provide credit, in view of the interest charges that will be earned. It is all too easy to let credit pile up, paying no more than the minimum required each month; but that is expensive. It is much better, if at all possible, to settle within the interest-free credit period.

Typically, Barclaycard says that the free period will range from 25 to 56 days, dependent on when the card is paid. If you choose to settle only part of the account the interest-free period for the balance runs only from the date of purchase until the date of the statement on which that purchase appears.

Barclaycard says that if no allowances were made for any free credit period or for the flow of repayments the true annual percentage rate of interest would be 30.6 per cent. But if you assume a purchase of £100, with a free credit period of 15 days, a statement date of the first day and payment received on the 26th, a card-holder who repays equal instalments over three months will be charged interest at a true annual percentage rate of 18.8 per cent; if payment is extended over six months the rate would be 24.4 per cent. In practice the figures will vary according to the free credit period and the date of payment to the account.

If you want to use a credit card to provide you with cash Barclaycard will charge you 1½ per cent of the amount withdrawn—and you will have the

usual period free of interest. If, therefore, you settle promptly when the account comes in the overall cost will be no more than 1½ per cent of the amount of cash provided. Access, on the other hand, takes a different line. It does not make a service charge, but it charges interest on a daily basis as soon as the cash advance is debited against your account, and that interest continues to grow until you make the repayment. So if you simply need cash to tide you over for a short period Access is better.

Under the Consumer Credit Act of 1974 it is possible to claim against the issuer of a credit card if you are the victim of misrepresentation or breach of contract by a supplier, where the card has been used. Claims of more than £30, but not exceeding £10,000, are covered in this way. Although in law this protection is not available if you applied for your credit card before July, 1977, both Barclaycard and Access have said they will treat all customers alike—regardless of when the card was issued. But a point to watch is that for anyone with a card before July, 1977, liability is limited to the amount of the transaction charged to your account. An additional advantage for customers who have applied for cards since July, 1977, is that they may be able to claim for consequential damage arising from, say, a defective product bought by means of a credit card.

Quite apart from these legal aspects, if, having bought goods or services by means of a credit card, you are in dispute with the supplier you may find that the credit card company is prepared to support you. The weight of the credit card company could have important implications for you, when it is appreciated by all sides that a credit card company will not wish to have on its books an organization which is not of high standing.

Many insurance companies, when providing cover for personal money, also include any loss due to fraudulent use of a credit card. In fact if your card is lost or stolen and then used fraudulently the position is not as bad as it might seem. The important point is to tell the card company immediately. The offices of the major companies are open day and night and you should not waste any time before telephoning them.

Once the company has been told of the loss of a card, it can put a stop order on it; then if somebody tries to use the card fraudulently there is a good chance that he will be picked up.

While a credit card company may make you liable for a relatively small sum if your card is stolen, the chances are that provided you notify the company straight away you will not even suffer in that way. The only real danger, therefore, in holding a card, is the possibility that you may be persuaded to buy more than you would have done if you had to pay in cash.

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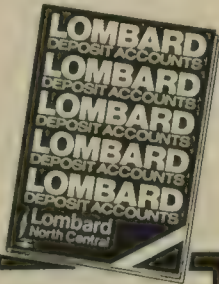
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Urban nightmare

by Michael Billington

The cinema has a unique capacity for keeping an audience in a state of pleasurable terror. And Brian De Palma's *Dressed to Kill* is easily the best machine for creating suspense we have seen since the demise of Hitchcock. Feminists in America have been boycotting the film because of its allegedly sadistic treatment of women. I can see what angers them; but I have to confess that for me De Palma's nerve-jangling adroitness transcends sexual politics.

Not too much can be revealed without spoiling the plot. But one can say that Angie Dickinson plays a mature blonde who, after a singularly lubricious shower and a passionless love-making session with her husband, sets off for a day of adventure in New York. She spends a tetchy hour with her analyst (Michael Caine) who rejects her unequivocal advances. She meets a handsome stranger in the Metropolitan Museum with whom she plays an erotic game of hide-and-seek through the labyrinthine galleries. And she and the self-same stranger have a hectic sexual encounter in the back seat of a Manhattan cab. Thereafter, she pays for her pleasure in no uncertain manner.

Part of the film's enjoyment lies in detecting the numerous obeisances to Hitchcock. The shower scene obviously evokes *Psycho*. But the brilliant use of an echoing gallery suggests not only *Torn Curtain* but also Hitchcock's ability to manufacture terror out of seemingly innocent public places. And the way Angie Dickinson's son (Keith Gordon) spies on the comings and goings at her analyst's takes us straight into *Rear Window*. Indeed voyeurism is a key metaphor throughout the whole film. De Palma's camera peers unnervingly over Angie Dickinson's shoulder in the museum; Nancy Allen as a pragmatic hooker who gets caught up in the mayhem finds her every movement is shadowed; and even cabbies' driving mirrors are sinister peepholes.

But one has to ask why this film that deals in violence and horror is (to me at any rate) acceptable while something like the Howard Brenton epic at the National Theatre seems merely disgusting? Part of the answer is that De Palma has no pretensions: he is simply creating an urban nightmare in which two beautiful women are tracked by a psychotic killer. But the other part of the answer is that he has a redemptive technical skill that enables him to control an audience's response: observe the way, in a marvellous subway scene, he shows Nancy Allen seeking to avoid the killer and, in her panic, running headlong into a group of excitable black hoodlums. As in a nightmare, the whole city suddenly seems like a hostile force. And, with a minimum of script, De Palma has created a classic phantasmagoria from

which men and women alike emerge looking over their shoulders.

It is instructive to contrast this film with David Lynch's *The Elephant Man* which has many parallel ingredients: a feeling for urban evil and for the notion of what it must be like to be trapped in smoky streets. But I find Lynch's film far more objectionable than De Palma's because it turns a true and moving story (that of John Merrick, the so-called Elephant Man, who was rescued from a life as a showbiz freak by a London surgeon, Sir Frederick Treves) into a piece of sentimental Gothic horror. Bernard Pomerance's play exploited the story to point an accusing finger at Victorian society: Mr Lynch's film tries to combine sub-Dickensian nightmare with a frenetic weepie.

Admittedly he has the courtesy to show that Treves, in taking Merrick into his care at the London Hospital, was largely motivated by genuine philanthropy; and Anthony Hopkins is particularly moving in his tenderness and solicitude for his deformed friend. The scene where he tries to persuade the hospital administrator (John Gielgud) that Merrick needs sanctuary is undeniably moving. But all too often the film plays footsy with recorded fact. The true story of the Elephant Man, as recorded by Michael Howell and Peter Ford, is a very moving one. But here, despite the dignity of John Hurt as Merrick, one feels that eloquent fact is being treated as exploitative fiction.

One's response to Joseph Losey's film of Mozart's *Don Giovanni* (a moral monster as opposed to a physical one) is likely to be determined by one's attitude to opera. Purists will almost certainly hate the film for opening out the action and for shooting it against a background of Palladian Vicenza and the Veneto. Cinemagoers, however, will probably love it for its visual beauty and for the success with which Losey integrates movement and music. Jonathan Miller argued with me recently that opera is meant to be experienced in an acoustic box with a visible orchestra and that anything else is a betrayal: against that, one can say that Losey has brought *Don Giovanni* within the reach of millions of people who might not experience it otherwise.

I also think he has shot it wittily and intelligently. I like the way (with opening shots of a glass factory on the island of Murano) he links the hero's capitalist instincts with his amorous compulsion. I like the way Leporello unravels the list of his master's conquests on a never-ending scroll. I also like the emphasis in Ruggero Raimondi's performance on the devouring satanism inherent in the Don. Opera buffs may wince. But the chance to hear sublime music sung by Raimondi, Kiri Te Kanawa, Edda Moser and Teresa Berganza for the fraction of the cost of a good seat at the opera is not to be sneezed at ●

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All in the family

by J. C. Trewin

It was inevitable—I am far from complaining—that we should have had a revival of either *Juno and the Paycock* or *The Plough and the Stars* to mark the 100th anniversary of Sean O'Casey, one of the two major dramatists, both of them Irish, of the 20th century. There must always be argument about which play is better. I am glad that the RSC chose *Juno* at the Aldwych: it allowed Judi Dench to give the most telling performance of the part in my memory.

Juno Boyle, compassionate wife of a tap-room waster, reaches glory when the narrative—from the Dublin tenements during the Troubles of 1922—darkens into black tragedy. News is brought of the death of her son shot by the Irregulars. Here O'Casey, inspired, lets Juno mourn in the words used not long before by a second mother who had similarly lost her son. The words are famous now: "Take away our hearts o' stone, and give us hearts o' flesh! Take away this murderin' hate, an' give us Thine own eternal love!" When they have been uttered the mourners go out slowly before Boyle and his ferret Joxer, both dead drunk, stagger on to end the play in that scene of desperate irony: "The whole worl's in a terrible state o'

chassis."

In the past, famous Irish actresses I remember have set Juno's speech apart, affectingly, it is true, but making of it something inevitably theatrical. Judi Dench did not try to magnify a lament that rose from the heart of sorrow; and before then she had flashed up Juno with consistently affectionate truth. Trevor Nunn's production kept a matching honesty and restraint while the daarin' people, rent by civil war, moved from rhetorical comedy towards the ultimate abyss. Norman Rodway could sustain the Paycock's hollow magniloquence, with John Rogan ferret-like at his heels, and Doreen Keogh abundantly sure as the neighbour whose line, "As far as I can see, the Polis as Polis, in this city, is Null and Void," immediately precedes Juno's lament, one of O'Casey's Elizabethan juxtapositions. A superb night.

Juno is a family matter. So is Alan Bennett's *Enjoy* at the Vaudeville. His plays have seldom had much resemblance, though all have been literate, wayward, wry and unexpected. His sense of humour can drift between the elegant and the elementary; behind everything one senses the satirist of *Beyond the Fringe*. Happily for him, Joan Plowright is in command of *Enjoy* as a perpetually cheerful and thoroughly vague house-

wife in a Leeds "back-to-back" at the centre of a sometimes baffling fantasy. Directed against local council interference—families here are supplied with silent sociologists, watching and noting—it moves into a wild canter that we can take as we wish. Now extremely funny, now tiresome, it depends on Joan Plowright and Colin Blakely as her semi-paralysed husband.

I would like to see Lady Bracknell let loose in this environment. Doubtless we are still apt to imagine Wilde's Gorgon in the mould of Edith Evans, monstrously funny and not quite human. Margaretta Scott, poised and gracious, could not help humanizing her in the rarely met, four-act version of *The Importance of Being Earnest* (Old Vic), and the play suffered a little. Casting indeed was the trouble; but Frank Hauser, directing for the Leicester Haymarket company, found two splendid Wildean young women in Polly Adams and Isabella Amyes, and the long version added another clutch of epigrams.

I was delighted with the revival of an earlier classic, *The Merchant of Venice*, too often glibly mocked. At the Old Vic, acted with civilized restraint, especially by Timothy West as Shylock, it moved securely from a morning's talk in Venice to Belmont beneath the stars.

Two productions, each maintained

by two characters, could hardly be less alike. True, in *They're Playing Our Song* (Shaftesbury) a chorus intermittently erupts; still, all most of us will remember is the way in which Tom Conti and Gemma Craven, respectively an American composer and lyric-writer, animate Neil Simon's crisp libretto and a few helpful songs by Marvin Hamlisch. That is agreeably trivial, whereas Tom Kempinski's *Duet for One* (Duke of York's) is an uncompromisingly serious statement of the fight between a despairing violinist, disabled by multiple sclerosis, and her immensely patient psychiatrist. These are parts controlled astonishingly by Frances de la Tour and David de Keyser.

A vast company in *The Romans in Britain* (National; Olivier) makes about one-fiftieth of the effect through no fault of the players. For most of the evening the text reminded me of a scrawl of puerile graffiti. The author, Howard Brenton, taking a generally poor view of life and death, contemplates various Celtic responses to invasion during a play which covers a period between 54 BC in Britain and AD 180 in Northern Ireland. The language is thick with obscenities; the action resolutely violent. Personally, I think the National Theatre might have been more at home with *The Plough and the Stars* ●

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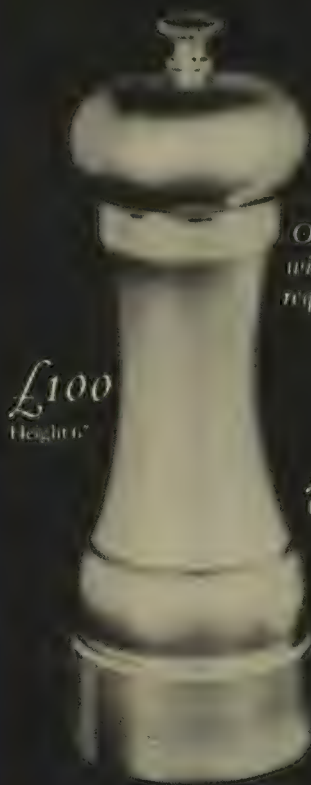


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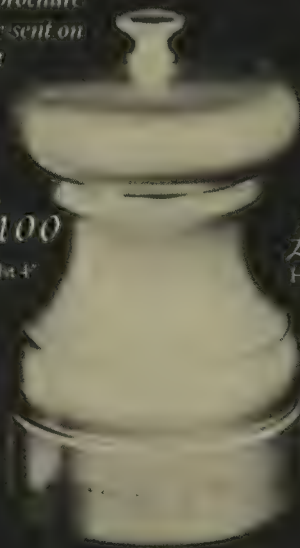
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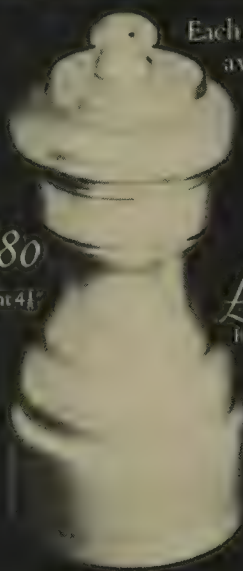
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OPERA

An English Arabella

by Margaret Davies

Richard Strauss's *Arabella* has a long way to go in this country to equal the fame, notoriety even, of his more flamboyant heroines, but Jonathan Miller's new production for English National Opera at the Coliseum—the first time *Arabella* has been given in English here—has already made the work accessible to a wider audience. No composer was more aware than Strauss of the parallel importance of words and music and in this, his final collaboration with the poet Hugo von Hofmannsthal, he reveals the character of his heroine in passages of conversation which also constitute the musical peaks of the three acts. Her background is a residential hotel in the Vienna of 1860, where she lives with her impoverished family. Her destiny is to recoup the family fortunes squandered by her gambler father by making a suitable marriage. But Arabella is no mere gold-digger; she finds it impossible to make the choice between her many suitors and is calmly disposed to wait until Mr Right comes along—which, luckily for her, he does.

It was to be expected that a singer of Josephine Barstow's acting ability would lend a personal distinction to the character, as she did to Strauss's other, infinitely more complex, heroine, Salome. Her Arabella, while lacking superficial brilliance, glowed with an inner radiance, as though confident that all would come right in the end, and her singing of Strauss's long, sustained phrases was marked by the same individuality as her characterization. When she has overcome the problem of projecting her words more distinctly, her appealing portrayal will make its full effect. Already the dialogue with Zdenka in which Arabella sings of "The one who's right for me" touchingly conveyed her command of the part.

Norma Burrowes was admirably cast in the role of Zdenka—convincing as the younger sister disguised as a boy because the Waldners could not afford two marriageable daughters, and affecting when she abandoned her disguise—and her crisply articulated words came through loud and clear.

The choice of Peter Glossop for the land-owning suitor who wins Arabella's heart was a stroke of inspiration. Holding in check his own dominant stage presence, he achieved a convincing and sympathetic portrait of the bear-hunter from the forests of the Danube restraining a personality which could not be contained by the salons of Vienna, and his warm baritone, though less than velvet-smooth, matched the ruggedness of the character. The passage in which Arabella is wooed by Mandryka and recognizes him as Mr Right was finely judged by both singers, and the reconciliation scene gripped the imagination by the intensity of their performances.

There was a degree of exaggeration in the strutting self-importance of Harold Blackburn's clearly sung Count Waldner and the empty-headed busyness of Shelagh Squires's Adelaide. Matteo proved a rewarding part for Graham Clark, who handled the rejected suitor's impassioned outbursts with sound musicianship. Marilyn Hill Smith surmounted the vocal hurdles of the role of the Fiakermilli, pin-up girl of the coachmen, who makes her brief appearance at their ball in the second act.

This was visually the most satisfying of the three sets designed by Patrick Robertson and Rosemary Vercoe with its double staircase sweeping down into a ballroom magnified by mirrors, where Jonathan Miller's production cleverly hinted at background animation while focussing attention firmly on Arabella and Mandryka. The first set had the characterless anonymity of a hotel sitting room which one might have expected a family in permanent residence to have endowed with a few personal touches. It was no doubt economical to use the ballroom staircase again for the hotel lobby, though it ought to have been possible to do so less obviously than by simply turning it back to front. It did not, however, detract from the quality of a production in which the music, rightly, took first place. The playing which the conductor, Mark Elder, drew from the ENO orchestra emphasized his own mastery of Straussian style, and if not all the words of Robert Gutman's translation were audible the fault was rarely attributable to lack of balance between stage and pit.

Alberto Remedios became the first British Siegfried at Covent Garden for 45 years when he sang the role for the first time in German in the two cycles of *The Ring* which opened the season. His performance combined endearing good humour and the easy assurance of the fearless hero with tireless singing that encompassed both lyrical and heroic passages. Other notable newcomers to the production were: Robert Tear, whose perceptively sung, stylish Loge, in velvet beret and red cape, displayed a mordant humour; Yvonne Minton, whose finely sung Fricka exerted pressure on Wotan without nagging; Fritz Hübner, who made a powerful impact as both Hunding and Hagen through his darkly dramatic singing; and Hanna Schwarz, a luscious-voiced Waltraute. Rolf Kühne had not the vocal or dramatic weight to make a convincing Alberich; and Rudolf Constantin's elderly, fastidious Gunther and Linda Esther Gray's brassy Gutrune were oddly matched siblings. After a small-scale account of *Das Rheingold*, Colin Davis savoured the work's lyrical passages and dramatic climaxes and drew finely textured playing from the orchestra, but it was a reading which sometimes lost sight of the overall growth and development.

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BALLET

Northern visitors

by Ursula Robertshaw

There are a couple of periods during the year when, regularly, little new seems to happen on the ballet scene. One is in February and March, when dance lovers take time out to recover from a surfeit of *Nutcrackers*, *Beauties* and other Christmas sweets; and the other is in the autumn, when many companies take belated holidays, or are on tour, or are rehearsing feverishly for the new season. And so it was this year. Almost the only new event for London was the first season there, at Sadler's Wells, of Northern Ballet Theatre with three programmes during the fortnight.

The company, whose technique is classical, was started in 1969 and is based in Manchester, where it has built up an enthusiastic following both in the city and in the surrounding area. It has grown from a company of ten to about 25 dancers, with artistic director Robert de Warren and company choreographer Jonathan Thorpe. Northern Ballet Theatre is now competent, comely and quite ready for a London Season.

I missed their *Cinderella*, danced to Johann Strauss's score for *Aschenbrodel*, but am told by a colleague that it was different, bright, lively and enjoyable. I wish they had opened their season with this, but they plumped instead for novelty and instead gave the première of *Miss Carter Wore Pink*, choreographed by Geoffrey Cauley and danced to a light, sing-along score (waltzes, polkas, hymn tunes, popular songs and marches) by Joseph Horowitz; with Thorpe's *Madame Butterfly*, created in 1979, as the second work in a double bill.

Miss Carter Wore Pink, subtitled *Memories of an Edwardian Childhood*, was made possible by the proceeds of a sale of two of Helen Bradley's delightful primitive paintings which she gave to the company shortly before her death with just this end in view. Visually, all is well, for Philip Prowse's designs, which include a funeral parlour, a station with a proper little steam train puffing through it, and a seaside scene with pierrots, are imaginative, pleasantly in period and economical of effects. Unfortunately the choreographer has relied more on mime than on dance to illustrate the story; and even admitting that this is slender indeed, for it can be summed up in the words girl-just-fails-to-get-boy, one is left with many *longueurs* in which Miss Carter, danced attractively by pretty Mari Kay Mackenzie, has nothing to do but clasp her hands and rise on point in a yearning manner, or collapse in the throes of frustrated love into a small chair. There is also a regrettable episode which attempts to take the mickey out of *grands pas de deux*, which not even the wickedly expressive left eyebrow and suggestive shoulders of Alexandra Worrall (hideously clad in a poison-

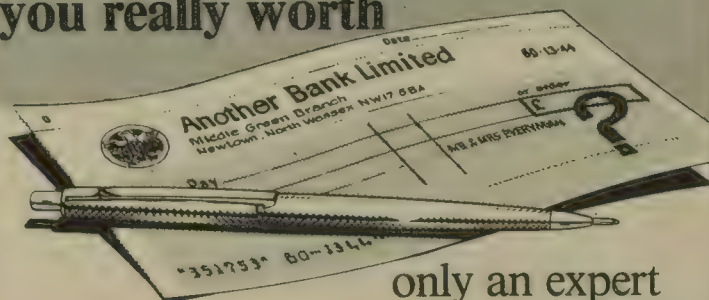
green tutu) and the energetic footwork of Peter O'Brien can save. It is always risky to mock something unless you have demonstrated beyond dispute that you can do it superbly well.

Nor can *Madame Butterfly*, again most prettily set, this time by Michael Holt, be claimed as a complete success. The story of love and betrayal and the tragic collision of two cultures works in the opera because the characters are able to round themselves out and expand on their situation with the words; the choreographer has not found a way of doing this with movement and the ballet, despite some performances by Sui Kan Chiang (for whom the work was created) and Ian Knowles as the patriotic cad Pinkerton, reduces in essence to a couple of pleasant but flavourless *pas de deux* and a somewhat anticlimactic solo of despair for Butterfly. And again, there were unfortunate moments, which swung us straight into a local drama company performance of *The Mikado*: a marriage broker who moved everywhere in a scuttling crouch as if he was afflicted with a stomach upset; stage-Japanese maidens with uncertain make-up who shuffled and minced, twirling their parasols and tittering behind their fans; and a US Consul, Sharpless, made comic with the most outrageous set of overDundreary whiskers I have ever seen.

Matters mended with the second programme which gave us, besides a North Country *Coppélia*, complete with clog dance and a Swanhilda, in Lyn Jeppard, of considerable charm and talent, a performance of Walter Gore's powerful ballet of madness, *Eaters of Darkness*, with his wife Paula Hinton-Gore dancing the central role. We look forward to seeing Northern Ballet Theatre's return to London, perhaps with their new production of *The Nutcracker* (choreography Andre Prokovsky, designs Peter Farmer), which they are premiering in Manchester this month.

Buckle at the Ballet (Dance Books, £8.95) is a collection of selected—by the author—criticism by one of dance's most pungent and witty commentators, for 16 years ballet critic of *The Sunday Times*. He is master of the telling and at times devastating phrase, of which in this book examples abound; for instance he writes of sets which "seem to be painted by a near-sighted fly"; he describes a classic as "a work which hardly anyone has read, though most people have an idea of what it is about"; he talks of himself as "the oldest living teenager", and makes the deathless comment that to notice the public when dancing in *Les Sylphides* "is like turning on the TV before making love". His range is wide, embracing the grandest gala and the freakiest fringe, and whatever he watches he makes vivid for the reader, transmitting both enjoyment and solid information. This is the perfect Christmas present for dance-lovers.

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GARDENING

Tree care and conifers

by Nancy-Mary Goodall

There have been great recent advances in arboriculture, largely through the pioneer work of Dr Alex Shigo, chief scientist of the Forest Service of the United States Department of Agriculture. I met him at an arboricultural conference and have since studied a series of lucidly illustrated booklets on his findings published by his Department. His methods of tree care are taught in Britain and used by advanced arborists.

Briefly, he shows that a tree may shed any of its parts and when it does so must quickly close the gap left. It does this by "blocking off", surrounding and isolating damaged tissue. Where a branch meets the trunk the cambium layer thickens to form a collar and when a branch dies back this collar joins over the scar, neatly if the branch comes off at the collar, less so if a snag is left sticking out. We have been taught to cut branches flush with the trunk, thus destroying the collar and making a scar too wide for the tree to close so that decay sets in and the tree is irreparably harmed. So when pruning do not cut off the branch collar, which is easy to see when you know what to look for.

Dr Shigo does not believe in draining trees—water does no harm; nor in filling holes nor painting scars; many cavities are caused by harsh pruning, paint only hides mistakes. Dying branches are often caused by root damage, and lawn mower injuries can result in hollow trees. Do not knock nails into trees or inflict damage of any kind. Cut out dead, decayed and weak branches, clean wounds by trimming away loose, injured bark—but only such decayed wood as comes away easily. Water and fertilize wounded or newly pruned trees. Finally do not pave round a tree; gravel or grass is safer.

I have been thinking about conifers and their use in England which is basically a country of deciduous trees. Are they changing the character of the

English garden? Long ago our native yew was often used in topiary and shrubby junipers were grown for their berries and their scent. In his *Garden Book* of 1659 Sir Thomas Hanmer refers to the Scots pine as "fitt for walkes and groves". He also mentions fir trees, cypresses and the cedar of Lebanon, "very pleasant and Balsamical", but he seems to have known no others. The conifers we see in forests and shelter belts today and the great specimens in parks and large gardens are all exotics imported first from Europe and the Near East and then, in a flood that lasted into this century, from the Americas and the Orient.

Conifers need fresh air and do not grow well in towns but are otherwise admirable, giving us a second great range of trees with which to ring the changes in garden design. They contrast well with deciduous foliage and make good protective screens.

One conifer to avoid is the Leyland cypress *x Cupressocyparis leylandii*. It is often sold for hedging but grows 3 feet a year. Alan Mitchell has recorded that one of these hybrids planted in 1916 was 111 feet high by 1977; others planted at Wisley in the 1920s were already between 90 and 95 feet.

Since the Italian cypress is not reliably hardy in Britain we look for another and, because of its amazing ability to mutate into different shapes and colours will probably choose from the numerous progeny of Lawson's cypress, *Chamaecyparis lawsoniana*; over 80 are listed in Hillier's *Good Gardening Guide*.

You could choose something completely different, perhaps Brewer's spruce, *Picea breweriana*, reckoned the loveliest of weeping conifers, or *P. pungens glauca kosteri*, the best blue spruce. *Cryptomeria japonica elegans* has permanently juvenile foliage, blue green in summer, bronze red in winter. It is worth spending time studying catalogues and tree books and visiting tree collections before making a choice.

PARKS AND GARDENS IN CHINA

The *Illustrated London News* has arranged, with Study China Travel Ltd, a 19-day parks and gardens tour of China in 1981. China has over 3,000 years of gardening tradition and this tour gives an opportunity to see some of the most attractive Chinese gardens and to study their historical evolution. The party, which will be limited to 26, will be led by Nancy-Mary Goodall, the *ILN*'s gardening correspondent.

The party will leave London on April 24, 1981, and fly by Swissair to Hong Kong for an overnight stay before moving to Guangzhou. The tour will include visits to the ancient city Suzhou, to see "The Humble Administrator's Garden" and "Pavilion of the Waves", two of the most famous gardens in China; to Guilin, the beauty spot of China in the centre of the spectacular tropical Karst

scenery; to Peking, where the tour will stay for four days visiting the famous sites—and, in addition, there will be a special trip to the Summer Palace at Chengde. The party will return to London from Peking on May 13, 1981.

The total cost of the 19-day tour will be £1,450, inclusive of air fares and full board throughout China in good hotels with twin-bedded rooms.

For further information, please write to:
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No trumpets for Britain

by Jack Marx

British players end the international bridge year on a rather mournful note of inverted nationalism. Except in the ladies' section of the 1980 World Olympiad, where we had slipped only slightly from second to Italy at Monte Carlo in 1976 to third to USA and Italy at Valkenburg in the Netherlands, we had nothing much to boast of. However, our ladies had decisively won the European Championship in 1979.

Britain had never won the Open Olympiad, though losing by a mere whisker in the first year of all at Turin in 1960 and finishing a close third to Brazil and Italy in 1976. But by 1980 the entry had more than doubled at 59 national teams and the structure of the tournament needed to be revised from a straightforward league of all against all. The field was divided into two pools, from each of which the four leaders played "round-robins" among themselves, the two winners contesting a final. Britain began and ended quite well but in between fell away sadly from their best form. In the result, they had left themselves too much to do and could only take sixth place instead of the fourth needed to qualify. In the final France prevailed against USA, the considered favourites, by a modest 20 IMPs.

A month earlier at Tel Aviv it had been specially disappointing for Britain to finish nowhere in the biennial Junior European Championship for players under 26, when two years before at Stirling University they had won handsomely in a field of 19 teams. It is not easy to maintain a stable team when a partnership or just one member of it may pass the age limit. No doubt the same handicap afflicted other countries, but we fielded only two survivors from 1978 and they were not partners.

Norway were the winners and Spain the runners-up, but none of their players secured an award for the best-bid, best-played or best-defended hand. A hand adjudged to be the best-played was well handled by M Backes of Belgium in that country's final match against the winners. Belgium were a lowly placed team but they were playing in such good form that they narrowly won this match and really scared their opponents, who secured the championship only on a split tie through having in an earlier match completely vanquished Spain.

♠ 9 5 4
♥ Q 2
♦ 9 8 7
♣ A 10 6 5 3

♠ Q 10 8 6 ♠ K J 2
♥ 8 6 4 ♥ A K J 7 5
♦ 6 5 3 ♦ A J 10 4
♣ K J 2 ♣ 8

♠ A 7 3
♥ 10 9 3
♦ K Q 2
♣ Q 9 7 4

The Norwegian East-West settled in a rather odd contract of Three Spades, making an overtrick for 170. The Belgian East played at Four Hearts and faced a small club lead to dummy's Jack and North's Ace. A diamond return went to the Jack and Queen, followed by Club Queen to dummy's King, East pitching his low diamond. Declarer took the Heart finesse and drew two more rounds of trumps. King and Jack of Spades were led and perforce ducked by South. A fourth trump from East reduced South to Spade Ace, King and one Diamond and a small club. The fifth trump compelled South to let go his club and a spade to the Ace neatly polished off South for a diamond end-play.

The award for the best-defended hand went to Great Britain in the persons of R. J. Granville and P. A. Jackson, in their match against Greece.

♠ K J 5 2 Dealer West
♥ J 3 Game All
♦ A J 8
♣ J 10 3 2

♠ A 9 7 3 ♠ 10 8 6
♥ A K 4 2 ♥ 10 9 8
♦ K 9 6 ♦ Q 4 3
♣ K 4 ♣ Q 8 6 5

♠ Q 4
♥ Q 7 6 5
♦ 10 7 5 2
♣ A 9 7

West opened One No-trump, stated to be of a range of 15 to 17 points. The Greek East for some reason did not fancy his hand for that purpose and responded with a Stayman Two Clubs. West rebid Two Hearts and there they played. East could well have been right, for the defenders might have found their task easier against One No-trump, on a small club lead, than against Two Hearts. North by arrangement led his third highest club to South's Ace, and the shift to a small diamond went to the Nine, Jack, Queen. Declarer emerged from the dummy with a spade to the Nine and Jack, and North reverted to clubs to be won by West's King. West persisted with Ace and another spade and North now made the key play of ducking so that South could ruff and lead a diamond through declarer's King to North's Ace Eight. Having taken his two diamonds, North led Spade King to be ruffed in dummy and over-ruffed by South's Queen. South now led the 13th diamond, promoting North's Jack of trumps to put the contract two down.

On quite another subject, it became known at the Olympiad that the World Bridge Federation had admitted mainland China to membership while retaining that of Taiwan and as such it will be known as the Chinese Contract Bridge Association of Taipei. Politics made a less welcome impact on bridge when two countries were suspended for three years from World Bridge Federation events for refusing, contrary to conditions of entry, to play against South Africa ●

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HOLIDAY 1981 The British Go West

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Also in the January issue

The counties

Phil Drabble continues the series with a personal tribute to Staffordshire.

The Thirties

Tom Miller describes what the last world depression was like.

Archaeology

A report on some spectacular discoveries in the Wye Valley.

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CHESS

A hair-raising game

by John Nunn

The annual World Junior Championship was held at Dortmund in Germany this year. Like the regular grandmaster tournaments in Dortmund, this was sponsored by the Dortmunder Actien-Brauerei and was well organized by the experienced team under Klaus Neumann. The Russian representative, Gary Kasparov, is already recognized as one of the top adult players in the world and so his comfortable victory in the junior event was inevitable. As he is only 17 one can say already that he is a potential world champion. The competition was therefore for second place and Nigel Short of England outdistanced his rivals to become runner-up, a considerable success for the 15-year-old. Top scores were (out of 13) Kasparov (USSR) 10½, Short (Eng) 9, Morovic (Chile), Negulescu (Rom), Bischoff (BRD) 8½, Akesson (Swe), Tempone (Arg), Danailov (Bul), Karolyi (Hun), Hjorth (Australia), Zuger (Swz), Hansen (Den), Arnason (Ice), Barua (India) 8.

As I mentioned last month, stock-brokers Grieson Grant and Phillips & Drew put up the money to send me to Dortmund as Nigel's second. The following hair-raising game provoked a great deal of discussion while it was in progress and I enjoyed every moment!

Akesson Short
White Black
English Defence

1 P-QB4 P-QN3

This opening has been employed by the English grandmasters Miles and Keene and so has become known as the English defence.

2 P-Q4 P-K3

3 P-K4

White's most direct continuation, but the quieter 3 P-QR3 is often preferred.

3 ...B-N2

4 B-Q3 P-KB4

5 PxP!

An ultra-sharp line which proved successful in Browne-Miles, Tilburg 1978 but since then improvements for Black have been found.

5 ...BxP

6 Q-R5ch P-N3

7 PxNP B-KN2

8 PxPch K-B1

9 B-N5

Much more dangerous than 9 PxN=Qch KxQ 10 Q-N4 BxR 11 B-N5 Q-KB1 when Black completes his development without difficulty.

9 ...N-KB3

10 Q-R4 N-B3

11 N-K2 BxR

12 N-Q2!

The Browne-Miles game went 12 N-B4 K-B2 13 B-N6ch K-K2 14 N-R5 Q-KB1 15 N-Q2 with a decisive attack for White. Two possible improvements are 12...P-K4 13 N-N6ch K-B2 14 PxP R-K1 and 12...NxP 13 N-N6ch

K-K1 14 QxN RxP 15 N-K5 (15 N-B4? N-K5!) RxP 16 Q-B4 R-N7! with good defensive chances in both cases. Akesson's move seems stronger.

12 ...P-K4

13 N-KN3?

After 13 0-0! Black is in trouble, for example 13...P-K5 14 BxP BxB 15 NxB RxP 16 Q-B4 K-B2 17 P-Q5 N-K4 18 Q-B5 (18 QxN? NxN) R-R4 (18...N-N3 19 BxN BxB 20 N-N5ch K-N2 21 NxR KxN 22 R-N1 wins) 19 R-N1! (19 N-B4 RxB 20 NxRch K-N1 is not so good as 21 QxN(K5)? N-R2! wins for Black) with very dangerous threats.

13 ...P-K5

14 BxP

14 N(2)xP? NxP! and 14 N(3)xP? BxN 15 BxB Q-K2 followed by 16...Q-B2 are excellent for Black.

14 ...BxB

15 N(3)xB

Again 15N(2)xB? NxP! 16 Q-B4 N-K3 wins.

15 ...RxP

16 Q-B4 NxP!

White can draw after this move so if Black wants to win he should try 16...K-B2 or 16...Q-K2!

17 BxN?

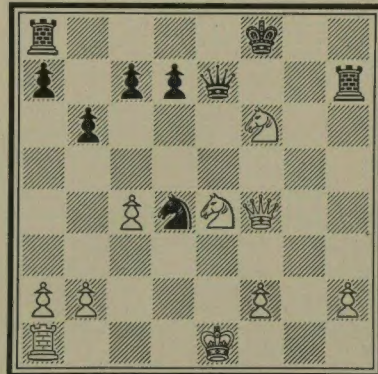
17 NxN! BxN 18 BxB N-K3! (18...Q-K1ch 19 N-K4 N-B7ch 20 K-Q2 NxR 21 B-K7ch! K-N2 22 Q-K5ch wins) 19 Q-B5 R-B2 20 N-K4 N-B4 21 NxN! PxN 22 QxPch P-Q3 23 BxQ PxQ 24 B-N5 is the best line when White reaches a drawn ending.

17 ...BxB

18 NxB Q-K2ch

19 N(2)-K4

Forced as 19 K-Q1 allows mate in two while 19 K-B1 Q-K7ch 20 K-N2 R-N2ch 21 N-N4ch K-N1 leaves White helpless.



19 ...R-R5!

The move White had overlooked! The reply is the only way to avoid loss of the queen or the knight on K4.

20 N-N4ch Q-B2

20...K-N2 21 K-B1 R-KB1 22 N(K4)-B6 QxN! also wins.

21 Q-N3 R-K1

Black is not only ahead in material but also has a decisive counterattack.

22 K-B1 QxQBPch

23 K-N2 N-B4

24 Q-QR3ch P-Q3

25 Resigns ●

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